PHOTOPLAY

L 25¢

NAT AND BOB

Honeymooners'

OWN ALBUM

DJ's pick

20

hottest

singers

OHN SAXON

haunted

by his past

OONE

MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS
P 859 7/L 30R M

That Ivory Look - so clear...so fresh ...so easily yours

Gentle enough for a baby's skin, pure, mild Ivory Soap is so right for your skin, too.

What a sunny, sparkling look—a look that can brighten your complexion, too, when you use Ivory Soap. Remember, in skin care, there's no substitute for mildness—and Ivory has a mildness all its own. A change to simple, regular Ivory care leaves your skin softer, smoother textured—so fresh and clear with That Ivory Look.

99 44/100% pure®...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

Does your deodorant ever fail in active moments...ever irritate your underarms?

No matter how active you are all day... New Mum stops odor without irritation

If you've ever worried about your deodorant failing...or about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream will stop odor right through the day and evening. And new Mum is so gentle for normal skin you can use it whenever you please. Even right after shaving, or a hot bath. Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way.

Contains no aluminum salts

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor . . . contains no astringent aluminum salts. It keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys *both odor* and *odor-causing* bacteria!

When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn't it the deodorant for *you?*

MUM® contains M-3...stops odor 24 hours a day

(BACTERIA-DESTROYING HEXACHLOROPHENE)

SO GENTLE FOR ANY NORMAL SKIN YOU CAN USE IT FREELY EVERY DAY

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WON'T DAMAGE CLOTHES

CHOOSE

the douche used by fastidious women

When it comes to douching, many, many poised and confident women agree on "Lysol." Why? Because no ordinary douche can answer the varied problems of internal cleanliness you face from day to day. No ordinary douche can give you the assurance of complete cleanliness, the feeling of inward security that is your own personal *right*.

Fastidious women demand a douche that both cleanses and deodorizes. They know that "Lysol" protects daintiness as nothing else can. It spreads into folds and crevices, kills bacteria rapidly on contact—the very bacteria that are the primary cause of "embarrassing odor."

You owe it to yourself to try new, mild-formula "Lysol" brand disinfectant. Discover the marvelous feeling of freshness, of all-over-cleanliness . . . the lasting sense of security that comes with knowing you're sure of your daintiness!

Write for free booklet (sent in plain envelope) on medically-approved way of douching. Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. P-458.

Look for New Bottle

Lysol®

BRAND DISINFECTANT

A Lehn & Fink Product *Also available in Canada*

P

APRIL, 1958 VOL. 53, NO. 4

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

PHOTOPLAY EXCLUSIVES

54 Who'll Be the New Singin' Idol? (Your favorite disc jockeys pick the 20 top singers of the year: Paul Anka, Teresa Brewer, Johnny Cash, Nat King Cole, Perry Como, Sam Cooke, Jimmy Dean, Eydie Gorme, George Hamilton IV, Bobby Helms, Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Mathis, Sal Mineo, Rick Nelson, Patti Page, Debbie Reynolds, Jimmie Rogers, Tommy Sands, Frank Sinatra, Jerry Vale.)

61 Our Wedding (Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner's own personal wedding album.)

ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES

6 On the Record (Disc jockey Tommy Reynolds asks, "What is Jazz?")
26 A Surprise for Debbie (Debbie Reynolds)
28 You Asked for Geoffrey Horne
34 Why I Quit School (James MacArthur)
37 Oscar *By Dick Sheppard*
40 I Don't Want to be an Actress (Joanne Woodward) *By Nancy Anderson*
42 Sailor in Need of a Tailor (Mitzi Gaynor)
45 Easy Does It (Perry Como) *By Earl Wilson*
46 Going Arty (Leslie Nielsen, Dennis Hopper, Tom Tryon, Deborah Kerr, George Nader, Martha Hyer, Polly Bergen, Dinah Shore, Howard Duff)
49 Go After the Boy You Like! *By Venetia Stevenson*
53 The Mystery of Jennifer Jones *By Caryl Posner*
59 Return to Laughter (Imogene Coca) *By Frances Kish*
68 . . . To Thine Own Self Be True (Anthony Franciosa)
78 You Can't Go Home Again (John Saxon) *By Hyatt Downing*
90 Candid Cameraman (Yul Brynner, Claire Bloom, Mario Schell)
95 We Follow Up Jean Seberg
108 They're in the News

NEWS AND REVIEWS

4 Brief Reviews
10 Hollywood for You *By Sidney Skolsky*
17 Casts of Current Pictures
22 Let's Go to the Movies *By Janet Graves*
29 Sara Hamilton's Inside Stuff
60 Exclusively Yours *By Radie Harris*

YOUNG IDEAS

12 Readers Inc.
16 Becoming Attractions
18 Photoplay Patterns
72 News of Tops and Toes *By Sue Kreisman*
77 Where to Buy Photoplay Fashions
80 Needlework News

STARS IN FULL COLOR

41 Joanne Woodward
44 Perry Como
46 Leslie Nielsen
46 Dennis Hopper
47 Tom Tryon
47 Deborah Kerr
47 George Nader
47 Martha Hyer
67 Natalie Wood
67 Bob Wagner
69 Anthony Franciosa

COVER: Color portrait of Pat Boone by Dick Litwin. Pat stars in his own "Pat Boone Chevy Show" for NBC-TV and 20th's "Mardi Gras"

EVELYN PAIN, *Editor* KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, *Art Director*

NORMAN SIEGEL, *West Coast Editor*

JEAN RAMER, *Managing Editor* AGNES ALLEN, *Assistant Art Director*

JANET GRAVES, *Contributing Editor* JOAN GUERIN, *Assistant Editor*

CARYL P. GOTTLIEB, *Associate Editor* HARRIET SEGMAN, *Beauty Editor*

SUE KREISMAN, *Fashion Editor* ROGER MARSHUTZ, *Staff Photographer*

HELEN LIMKE, *Assistant West Coast Editor*, MAXINE ARNOLD, *West Coast Contributor*

Your May issue will be on sale at your newsstand on April 3rd

AUDITED PAID CIRCULATION ABC

PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.50 one year, $4.00 two years, $5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada. $5.00 per year all other countries. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned. FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President. RE-ENTERED as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second Class mail P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

Copyright 1958 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Company. Member TRUE STORY WOMEN'S GROUP.

MARVELOUS... as he goes to town in cap and gown on "The Pipes Of Pan"!

MIRTHFUL... on the high wire or swinging to "Everything Is Tickety Boo"!

MAGICAL... as he juggles and jiggles through "The Square Of The Hypotenuse"!

MADCAP... as he allez-oops with a chimp or whoops it up with "Chin Up, Stout Fella"!

MATCHLESS... as he gets on the ball with "You Can't Always Have What You Want"!

MASTERFUL... as he makes the rafters ring with his role as "Merry Andrew"!

DANNY KAYE in MERRY ANDREW

Singing! Dancing! Romancing! Clowning! It's the Big Top-per to everything that Danny Kaye has ever done!

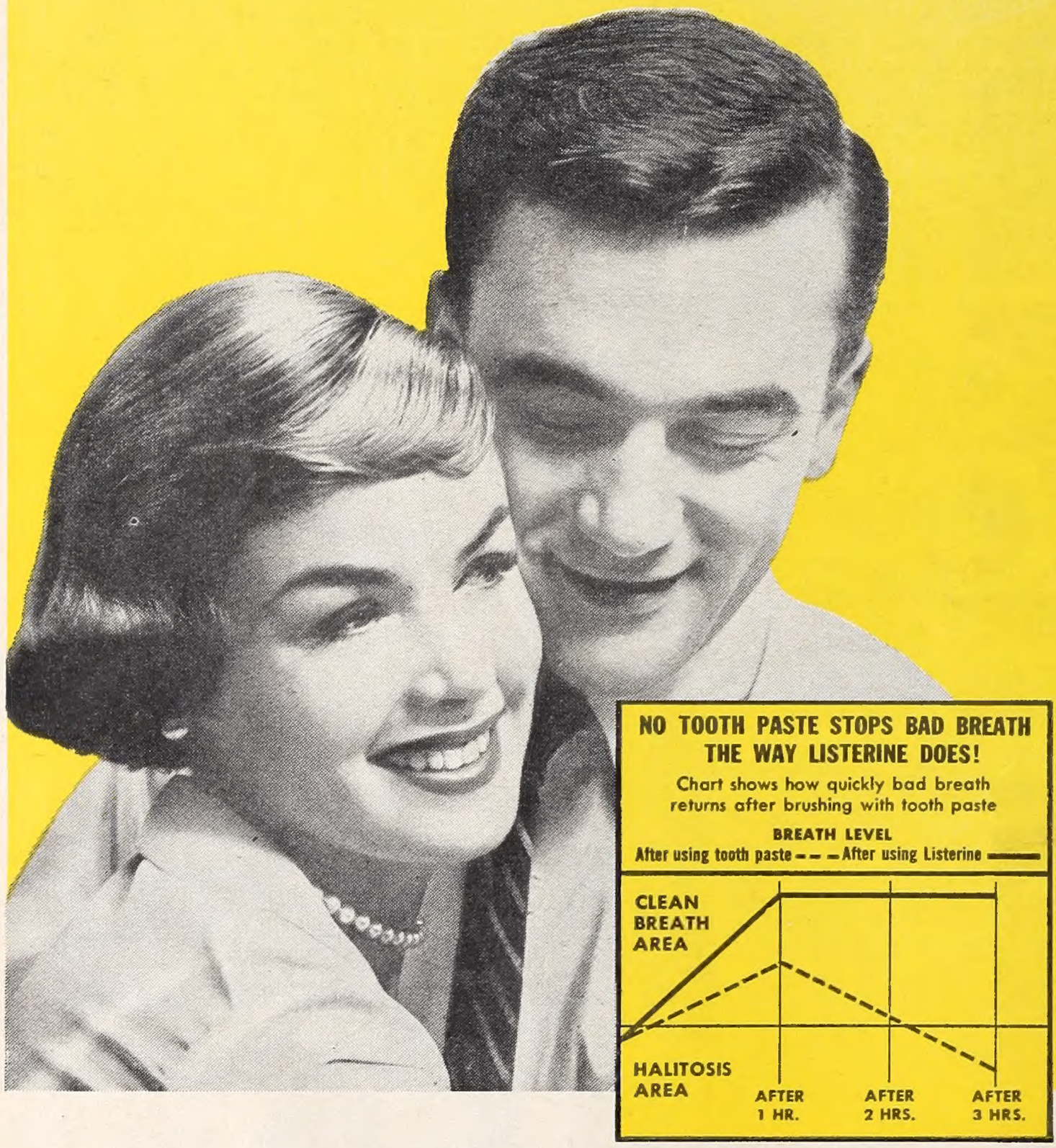
IT'S THE MERRIEST!

M-G-M presents
A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION
co-starring
PIER ANGELI
BACCALONI • NOEL PURCELL
ROBERT COOTE
with PATRICIA CUTTS

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART and I. A. L. DIAMOND • Based on a Story by Paul Gallico • Music by SAUL CHAPLIN
Lyrics by JOHNNY MERCER • Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD • In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • Associate Producer SAUL CHAPLIN • Directed by MICHAEL KIDD

You can not brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

Listerine Stops Bad Breath
4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!



Here is why you can *not* brush away bad breath! Germs in the mouth cause 9 out of 10 cases of bad breath (halitosis) and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs on contact, by millions—stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength every morning, every night.

Reach for Listerine
...Your No. 1 Protection Against Bad Breath

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 22.

✓✓✓ BONJOUR TRISTESSE—Columbia; black and white, Technicolor: Smoothly done drama casts David Niven and Jean Seberg as father and daughter, Riviera idlers. She resents his one serious affair, with Deborah Kerr. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Powerful, tension-filled. Escaped from a Jap prison camp, Bill Holden returns with Jack Hawkins to oppose Alec Guinness' strange project. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ ENEMY BELOW, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Stirring adventure of World War II centers on a duel between U. S. Navy skipper Bob Mitchum and his unseen foe, U-boat captain Curt Jurgens. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ FAREWELL TO ARMS, A—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Jennifer Jones and Rock Hudson are the lovers in an honest, intimate, impressive version of Hemingway's classic about World War I in Italy. (A) March

✓✓✓ FLOOD TIDE—U-I, CinemaScope: Neatly worked-out suspense film. Romance links George Nader with neighbor Cornell Borchers, widow who has an emotionally confused son. (F) March

✓✓✓ GIFT OF LOVE, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Gentle family story teams Lauren Bacall with Bob Stack. Told that she has a fatal illness, she tries to persuade Bob to adopt little Evelyn Rudie. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ OLD YELLER—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Exciting, realistic story of a pioneer family. When dad Fess Parker must leave wife Dorothy McGuire and two sons, Tommy Kirk minds the farm—with the help of a courageous mongrel. (F) February

✓✓✓ RAINTREE COUNTY—M-G-M, Technicolor: Long drama of Civil War days focuses on the troubled marriage of Yankee Montgomery Clift and Southerner Elizabeth Taylor, who won him from Eva Marie Saint. (A) March

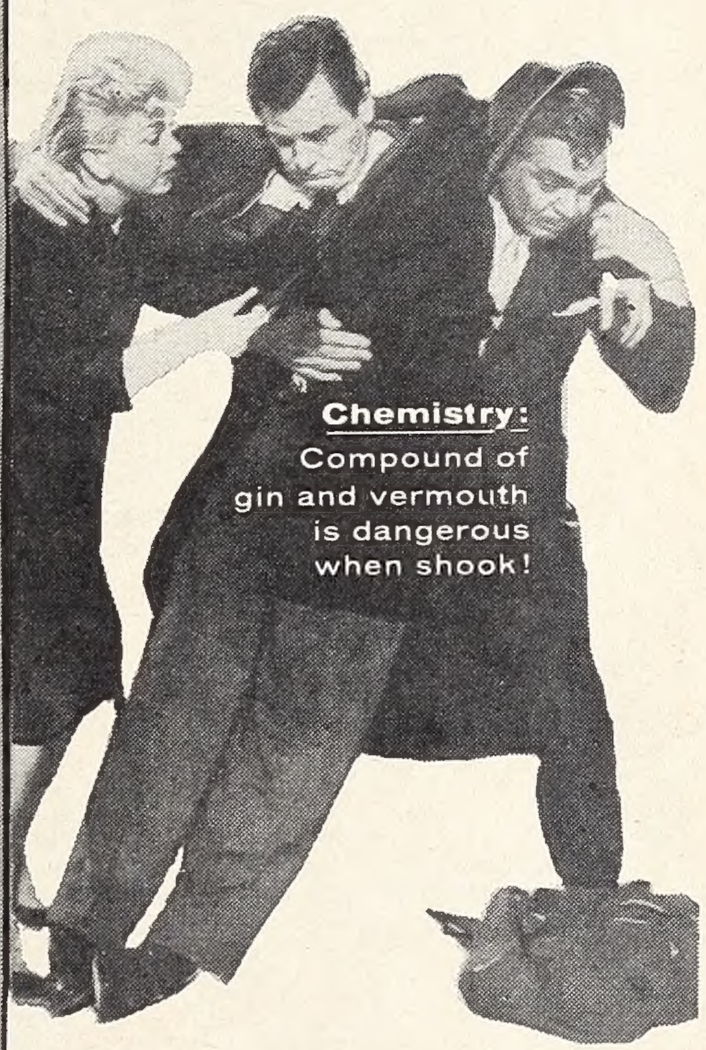
✓✓✓✓ SAYONARA—Warners; Technirama. Technicolor: Powerful, visually beautiful drama of love across racial barriers. U. S. flyer Marlon Brando, in Tokyo, falls in love with Miiko Taka. dedicated actress. (A) December

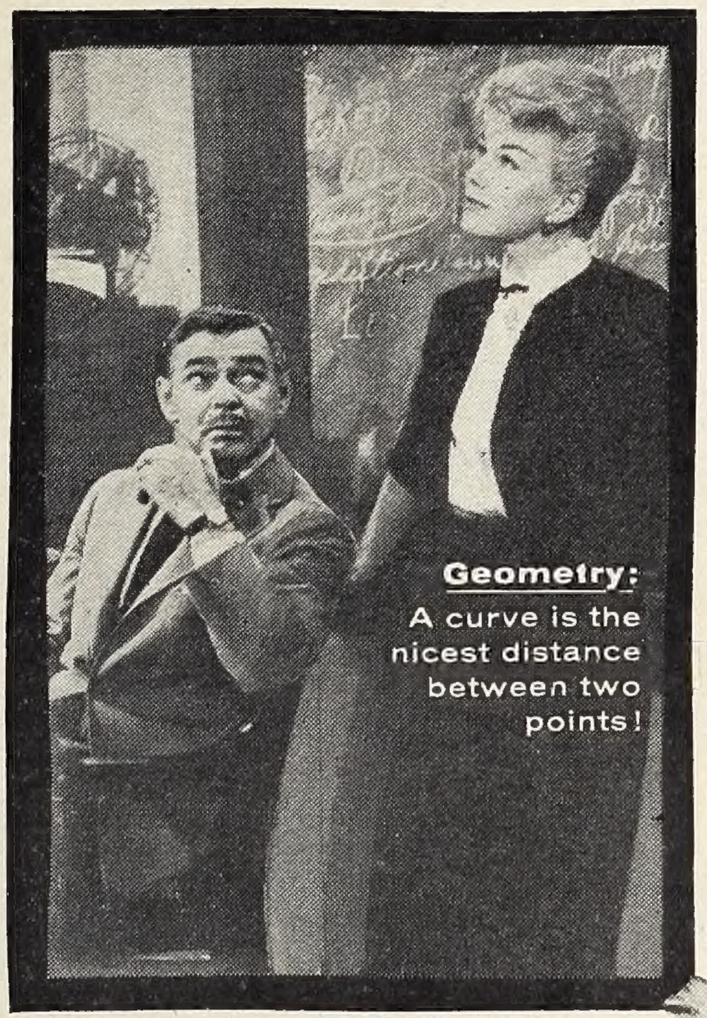
✓✓ SEVEN HILLS OF ROME, THE—M-G-M; Technirama, Technicolor: An eyeful of Italian scenes, an earful of Lanza songs. Mario seeks a new career, aided by Marisa Allasio. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ WILD IS THE WIND—Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision: Vigorous acting puts warm flesh on a tired story. As neglected second wife of rancher Anthony Quinn, Anna Magnani is driven into Anthony Franciosa's arms. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—U.A.: Sharp guessing game run by polished pros. Tried for a rich widow's murder, Ty Power is defended by flamboyant Charles Laughton. As Ty's wife, Marlene Dietrich springs surprises. Elsa Lanchester adds comedy. (A) March

School's out - it's Gable Day - a holiday in hilarity!





Paramount presents

Clark Gable · Doris Day

VISTAVISION®

SONGS:
"TEACHER'S PET"
"TEACHER'S PET MAMBO"
"THE GIRL WHO INVENTED ROCK AND ROLL"

in THE PERLBERG-SEATON PRODUCTION OF

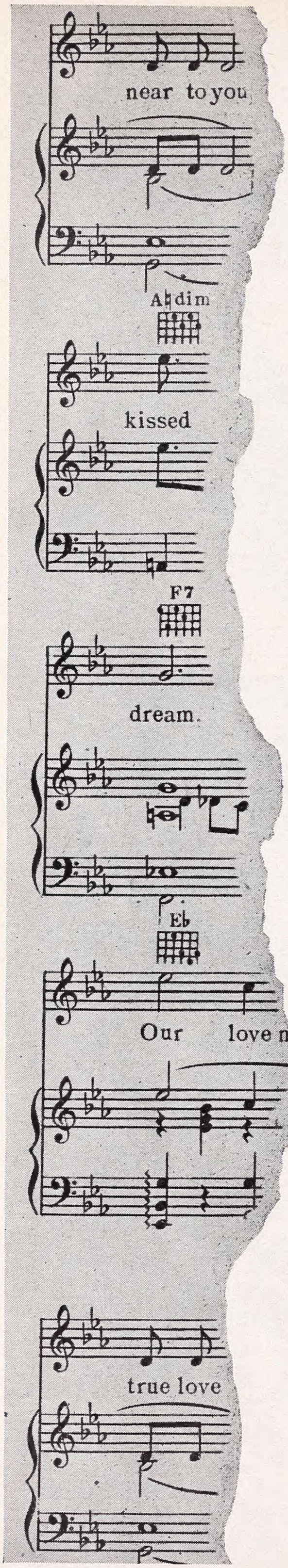
Teacher's Pet

—ten years from today you'll still be talking about 58's Very Forward Look in Comedy!

co-starring

Gig Young · Mamie Van Doren

Produced by William Perlberg · Directed by George Seaton
Written by Fay and Michael Kanin · A Paramount Release



Tommy Reynolds, whose monthly column "On the Record" will appear in Photoplay, is producer of Mutual's "Bandstand, U.S.A.," the only live two-hour jazz festival series in major network radio or TV. A former bandleader, he digs the latest—for you

ON THE RECORD

What is Jazz? This month Tommy Reynolds tells all about where this special "sound" came from and where it's going

What *is* jazz?

A woman rushed up to the late Fats Waller, one of jazzdom's immortals, after a frantic session at a Harlem bistro and asked that very question.

"Man," was Fats' famed reply to the lady, "if you gotta ask what jazz is, don't mess with it."

Which is true. If you don't feel it, don't worry about defining it.

But let's take a quick look at jazz, and if you're like most teenagers, you ought to find at least some form of it you're "feeling."

The main schools of jazz are four: Dixie, Rhythm and Blues, Swing and Modern.

Dixie, as its name suggests, came straight out of the Southland. Noted for its carefree and happy strains, Dixie oddly serves as a send-off to a man on his way to meet his Maker! It was originally played by Negro brass bands in New Orleans which were hired to pep up funeral processions.

Dixie is toe-tapping music, marching music—very simple and basic. The beat is spirited and accented to give you a two-beat feel.

"Pipe Dreams" By: Hughie Prince and Tommy Reynolds. © 1940 by Leeds Music Corp., 322 W. 48th St., N. Y. 36, N. Y. Reprinted by Permission. All Rights Reserved

Synonymous with Dixie (or New Orleans Jazz) is "Mr. Jazz" himself—the great Louis Armstrong.

Rhythm and Blues also has its roots in the Southland. Like Dixie it is very basic and at times crude, but it's played with a four-beat feel. The main difference, however, is one of emotional intensity. It has more force, more drive. It can be happier than Dixie, or much more forlorn. Actually, Rhythm and Blues includes several categories of jazz. One, of course, is Blues, and Blues is exactly what the word says. When you hear Blues, there's no mistaking it, whether sung, an impromptu jam session, or a big band's well-rehearsed arrangement.

Today's Rock 'n' Roll music is nothing new. It's also a part of Rhythm and Blues. Back in the 1940s and earlier, it was known as "race" music (in reference to the Negro race), and at that time what we now call Rock 'n' Roll was better in quality than it is today, because it was authentic folk music then and not manufactured merely for commercial consumption.

Now let's swing into the Swing era. This area of jazz should be much easier for me to talk about because I, as a musician and bandleader, was very much a part of it.

The Swing era was also the era of the Big Band. The King of Swing (*continued*)

FROM HERMAN WOUK'S GREAT BEST-SELLER...
THE NOVEL THAT BELONGS TO THE
YOUNG LOVERS OF TODAY!

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

Marjorie Morningstar

THE NIGHT MARJORIE CONFESSES HER TEMPTATIONS TO HER MOTHER...

"Marjorie, take those feelings and put them in the bank. Save them for the man who'll marry you."

THE NIGHT MARJORIE'S BEST FRIEND TELLS HER SOME HARD TRUTHS ABOUT MARRIAGE...

"I married Lou because life only lasts so long. I don't have a wonderful lover like Noel. If I had, I'd follow him like a dog."

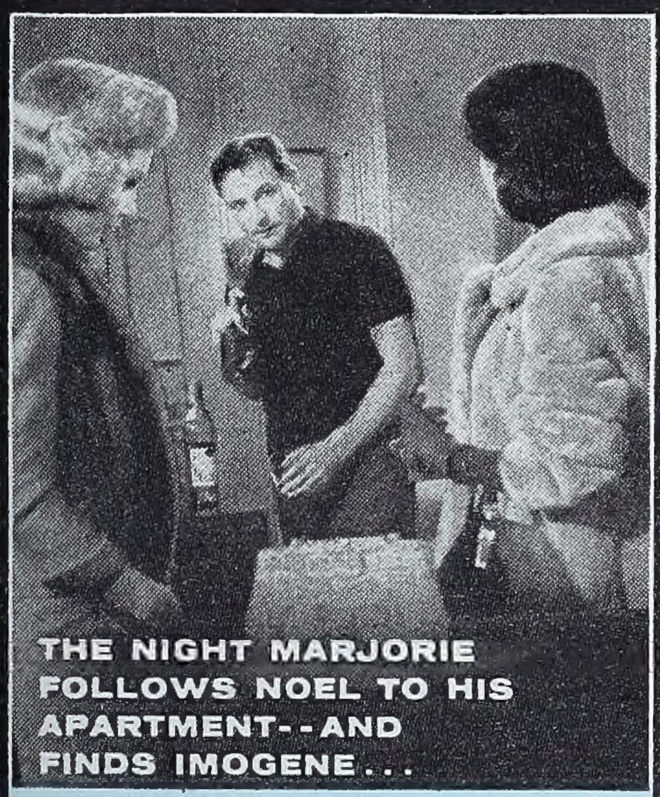
STARRING

GENE KELLY ☆ NATALIE WOOD

CLAIRE TREVOR
ED WYNN
EVERETT SLOANE
MARTY MILNER
CAROLYN JONES

WITH
GEORGE TOBIAS · JESSE WHITE
MARTIN BALSAM · EDWARD BYRNES
IN WARNERCOLOR

SCREENPLAY BY EVERETT FREEMAN
BASED UPON A NOVEL BY HERMAN WOUK
PRODUCED BY MILTON SPERLING
DIRECTED BY IRVING RAPPER



THE NIGHT MARJORIE FOLLOWS NOEL TO HIS APARTMENT--AND FINDS IMOGENE...

"I've been playing your rules--not touching you, not touching any other girl either...till Imogene."

THE NIGHT MARJORIE'S INNOCENCE CRUMBLES IN NOEL'S ARMS...

"Noel, I don't care! Maybe, what I'm doing is wrong. I don't know--I'm in love!"

Their song is "A Very Precious Love"... yours will be too!

Get more out of life...Go out to a movie!

NEW IDEA!

Jackie Gleason

Nat 'King' Cole

June Christy

Ray Anthony

—and many more on *a single high fidelity album*! It's Volume I of a great new series of Capitol

"JUST FOR VARIETY" ALBUMS

And there are eleven more! Twelve new high-fidelity albums in all—each featuring a variety of top artists, musical styles and moods—each album a perfectly balanced "Variety Show" in itself.

Here's "Volume I" of the greatest "All-Star" high fidelity album series ever offered. Other albums in this great series feature such stars as:

Billy May	**Nelson Riddle**
George Shearing	**Dean Martin**
Kay Starr	**Bobby Hackett**
Tennessee Ernie Ford	**Pee Wee Hunt**
Joe "Fingers" Carr	**Stan Kenton**

"JUST FOR VARIETY" ALBUMS
by
Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RECORDS

ON THE RECORD *continued*

was Benny Goodman, and among the peers of the realm were such stalwarts as Artie Shaw and Harry James.

It was a period, starting in the late 1930s and lasting to about 1945, that was in some ways more musically alive than any other, if only for the fact that people were dancing! It was at Benny Goodman's debut at the New York Paramount Theater that the youngsters got out of their seats and began to dance in the aisles—the first time in theater history.

Swing bands played organized jazz. Arrangements were tailored not only for the band as a unit but also to bring out the artistry of the individual sidemen, many of whom became famous in their own right and eventually formed their own groups. The purity of jazz during the Swing period was kept by leaving the solo passages unwritten. The end result? *Excitement!*

Toward the end of the Swing era, 52nd Street in New York City became known as Swing Street, with many of the leading big band soloists playing with their own combos in the numerous small clubs that lined the thoroughfare. It was then and there that modern type jazz started with the late, great Charlie "Bird" Parker and his disciples, Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell and Miles Davis.

In rebellion against traditional jazz and wanting to go beyond Swing, these men were concerned with improvisation only. They changed chord structures, they added dissonant sounds. They brought tremendous technical skill to their idea of producing a new and unique jazz sound. It was called "Bop," and it was music to listen to, not for dancing.

While Charlie and Diz were "blowing" Bop on 52nd Street, the new and more intricate jazz was spread to the rest of the country by Stan Kenton who added a big-band sound.

Modern (or Progressive) Jazz is a modified extension of Bop. You might compare Modern Jazz to a modern painting that shows the artist's concern for color, texture or motion rather than for a realistic copy of the scene or subject. Today's modern jazzmen—Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, John Lewis, Milt Jackson, George Shearing, and others—vary in the degree to which they depart from melodic structure. In other words, some are farther "out of this world" than others.

But no matter what form of jazz it is, to be good it's got to have that invisible emotional factor called "swing" and swing is what the musicians personally project. So Fats was right, about jazz. It's something you feel. THE END

Each jazz style has its especially brilliant interpreters. Some of these are listed below, along with company putting out the album and album number. Selections were made by noted jazz expert Jack Crystal.

DIXIE

Jelly Roll Morton (Commodore, 30,000)
Dukes of Dixieland (Audio Fidelity, AFL 1823)

RHYTHM AND BLUES

Bessie Smith (Columbia, CL 856)
Lizzie Miles (Capitol, T 792)
Dinah Washington (Mercury, 36028)

ROCK 'N' ROLL

Joe Turner (Atlantic, 1234)

SWING

Louis Armstrong (Columbia, CL 851)
Benny Goodman (RCA Victor, LPM 1099)
Duke Ellington (Columbia, CL 558)

BOP

Dizzie Gillespie (Verve, 8174)
Charlie Parker (Roost, 2210)

MODERN

Modern Jazz Quartet (Atlantic, 1231)
Count Basie (Verve, 8063)

Even hours later—no coarse-pored look . . .

Still no shiny nose . . .

And—no trace of oily darkening . . .

Instantly your skin takes on luscious new perfection . . . so velvety you don't even need powder!

Hours later your complexion *still* looks radiantly fresh This amazing new liquid make-up never turns greasy!

Glamorous? The most!

Now—a really long-lasting liquid make-up!

Its radiant glow never turns shiny . . . so velvety you don't even need powder!

Glow that lasts. *Now—you'll never look faded again.* Imagine—a beautifully flattering "cover-up" that stays fresh-tinted *all day.* Angel Touch won't fade or streak. Its radiance lasts.

Luscious finish that clings! *Now—you'll never look shiny again.* Angel Touch is creamy-smooth—but it's never greasy. No need to blot up extra oiliness with powder. Angel Touch stays velvety without powder.

Squeeze out one drop at a time! *Now—no waste, no spilly mess.* Heavenly squeeze bottle gives just the amount you want. Won't leak in your purse!

Stunning new squeeze bottle
6 "Love-light" shades 59¢ or $1.00 *plus tax*

POND'S

Angel Touch

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

White's her favorite color, Mamie Van Doren informs Eddie and Sid

I'd be concerned about Hugh O'Brian if there never had been a Wyatt Earp . . . Suggested title for Errol Flynn's autobiography: "In Like Flynn." . . . The method of most new actors is to take from Marlon Brando. And young actresses copy Julie Harris and Kim Stanley . . . Eva Gabor told me she'll marry again "because marriage is too interesting an experiment to be tried only once or twice." . . . I remember James Garner as a member of the Schwab set, looking for a job. Now Jim can only come to Schwab's on those rare occasions when he isn't working in "Maverick." . . . How come Bill Holden didn't know that the River Kwai sometimes goes dry?

I still get a kick out of standing on Sunset Strip and looking down on the vari-colored lights of Hollywood and Los Angeles . . . Anna Magnani doesn't greet everyone on the set with a "hello." The performer has to earn his "hello" from her . . . Mamie Van Doren told Eddie Fisher and me that her favorite color is white, because it makes her feel pure . . . I'm surprised by how good many of the old movies are on TV. Or could it be that time puts a halo on a number of things? . . . Rita Hayworth, talking about a certain actress, said: "She rubs me the wrong way. I can't even like her when she's agreeing with me."

Shirley MacLaine makes TV better everytime she's on . . . I never walk past the old wooden dressing-room building at M-G-M without thinking of Garbo . . . Nick Adams looks like he'd wear a comic paper hat at a New Year's Eve party . . . Shirley Booth aged into fame. Let Shirley be an inspiration, because as she became older she also became a better and more popular actress . . . I can hear Mike Todd saying: "I live on other people's talents. I read that somewhere and I'm sure it must be true." . . . A Hollywood starlet is a girl who's great in still pictures and waiting to get a role in a moving picture.

I wish Esther Williams would swim in her pictures. Almost everyone else tries to act! . . . Orson Welles continues to wonder why people stare at him . . . Now, my cats and kitties, let me hip you to that Early American singer, rock 'n' roller Elvis Presley with a butch haircut. He'll flip you . . . Mitzi Gaynor told me: "Sunbathing is my favorite sport. I excel in that sport." Be a great game to watch on Pay-TV, wouldn't it? . . . Joanne Woodward talks like her mood of the moment . . . I'd say that the parade of the sexy blonde movie stars started with Jean Harlow. And then Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Marilyn Monroe, Kim Novak and Jayne Mansfield joined the big parade . . . By the way, the real story of Kim Novak would have made a great play for Jeanne Eagels . . . I've never seen Tab Hunter give a bad performance. I didn't see him in "Island of Desire."

Paul Newman is unique: an actor who doesn't want to have his own movie company. "There are too many businessmen-stars. It takes away from glamour when the hero is more worried about the budget than he is about the heroine." . . . I never heard of anyone waiting at the stage door of a television studio waiting to take out the leading lady . . . Joan Collins' first film was a bit role in "Lady Godiva." It was also starting celluloid for Kay Kendall and Diana Dors . . . Lana Turner believes that love is the best beauty treatment for any woman . . . Our friend Mike Curtiz told me, "I never see the Eiffel Tower without thinking of Paris."

Dorothy Malone has the chain-smoking, unbuttoned blouse look . . . "All The Way" keeps following me . . . I'd like to tip you to Nat King Cole's recording of "Lush Life." So good it didn't become popular . . . Why is it that movie producers insist Mary Martin is too old for the roles she plays best, but TV producers and audiences don't? . . . John Saxon is a high school yearbook prediction come true . . . You may not believe it but there was a time when movie actresses thought they had to be flat-chested to be sexy . . . Kathy Carlyle tells about the western star who's gone Hollywood. He's riding a foreign horse.

I'd say Tony Perkins has the intense look of a boy who's eager to learn the facts of life . . . Sometimes when Frank Sinatra is playing a scene, I'm reminded of Monty Clift . . . "I like to day-dream about my roles occasionally," said Deborah Kerr, "but I never live them. How could I?" . . . Location can hurt a movie. I'm weary of scenes of soldiers advancing or retreating for as far as a CinemaScope screen can stretch. Beautiful scenery is no substitute for story . . . So who won last year's Oscars? . . .

Zsa Zsa Gabor told a certain producer who was romancing her that she wouldn't marry him for all the alimony in the world. That's Hollywood For You.

there is no substitute for "postage stamp"

"postage stamp" is no bigger than a glove, acts like a glove on your body, weighs practically nothing, does an all-over smoothing job while treating your waist right all day long. Jantzen knits it with a marvelous patented technique in nylon and Lastex®... and only Jantzen can make it... whitest white or heavenly colors... girdle (B-5) or panty-girdle (B-6) 3.95... in vest-pocket package. Jantzen bras 2.50 to 8.95.

Jantzen®

shaper with a gloving touch

Jantzen Inc • Foundations and Brassieres • 261 Madison Avenue • New York

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, *205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.*—Ed.

READERS INC...

Movie Reading

I hope you will answer this letter in your column as I am trying very hard to find some information.

A while ago while browsing in a book store, I came across a rather thick book about silent screen stars and movies. I didn't have enough money at the time to buy it but do now so I wonder if you could tell me where to send to get it because I have not seen it since. The price was five or six dollars. Also, I wonder if there would be a similar book covering the Thirties and Forties. If so, could you also supply me with the correct title?

David Jewell
Afton, N. Y

Think you may be referring to "A Pictorial History of the Silent Screen," Edited by Daniel Blum. It's published by G. P. Putnam Sons, New York, New York. Another fascinating book is "A Pictorial History of Motion Pictures." Edited by Deems Taylor and published by Simon and Schuster. New York, New York, it deals with movies from the beginning to 1950.—Ed.

Evans For Matador!

Who else but Bob Evans would be perfect for the part of the matador in "Blood and Sand." I'm a member of his fan club and all of us feel his studio, 20th Century-Fox, should be urged to cast him in the role. In "The Sun Also Rises," Bob proved he's the right type—remember the bull-fighting scenes? He was tall, dark and terrific, the perfect matador! So please, 20th Century-Fox, do right by our Bob—give him the part that made Tyrone Power famous. We won't give up until you do! ! !

Barbara Thompson
New York, New York

. . . Try, Try Again

Hollywood stars are supposed to be the epitome of all that should be sought in the realm of the ideal. They are the embodiment of talent, beauty, charm, success and —divorce.

Why should this last be held up before people again and again in connection with the stars? The word Hollywood is almost synonymous with broken homes and discarded vows. Almost everyone who has achieved a measure of fame has at least one convenient Reno divorce in his or her past. They seem to be fashionable!

True, divorces are also granted to people who aren't stars. However, these broken marriages are not as a rule made the source of heart-rending tales to allay the public's qualms or put them on the side of the hero or heroine. They do not disguise themselves, but are seen realistically, as the sad ending to a union that had been contracted for better or worse.

Is the theory, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again?"

Reader
Milwaukee, Wis.

Special Credit

I think special credit should be given to Don Murray and his wife Hope Lange. I saw the television program that Don not only starred in but wrote. It was about the D.P. camps in Europe, where he was a social worker. It was so tenderly written and so superbly acted by him and his wife, I think they should be congratulated.

Could you tell me Don's next picture?

Annie B. Liebling
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Look for Don next in "The Hellbent Kid" for 20th Century-Fox.—Ed.

Please Take Your Hands Off Elvis!

Dear Uncle Sam this letter
Is written to you alone,
To tell you that you better
Leave *my* Elvis at home!

I love him, oh, so dearly—
He is so close to my heart—
Oh, Uncle, see it clearly,
Please, don't take us apart.

Dear Uncle, read this letter—
Hear my pitiful plea.
I love Elvis better and better—
Please don't do this to me!

Betty Campbell
Ontario, Canada

More Mrs. Ainslie

Re: my letter about Elvis Presley published in Photoplay recently. Thank you for accepting it. In case you should be interested, here is what happened.

A great number of enthusiastic letters were sent to me from Elvis' fans, blessing and thanking me for expressing their own opinions and feelings toward our young friend. The interesting fact about these fans is that they are all middle-aged and older. If Elvis does not hear from them himself, it's because they are either too shy to write or do not know how to put into words how they feel without seeming foolish or childish in the eyes of others, should it be known how they feel about their movie favorite.

Mrs. A. D. Ainslie
Orondo, Wash.

The response to your letter in Photoplay praising Elvis from the viewpoint of his adult fans was extraordinary. We sent the replies on to Elvis.—Ed.

"Nervous"

I would just like to say that the pic of Elvis in the February edition of your real cool magazine is absolutely the most on toast! It's real nervous, NERVOUS!! I think Mary DeNunzio has really got Elvis in that pic, consequently; it really sends me.

Keep up the good work!!!!!!!

Ronald Winterberg
Limon, Colorado

Ask Us Another

Did Pat Boone do his own sulky driving in "April Love"? If not, who did?

Sandra Bennett
Rapid City, S. Dak.

Pat did it himself.—Ed.

Playing the matador in "Blood and Sand" helped make Ty Power. A Bob Evans fan says Bob has the "tall, dark and terrific" specifications for the part

Even when it rains...*you'll* shine with

Permanent Weatherproof Curls

Easy as setting your hair. No rods to wind, no resetting, no hours of drying! Yet curls last *months* with fast new **PIN-QUICK.**

Now! Springy, clingy, sunny-day curls, even when it rains! Just one easy, breezy setting with new Pin-Quick does it—gives you the soft, casual hairstyle you love. And makes it *weatherproof*—free from rainy-day droop!

No need for drying hair sprays, no nightly pin-ups! No resetting even through day after day of damp weather. Pin-Quick weatherproof curls last for months—stay soft, shiny, full of life! For the *one* pincurl permanent that takes only minutes, yet gives you months of shining weatherproof curls, get new Pin-Quick by Richard Hudnut.

© 1958 Lambert-Hudnut Division, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

Get Weatherproof Curls 1-2 fast!

FAST-1! Curl in minutes! No rods! Just set pincurls, apply Pin-Quick lotion. Then lock curls in to last with easy Magic Curl-Control!

FAST-2! Dry in minutes! So easy under a dryer. Wonderful Pin-Quick is five times faster than any other pincurl wave! And no resetting!

New

PIN-*Quick*

by

RICHARD HUDNUT

Guaranteed faster and longer-lasting than any other pincurl permanent.

Ivers Forever!

I'm writing this letter about a comparatively new actor, Robert Ivers. I first saw him in "The Delicate Delinquent," and liked him so much I wrote him a fan letter. He answered it personally and granted me permission to become President of his fan club in my area.

Right now Bob is in the Army and is a very busy person, but he always manages to have time for his fans.

He was home in Tucson for Christmas to visit his folks, and took time to come to Phoenix to visit me in my home. There's no need to tell you how I felt. How would anyone feel if a movie star, particularly Bob, came to sit and talk for over an hour in their living room? I was so thrilled I could hardly speak. Bob, realizing this, put me at ease by being so sweet and natural.

So *please*, just because he's in the Army, don't forget to put him in your magazine!

ALICE MANN
Phoenix, Arizona

For Bob Ivers fans, a picture.—Ed.

Bob Ivers took time away from Army chores to make a Phoenix fan's Christmas the nicest she can ever remember

Picking Winners

I never realized how difficult it is to choose one's favorite star until I had the honor of trying to pick the stars I enjoyed most. I can see now what an enormous task it must be to choose award nominees. I thank you for the privilege of enjoying your magazine and the privilege of being a part of the Gold Medal voting for my favorite stars.

MAE STROZIER

How's That?

Ever since I saw "Les Girls," I have been wondering how to pronounce Taina Elg's first name. How is it pronounced?

I think she played the part beautifully, but her name has been on my mind.

SHEILA HOLMAN
Princeton, N. J.

Taina says it's Tie-na.—Ed.

A friend and I have been feuding over this: Is Sal's last name pronounced MinaaaO or MineeeO? You settle it? OK?

MARCIA CRAWFORD
Wiesbaden, Germany

Sal settles it! He says his name was originally MinaaaO but so many people pronounce it MineeeO that he and the family have given up and now say it this way, too.—Ed.

Stars Answer the Call

Recently, I placed the following letter in our local papers:

"I need unused scenic post cards for veterans in hospitals. The boys like to write home on these cards.

Postage stamps are placed on cards and these left with each veteran. Also needed are used foreign stamps, to help pass the time in the hospital."

Betty Grable, Kirk Douglas and other wonderful movie stars were among the first to send cards and stamps for the boys.

I wonder if readers of your magazine could help us, too?

MRS. ANNA SEIDENBERG
c/o G.I. Mail Call
San Pedro, Calif.

Interested readers can send contributions directly to Mrs. Seidenberg at the above address.—Ed.

She Spells Glamour

I have just finished reading your article, "The Love Goddess" and sincerely congratulate you on a stirring feature which I feel truthfully explains Rita Hayworth's sad plight in marriage.

I have been one of Miss Hayworth's most ardent fans . . . have never missed one of her movies.

I simply love to see her dance and I wish that she would do more singing and dancing in her forthcoming movies.

In my opinion, she is the best representative of glamour in the movies today. In fact, everything about her constitutes glamour, poise and charm. She's the greatest.

I certainly wish her the very best of luck in her new marriage venture because, after four failures, she deserves a little happiness. I believe she can find this happiness in the person of James Hill.

RONDALL SMITH
Louisville, Ky.

Still very much with us, pert Dolores Hart has an Ohio reader worried

Dolores Fan

I think that Dolores Hart was a wonderful actress. It is too bad that she was in an accident and was killed. I enjoyed her acting in the movie with Elvis Presley very much.

PHYLLIS JEANNE COX
Carrollton, Ohio

You'll be happy to know that Dolores is very much alive and that her career is moving fast after her success in "Loving You" with Elvis Presley. Sadly, though, we think you have in mind Judy Tyler who costarred with Elvis in "Jailhouse Rock." She and her husband were killed in an auto accident shortly after completion of the film.—Ed.

Love that Faculty!

We think it would be fun, for one day, to have a new faculty at our high school:

Principal—Rock Hudson
Asst. Principal—George Nader
Secretary—Venetia Stevenson
Counselors—Jerry Lewis and Janet Leigh
Janitors—Sal Mineo and Ricky Nelson
Math teacher—Natalie Wood
History Teacher—John Saxon
Physical Education—(girls) Tony Curtis
(boys) Kim Novak
Music—Elvis Presley
Homemaking—Jayne Mansfield
Science—Tab Hunter

We all think this faculty would be great for a day!

MARGIE MURRAY AND GANG
La Mesa, Calif.

We'd have no complaints!—Ed.

© REVLON, INC. 1958

For the first time . . . lift out dirt and makeup no drying soap—no greasy cream—can reach!

Here's a real revolution in skin-cleansing! 'Clean and Clear' cleans up to *5 times deeper* than drying soap or greasy cream! Yet it doesn't leave your skin dry, taut, like soap—but soft and smooth. That's because 'Clean and Clear' *moisturizes deep down,* as greasy creams just can't do! Try this exhilarating new pink facial cleanser. Use it this very night!

1.25
PLUS TAX

Revlon's new 'clean AND clear'™

THE SCIENTIFIC FACIAL CLEANSER

NATALIE WOOD, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl says: "My shampoo is Lustre-Creme! It leaves my hair so shiny and easy to manage. No wonder Lustre-Creme is Hollywood's favorite shampoo!" Lustre-Creme is used by the world's most glamorous women—shouldn't *you* use it, too?

For the most beautiful hair in the world

4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Natalie Wood says, "My shampoo is Lustre-Creme Shampoo," you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in her glamour-career.

Your hair can have that Hollywood-lovely look with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair will shine like the stars! Yet it's so easy-to-manage—even right after shampooing. Waves are smooth—curls springy.

You'll see—and *he* will, too—how much lovelier your hair can look when you change to Lustre-Creme, the shampoo of the stars!

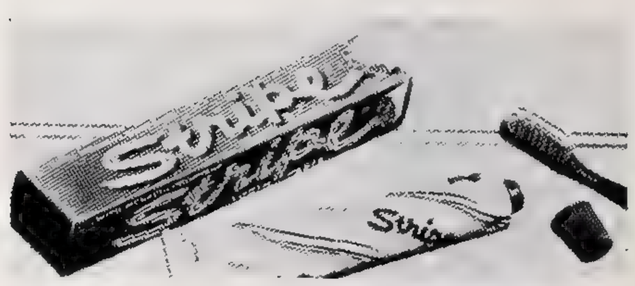
Lanolin-blessed creme or lotion never dries . . . it beautifies

becoming attractions

A

B

C



D

E

A. Headline news—Pace home permanent without waving lotion! Waving ingredients in end papers provides more even curl, avoids smell and mess. $2.00*

B. Don't just give dandruff the brush-off! Theraderm, before-shampoo dandruff treatment, provides very speedy and long-lasting relief. 5½ oz., $2.00

C. Stripe toothpaste by Lever Brothers has stripes for fun and business-like Hexachlorophene for extra protection from decay and bad breath. 31¢, 53¢, 69¢

D. For coloring the facts: Deluxe Satin Creme Formula Tintair is a new version of liquid Tintair for those who prefer cream form. 14 shades. $2.50*

E. Roux Color Curl spray sets hair, keeps it softly in place and at the same times adds sheen and temporary color. Shampoos out easily. 7 oz., $1.50*

**plus tax*

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BEAUTIFUL BUT DANGEROUS—20th. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard: *Lina,* Gina Lollobrigida; *Sergei,* Vittorio Gassman; *Doria,* Robert Alda; *Carmela,* Anne Vernon; *Manolita,* Tamara Lees; *Perret,* Enzo Billotti; *Silvani,* Gino Sinimberghi.

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM—Rank. Directed by Ralph Thomas: *Bruce Campbell,* Dirk Bogarde; *Owen Morgan,* Stanley Baker; *Boy Bladen,* Michael Craig; *Jean Lucas,* Barbara Murray; *James MacDonald,* James Robertson Justice; *Miss Abigail,* Athene Seyler; *Creasy,* Robert Brown; *Mac,* John Laurie; *Timid Driver,* Sidney James; *Miss Ruth,* Mary Merrall; *Max,* George Murcell; *Driver,* Roland Brand; *Old Man,* Finlay Currie; *The Doctor,* Peter Illing.

CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW—Warners. Directed by Michael Anderson: *Kim Prescott,* Anne Baxter; *Young Man,* Richard Todd; *Chandler Bridson,* Alexander Knox; *Vargas,* Herbert Lom; *Housekeeper,* Faith Brook.

COUNT FIVE AND DIE—20th. Directed by Victor Vicas: *Julian Howard,* Nigel Patrick; *William Ranson,* Jeffrey Hunter; *Rolande,* Annemarie Duringer; *Jan Gucht,* Arthur Gross; *Martins,* Larry Burns; *Professor Mulder,* David Kossoff.

COWBOY—Columbia. Directed by Delmer Daves: *Tom Reece,* Glenn Ford; *Frank Harris,* Jack Lemmon; *Maria Vidal,* Anna Kashfi; *Doc Bender,* Brian Donlevy; *Charlie,* Dick York; *Mendoza,* Victor Manuel Mendoza; *Paul Curtis,* Richard Jaeckel; *Joe Capper,* King Donovan; *Mr. Fowler,* Vaughn Taylor; *Senor Vidal,* Donald Randolph; *Mike Adams,* James Westerfield; *Manuel Arriega,* Eugene Iglesias; *Alcaide,* Frank de Kova; *Slim Barrett,* Buzz Henry; *Aunt,* Amapola Del Vando; *Charlie's Girl,* Bek Nelson; *Tucker,* William Leslie; *Peggy,* Guy Wilkerson.

DAMN CITIZEN—U-I. Directed by Robert Gordon: *Col. Francis C. Grevenberg,* Keith Andes; *Dorothy Grevenberg,* Maggie Hayes; *Major Al Arthur,* Gene Evans; *Pat Noble,* Lynn Bari; *Paul Musso,* Jeffrey Stone; *Joseph Kosta,* Edward C. Platt; *Cleo,* Ann Robinson; *DeButts,* Sam Buffington; *Sheriff Lloyd,* Clegg Hoyt; *Col. Thomas Hastings,* Kendall Clark; *Inspector Sweeney,* Rusty Lane; *Lt, Palmer,* Charles Horvath; *Nancy,* Carolyn Kearney; *Aaron M. Kohn,* Himself; *Rev. Dr. J. D. Grey,* Himself.

I ACCUSE!—M-G-M. Directed by Jose Ferrer: *Alfred Dreyfus,* Jose Ferrer; *Major Esterhazy,* Anton Walbrook; *Lucie Dreyfus,* Viveca Lindfors; *Major Picquart,* Leo Genn; *Emile Zola,* Emlyn Williams; *Mathieu Dreyfus,* David Farrar; *General Mercier,* Donald Wolfit; *Major Du Paty De Clam,* Herbert Lom; *Major Henry,* Harry Andrews; *Edgar Demange,* Felix Aylmer; *Georges Clemenceau,* Peter Illing; *Colonel Sandherr,* George Coulouris; *Colonel Von Schwarzkoppen,* Carl Jaffe; *Bertillon,* Eric Pohlmann; *Drumont,* John Chundos.

LADY TAKES A FLYER, THE—U-I. Directed by Jack Arnold: *Maggie Colby,* Lana Turner; *Mike Dandridge,* Jeff Chandler; *Al Reynolds,* Richard Denning; *Nikki Taylor,* Andra Martin; *Phil Donahoe,* Chuck Connors; *Nurse Kennedy,* Reta Shaw; *Frank Henshaw,* Alan Hale, Jr.; *Willie Ridgely,* Jerry Paris; *Collie Monor,* Dee J. Thompson; *Childreth,* Nestor Paiva; *Tower Officer,* James Doherty.

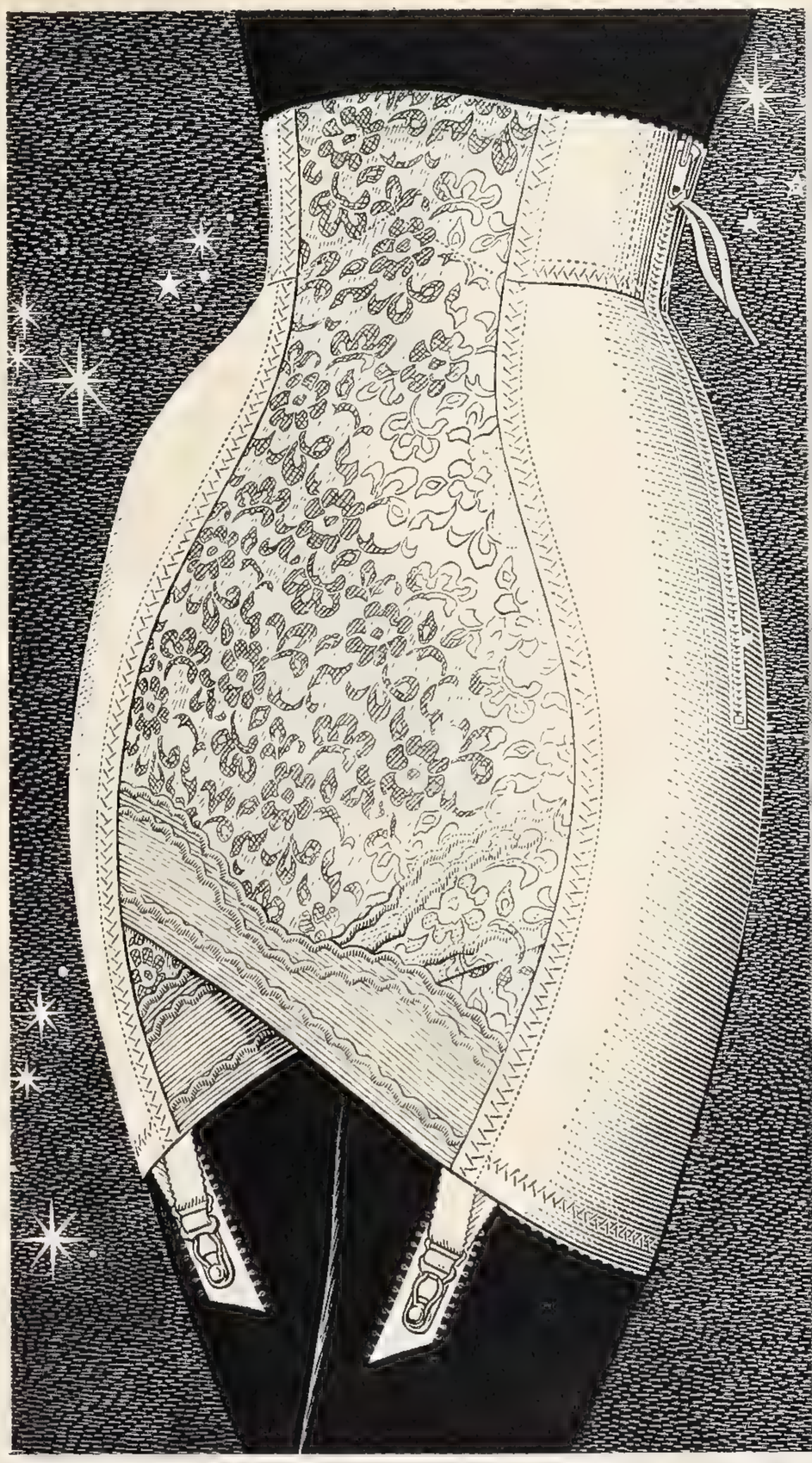
MARK OF THE HAWK—U-I. Directed by Michael Audley: *Renee,* Eartha Kitt; *Obam,* Sidney Poitier; *Amugu,* Juano Hernandez; *Craig,* John McIntire; *Barbara,* Helen Horton; *Sandar Lal,* Marne Maitland; *Gov. General,* Gerard Heinz; *Gregory,* Patrick Allen; *Prosecutor,* Earl Cameron; *Kanda,* Clifton MacKlin; *Inspector,* Ewen Solon; *Magistrate,* Lockwood West; *Overhold,* Francis Matthews; *Ben,* Philip Vickers; *Fred,* Bill Nagy; *Dr. Lin,* N. C. Doo; *Ming Tao,* David Goh; *1st Officer,* Harold Siddons; *2nd Officer,* Frederick Treves.

QUIET AMERICAN, THE—U. A. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz: *The American,* Audie Murphy; *Fowler,* Michael Redgrave; *Inspector Vigot,* Claude Dauphin; *Phuong,* Giorgia Moll; *Miss Hei,* Kerima; *Bill Granger,* Bruce Cabot; *Dominguez,* Fred Sadoff; *Mister Heng,* Richard Loo; *Eliot Wilkins,* Peter Trent; *Joe Morton,* Clinton Andersen; *Hostess,* Yoko Tani; *Yvette,* Sonia Moser; *Isabelle,* Phuong Thi Nghiep; *Cao-Dai Commandant,* Vo Doan Chau; *Cao-Dai Pope's Deputy,* Le Van Le; *Masked Man,* Le Quynh; *French Colonel,* Georges Brehat.

SAFECRACKER, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Ray Milland: *Colley Dawson,* Ray Milland; *Bennett Carfield,* Barry Jones; *Irene,* Jeannette Sterke; *Major Adbury,* Ernest Clark; *Vi,* Melissa Stribling; *Morris,* Victor Maddern; *Inspector Frankham,* Cyril Raymond; *Shafter,* Bernard Fox; *Bailey,* Richard Shaw; *Thomson,* Ian MacNaughton; *Mrs. Dawson,* Barbara Everest; *Guerin,* Henry Vidon; *Fenwright,* David Horne; *Fenwright's Secretary,* Jackie Collins; *Sergeant Harper,* Percy Herbert.

TEACHER'S PET—Paramount. Directed by George Seaton: *James Gannon,* Clark Gable; *Erica Stone,* Doris Day; *Dr. Hugo Pine,* Gig Young; *Peggy DeFore,* Mamie Van Doren; *Barney Kovac,* Nick Adams; *Harold Miller,* Peter Baldwin; *Katy Fuller,* Marion Ross; *Roy, Assistant,* Charles Lane; *Guide,* Jack Albertson; *J. L. Ballentine,* Florenz Ames; *Lloyd Crowley,* Harry Antrim; *Mrs. Kovac,* Vivian Nathan.

Figure flattery is always a breeze...



Ask for Sarong number Two. Available in corselette, zipper, and pull-on girdles, $5.95, $10.95 and up to $22.50. Sizes up to 44. Illustrated: Style 1594, $15.

Gown by Ceil Chapman

The new Sari* bra by Sarong. Patented Naturalift stitching gives permanent "padded" shaping *without* padding—stretches and breathes with you. Bandeau $2.95, medium line $3.50 and long line $5.00. White only

Now a new Sarong girdle, Sarong Two! It's completely and wonderfully different, with custom control and more freedom than ever before.

- Sarong Two brings never-before comfort, thanks to new, wide, elasticized edging on exclusive criss-cross. Stretches for day-long freedom when you move!
- Sarong Two's patented sling-like construction slims, *lifts* and supports you all around—exactly as nature intended.
- Sarong Two helps you to stand straighter, look younger always.
- Sarong Two gives you the flawless, unbroken line today's fashions demand.

she's wearing a **new**

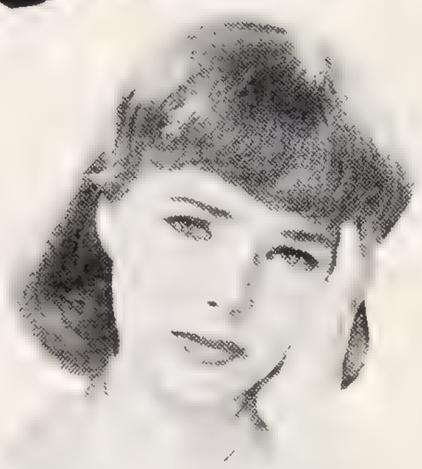
sarong® two

the criss-cross girdle that walks and never rides up

"SARONG is the registered trademark of Sarong, Inc. for its girdles and bras" *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Sarong, Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. In Canada, Sarong girdles by Dominion Corset Company, Ltd.

Betty's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-48, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL

4609—Just two main pattern parts, plus facings to this wonderful Printed Pattern. The sheath slim lines are pure magic for your figure. Misses' Sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes 3 yards 39-inch fabric

Elsa Cardenas says: "Sewing's fun"

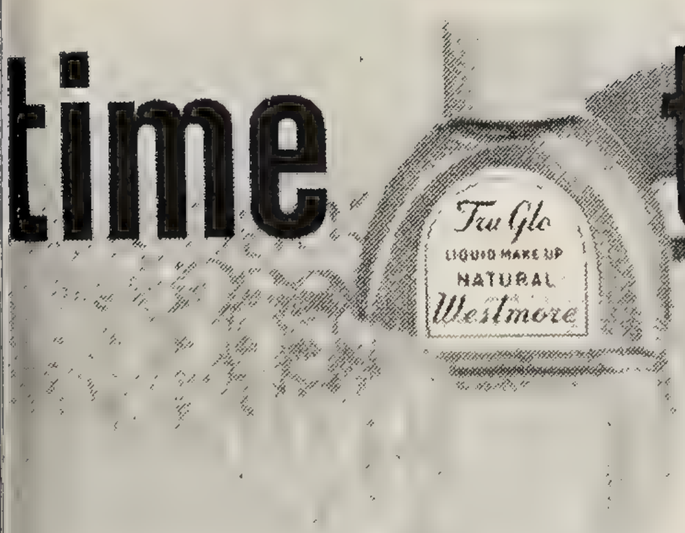
9069—A smart dress—coming or going! Lovely neckline with panel-front effect; soft panels of flares at the back. Printed Pattern in Misses Sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes 3¾ yards of 35-inch fabric

4511—Ideal summer ensemble for Juniors. Halter-neck dress, little tailored jacket. Printed Pattern in Jr. Miss Sizes 9-17. Size 13 dress takes 3⅞ yards of 35-inch fabric with half yard contrast

Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Patterns, P. O. Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents per pattern for first-class mailing.

RTHA HYER, starring in
versal-International's
NCE UPON A HORSE"
CinemaScope.

time to take a beauty break



Tru-Glo,
the all-day
liquid make-up

Spending hours on afternoon repairs is dated as a Model "T". All-day beauty is such a lovely snap — if you know the secret word: Tru-Glo. For just 59c, a liquid make-up with fabulous staying power — makes your every-day trip to the powder room the merest matter-of-minutes touch-up. Westmore's "beauty break" suggestions: Beauty Stick's gentle strokes to blot out tired lines and shadows, 79c . . . Party Puff compact powder to freshen with a pat, $1.00 and 49c . . . and the famous Westmore lipsticks, kiss-tested to make each close-up count, 69c and 29c. (All prices plus federal tax).

The House of Westmore, Inc., New York • Montreal **WESTMORE** Available at leading variety and drug stores

Only
maidenform*
makes
Nice to come home to? Heady as wine? Dangerous? American Beauty? Willing to gamble? Apple of his eye? Woman of mystery? Which are you?
TWICE-OVER** Here's light fantastic elastic coupled with silky, shape-making broadcloth. So comfortable! From 3.95

bras for all the dreams you are!

How many dreams are you?

CHANSONETTE* Dream of excitement? Famous spoke-stitched cups flatter you so, they make exciting things happen! From **2.00**

CHANSONETTE LACE Dream of luxury? This is your bra . . . all misty lace and magic satin, and a wonderful way with your figure! **3.50**

CONCERTO* TRI-LINE* Dream of comfort? This bra lifts away strain while it lifts up your curves, for a new high in comfort and looks. From **3.00**

PRE-LUDE* SIX-WAY* Dream of being a fashion plate? Try this! Straps stay secret under every dress . . . curves stay in model form. From **3.95**

PRE-LUDE SIX-WAY ONCE-OVER* Dream of living dangerously? Be perilously pretty with non-stop curves shaped lean and lithe! From **8.95**

CONCERTO SHELL Dream missing? A whisper of foam rubber lining fills the gap between you and your dream figure. **3.00**

ETUDE MINOR* Dream of abundance? Cups padded with foam rubber, then tic-tac-toe stitched, make wishing so . . . so shapely! From **3.00**

©1958 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., NEW YORK 16, N. Y. **PAT. PEND. *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD
✓ FAIR

While newspaper editor Gable pretends to be an eager greenhorn in Doris' college journalism class, he's planning to teach his pretty teacher a trick or two

Meeting impulsively, Anna Kashfi and Jack Lemmon find jealous eyes are watching

Cowboy COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ With no fancy psychological twists, with a couple of vigorous performances by Glenn Ford and Jack Lemmon, here's a genuinely offbeat western. Oddly combining the sprightly and the brutal in its atmosphere, it sets out deliberately to present a realistic picture of a cowboy's life in the old days. Jack's an ambitious hotel clerk; Glenn, a tough cattleman who works as his own trail boss and is persuaded to take the younger man on as partner—and cowhand. The story follows the classic, comic outline of a tenderfoot's training while Jack loses his illusions about men of the great outdoors. But he sticks with his new job stubbornly, out of pride and a determination to get to Mexico, where he believes highborn Anna Kashfi will be waiting for him. The romantic element is slight and wistful; this is a virile yarn, with other strong portrayals by Brian Donlevy as a weary gunfighter and Dick York as a woman-crazy cowboy. FAMILY

Teacher's Pet PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION

✓✓✓✓ Doris Day and Clark Gable are a thoroughly engaging love and comedy team in a light-hearted movie that backs up its foolery with good sense. As a rugged newspaper veteran, given to bragging about his lack of education, Clark thinks college journalism classes are a silly racket. In a letter, he has said as much to instructor Doris, and he enrolls in her course, posing as a businessman with no professional writing experience. It's a malicious gag, but he has a tender motive as well. Doris has been spending most of her time with Gig Young, an egghead who in Clark's eyes offers scant competition. Now she takes an interest in her remarkably promising "student." Also in on the fun are Nick Adams, as a hero-worshipping copy boy who shares Clark's disdain for book-l'arnin', and Mamie Van Doren, appearing briefly as a night-club singer who contrasts with brainy Doris. FAMILY

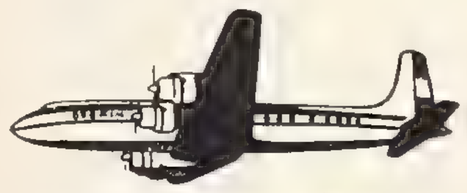
continued

Win a Glorious 17-Day Trip To Europe—*For Two!*

GENUINE REGISTERED ®
Keepsake
DIAMOND RINGS

GIANT SWEEPSTAKES

2nd PRIZES (4)
$1,000 Keepsake Diamond Rings
3rd PRIZES (10)
$500 Keepsake Diamond Rings



First Class via KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

NO PUZZLES — NO JINGLES — NOTHING TO BUY

Easy to Enter—Just Write Name and Address on Free Entry Blank at Any Keepsake Jeweler's Store.

Here's the chance of a lifetime, brought to you by Keepsake Diamond Rings — the choice of a lifetime! Now you can win a fun-filled, 17-day trip to Europe for two . . . flying via KLM Royal Dutch Airlines . . . visiting London, Paris, Rome and other famous cities . . . or win other fabulous prizes of beautiful Keepsake Diamond Rings!

Your Keepsake Jeweler's store is the place to go for an official Sweepstakes entry blank . . . and for assurance of finest quality in choosing your diamond ring. For the center diamond of every Keepsake engagement ring is perfect, and only a diamond of this flawless quality can reflect maximum brilliance and beauty. The Keepsake Certificate presented with your ring guarantees this perfect quality (or replacement assured). It also insures against loss of the diamond(s) from the setting for one year, and assures trade-in toward a Keepsake of greater value at any time. For lasting pride and satisfaction, look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring and on the tag. Many exquisite styles from $100 to $10,000.

EXTRA! Bonus award of $1,000 Keepsake Diamond Ring goes to first prize winner for correctly answering four easy questions on entry blank.

KEEPSAKE SWEEPSTAKES RULES

One entry per person accepted on official entry blank from Keepsake Jeweler no later than May 31, 1958. *Prize winners to be determined by drawing July 8, 1958. *Anyone 16 years of age or older residing in U.S., Hawaii or Alaska may enter, except employees (and their immediate families) of A. H. Pond Co., its dealers and advertising agency. *Contest subject to federal, state and local laws and regulations. *Complete rules on entry blank.

SOLD *ONLY* AT AUTHORIZED KEEPSAKE JEWELERS

A. MIAMI Ring. $675. Also 225 and 450. Wedding Ring 225. B. PREBLE Ring $450. Wedding Ring 225. C. VISTA Ring $250. Also 100 to 2475. Wedding Ring 12.50. ★Man's Diamond Ring $100. Available at 75 to 250 to match all engagement rings. D. ORION Ring $150. Wedding Ring 39.75. All Rings available in either natural or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show details. ® Trade-mark registered.

I am interested in a diamond ring... Ph 4-58

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

so please rush fact-filled booklets, "Choosing Your Diamond Rings" and "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding"; also name of nearest Keepsake Jeweler and special offer of 44-page Bride's Keepsake Book. I enclose 10 cents for mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Co..... State.....

Mail to: **A. H. POND CO., INC. • SYRACUSE 2, N. Y.**

P

The Quiet American U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Turned out with style and intelligence, this arresting drama plunges Audie Murphy and Michael Redgrave into deadly political intrigues in Indo-China. As a British newspaperman with an unexplained hatred for American ways, Redgrave looks on Audie as a blundering innocent, motivated by ideals that cannot be practically applied in this unhappy country. He is even convinced that Audie's well-intended plotting has brought violent death to a crowd of helpless citizens. Though he considers himself a man of reason, Redgrave gives way to his emotions when his gentle native mistress (Giorgia Moll) turns to the young American. The movie throws away a measure of its suspense by starting with the discovery of the American's dead body, then telling the story in flashback. But it still has plenty of tension, especially when the starting point is reached again and Claude Dauphin, French police inspector, begins investigating the killing. Redgrave does a powerful job, and Audie's unassuming yet firm presence is splendidly suited to his role, unusually serious for him. ADULT

Sweet as she is, Giorgia Moll is in a domestic situation that shocks Audie

I Accuse! M-G-M

✓✓✓✓ The Dreyfus case, one of the great individual dramas of history, now is given a strong film translation almost in news-reporting vein. Jose Ferrer realistically underplays the central character, making his Dreyfus a precise, even stuffy man, as devoted to the French Army as are the superiors who railroad him to Devil's Island. But there is warmth in scenes with his wife (Viveca Lindfors), children and brother (David Farrar). In expert hands, each person entangled in this astonishing near-tragedy comes to life: Esterhazy (Anton Walbrook), the debonair scoundrel who actually did sell the military secrets to Germany; General Mercier (Donald Wolfit) and Major Henry (Harry Andrews), who collaborate to pin the blame on Dreyfus; Major Picquart (Leo Genn), who sacrifices his own career to fight for justice; Emile Zola (Emlyn Williams), whose thundering words force the government to give Dreyfus a new trial, after his years of imprisonment and disgrace. FAMILY

Damn Citizen! U-I

✓✓✓ True events also provide the story material for this brisk melodrama, giving it more substance than the average racket-busting movie. In the real-life role of Col. Grevenberg, Keith Andes plays a Louisiana businessman who is persuaded to take over as superintendent of state police. Rackets are flourishing, under a top boss smoothly portrayed by Edward Platt, and many police officers at all levels are his henchmen. But Keith, who has a fine war record, reorganizes his own force on a military basis and cracks down on the gambling houses. He can't be bought off or dissuaded by threats against himself, his wife (Maggie Hayes) or children. Newcomer Jeffrey Stone makes a good impression as a young cop who is thrown off the force so that he can pretend to line up with Platt's gang. Unpredictable in her allegiance is Lynn Bari, schooldays sweetheart of Keith's, now allied professionally and personally with the racket king. ADULT

Mark of the Hawk U-I, SUPERSCOPE

✓✓ Genuine African backgrounds, shot in Nigeria, add interest to a topical action film that features such outstanding Negro players as Sidney Poitier, Eartha Kitt and Juano Hernandez. As Sidney's part-French wife, Eartha is proud of his election to their country's legislative body. But he is torn between the violence advocated by his impatient brother (Clifton Macklin) and the gentler course of Christianity counseled by Negro and white ministers (Hernandez, John McIntire). The white community is divided by a similar argument. Such urgent present-day problems automatically provide excitement, but impact is softened by intentional blurring of details. It isn't indicated which European nation holds this land as a colony, and the native terrorists aren't called Mau Maus. FAMILY

Count Five and Die 20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ An intricate, often absorbing spy thriller based on a real World War II incident has an international star trio. British Nigel Patrick heads a secretly set up agency in London, where refugees from Holland help lay groundwork for an Allied invasion through their country. Only Nigel and American Jeffrey Hunter know that the plan is a feint; it's hoped that German spies will learn of it, be deceived and send forces to repel the expected attack, diverting them from the real invasion point. Swiss Annemarie Duringer is cast as a brave Dutch girl, veteran of the underground. Her charms soon involve Jeffrey in an ardent affair, until Nigel warns that she may be in the employ of the Nazis. ADULT

The Lady Takes a Flyer U-I; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ With Lana Turner and Jeff Chandler as a decorative pair of co-stars, an affable romantic comedy offers easygoing entertainment, plus a dash of tension at the finale. Footloose Jeff teams with Air Force friend Richard Denning in a civilian venture, a flying ferry service. There's another partner—Lana, herself an experienced pilot. Originally engaged to Richard, she eventually marries Jeff and the arrival of a baby ends her wandering days. But Jeff still refuses to be tied down to domesticity, so Lana is driven to a daring move that provides a lively conclusion. FAMILY

Chase a Crooked Shadow WARNERS

✓✓✓ In a shrewdly constructed mystery, set against luxurious Mediterranean locales, Anne Baxter enjoys a richly emotional role. As heiress to a South Africa diamond fortune, Anne lives secluded in her villa, alone since the death of her brother in a car crash. Then Richard Todd shows up—announcing that he is her brother. He has his story and all personal details so pat that the local police chief (Herbert Lom) thinks Anne is joking or mentally ill when she demands to be rid of the stranger. Even her uncle (Alexander Knox) identifies

Fine way to run an airline! Jeff and co-pilot Lana let the ship fly itself

To prove Richard Todd's an impostor, Anne dares him to drive a risky road

Todd as his nephew. She becomes a captive in her own home, suspecting that Todd and his servants have designs on her life. The ending's a surprise! FAMILY

Campbell's Kingdom RANK, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ The British try their hand at the western, sending Dirk Bogarde into the Canadian Rockies on a dangerous project. He wants to drill for oil on a remote mountain site that he has inherited, but unscrupulous Stanley Baker is building a dam that will cause the area to be flooded. Pretty Barbara Murray and formidable James Robertson Justice are on Dirk's side. Since doctors have told Dirk that he's to die soon, he can take chances without a qualm. FAMILY

The Safecracker M-G-M

✓✓ In the title role of this modest crime-and-war story, Ray Milland has a profitable partnership arrangement with art dealer Barry Jones, who tips him off on precious loot and finds a buyer for it. Caught on the conventional "last job," Ray winds up in the clink. But he is released to join a commando unit in a raid on occupied France. There Ray is to open a safe containing vital German papers. A hint of romance links him with resistance worker Jeannette Sterke, who helps the commandos. FAMILY

Beautiful but Dangerous 20TH, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Gina Lollobrigida is handsome as ever in what purports to be the story of Lina Cavalieri, turn-of-the-century songbird. On her way up from vaudeville to international fame, Gina wins the love of Russian prince Vittorio Gassman and conductor Robert Alda, and murder is done for her sake. Quaint aspects of this Italy-produced romance are emphasized by the dubbed-in English dialogue, written in touchingly old-fashioned style, unintentionally comic. ADULT

The new SOFT-SKIN is an even better value than ever. Knit of soft, feather-light puckered elastic for freedom of movement, the new SOFT-SKIN features a nylon front panel for control where you need it. Won't roll to bike up. Washes and dries like lingerie . . . and is guaranteed ladder-run. Small, medium, large, extra large. White only.
Write for FREE Arthur Murray Dance Instruction Book G
REAL-FORM GIRDLE COMPANY • 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Real-Form GIRDLE OF GRACE
SOFT-SKIN
Girdle, girdle or brief, $2
Garter belt $1.50
panty
girdle
brief
YOU CAN STAND ON YOUR HEAD
AND STILL NOT FIND
A BETTER VALUE THAN SOFT-SKIN

a surprise for Debbie

"Debbie and Eddie Fisher's second baby is to be blessed with every loving wish!" said Lita Baron Calhoun excitedly over the phone. "I'm giving her a surprise stork shower." "Can we bring Photoplay's photographer along?" we asked. "Sure," agreed Lita. The afternoon of the shower was a cool one, and ex-tomboy Debbie, in her softly feminine pink wool maternity outfit with furry collar and cuffs, arrived with Janet Leigh and little Carrie Frances. And sure enough, there were more baby carriages than Cadillacs parked outside the Calhoun home! For it was the younger generation who, after their naps, really took over and stole their moms' show.

Devilish little Carrie Frances Fisher had a spat with the Calhoun baby, who in turn pushed Carrie down. Debbie pacifies her with pink balloon

Debbie positively glowed at the charming musical baby book Mrs. Cecil Barbee gave her. "It'll be perfect *for the pictures Eddie's always taking!"*

"A cuddly animal!" Debbie sighs, while Lita Calhoun and Deb's secretary, Camille, ooh and aah

Table-hopping Debbie makes a hit in her soft pink wool maternity ensemble, with its furry collar and cuffs. Stoping for chat during dessert at Yvonne DeCarlo's table on terrace, she wishes Yvonne happiness on her new baby, Michael Robert Morgan, and picks up a few child-care tips, too, at same time!

Ladies-in-waiting Pat Crowley and Debbie share some mother-to-be talk and admire the unusual shower centerpiece: A mountain of pastel-colored excelsior topped by a graceful bird of happiness

ADVICE ON
SKIN BLEMISHES
FROM

CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH

SHARON RIGGS, *Senior, Eastmoore High School, Columbus, Ohio*

Meet Sharon Riggs and a few of her young friends. Sharon is active and popular in school affairs, loves dancing and music. She is interested in modeling and photography. Sharon is going to Ohio State University in the fall. When you have so many things to do, so many places to go, don't let pimples spoil the fun . . .

Read what Sharon did: "*Almost overnight, ugly blemishes appeared and ruined my complexion. I tried everything from cosmetics to so-called 'miracle' cures—but nothing seemed to work for me. Then I tried Clearasil and soon my skin was clear and smooth again.*"

Sharon Riggs

1272 Kenwick Rd., Columbus, Ohio

Millions of young people have proved . . .

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION 'STARVES' PIMPLES

Skin-Colored . . . *hides pimples while it works!* CLEARASIL can help you, too, gain clear skin and a more appealing personality.

Why Clearasil Works Fast: CLEARASIL's 'keratolytic' action penetrates pimples. Antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause pimples. And CLEARASIL 'starves' pimples, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of 10 cases were *cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (Lotion or Tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion in handy squeeze bottle only $1.25 (no fed. tax). *Money-back guarantee.* At all drug counters.

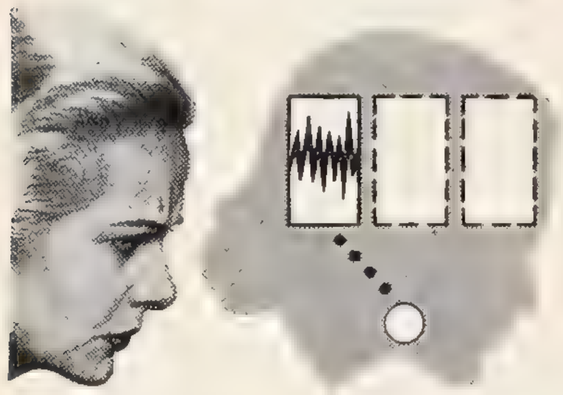
Would your experience help others?

You, too, may have had skin problems and found Clearasil helped end them. When you think of the wonderful relief that effective treatment can bring, you may want to help others. You can, by writing us a letter about your experience with Clearasil. Attach a recent photograph of yourself (a good close-up snapshot will do). You may be the next CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH. Write: Clearasil, Dept. AV, 180 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N.Y.

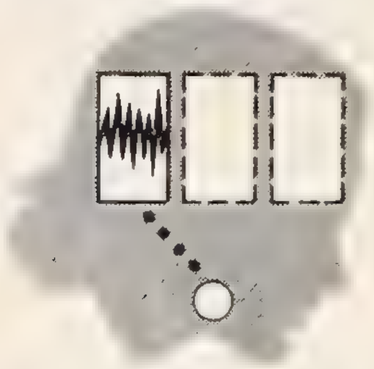
SPECIAL OFFER: For 2 weeks' supply of CLEARASIL send name, address and 15¢ to Box 260-CW (for Tube) or Box 260-CU (for Lotion), Eastco, Inc., New York 46, N.Y. Expires 4/30/58. P

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication In America (Including Canada)

How and Why
ANACIN®
gives more complete relief from
TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES
better than aspirin...
even with buffering action



BECAUSE ASPIRIN contains only one pain reliever.....



ADD BUFFERING ACTION and you still have only one

BUT ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression

Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin (1) promptly relieves pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. (2) Calms nerves—leaves you relaxed. (3) Fights depression. In this way, Anacin gives you more complete relief than you get from aspirin, even with buffering . . . and Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today!

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

YOU ASKED FOR GEOFFREY HORNE

"I got beaten up and started the plot rolling!" Geoffrey Horne said, surprised, recently about his smashing film debut in "The Strange One." What tall, handsome twenty-four-year-old Geoff didn't add was that that beating up also started his own personal career ball rolling.

For with his next two roles—first as the young commando in "The Bridge on the River Kwai," for which he won widespread acclaim, and next as Jean Seberg's lover in "Bonjour Tristesse"—by virtue of his undeniable talent and curly-haired, blue-eyed good looks, Geoff now stands on the brink of stardom. And the idea is not altogether a happy one.

"A friend of mine recently remarked, 'You should enjoy your success more,' and I wish I could," he confided. "But you must always face the question: How much of it do I deserve and how much was just handed to me?" His basic uncertainty about this and other matters is well-covered by a steady stream of quips, like these samples:

On seeing oneself on film: "It's torture—an actor rarely comes out of one of his movies liking himself." On criticism of his work: "I'd almost rather people would say, 'It stinks!' than 'It's good.' That way I could work over what's wrong." On himself in movies: "Let's face it—I'm better-looking than I am in real life."

His favorite hobby? "Sleep." What does he look for most in a woman? "Sex appeal." Anyone who troubles to peer behind this flip veneer will discover a young student of acting.

Born in Buenos Aires (to American parents), he was educated in Cuba, in New York (where he flunked many subjects and managed to squeeze through) and the University of California. All the trouble that college dramatics had given his studies only intensified his ambition. Three months after graduation, he was in New York to try for an acting career. It wasn't easy.

Was no one impressed? Geoff had the remedy for that: persistent phoning to Lee Strasberg. Possibly exasperated by having his phone tied up day and night for two months, the head of the famed Actors' Studio admitted the boy to his private class. Two years and ten TV shows later, Geoff was made a member of the Actors' Studio, and soon went into "The Strange One."

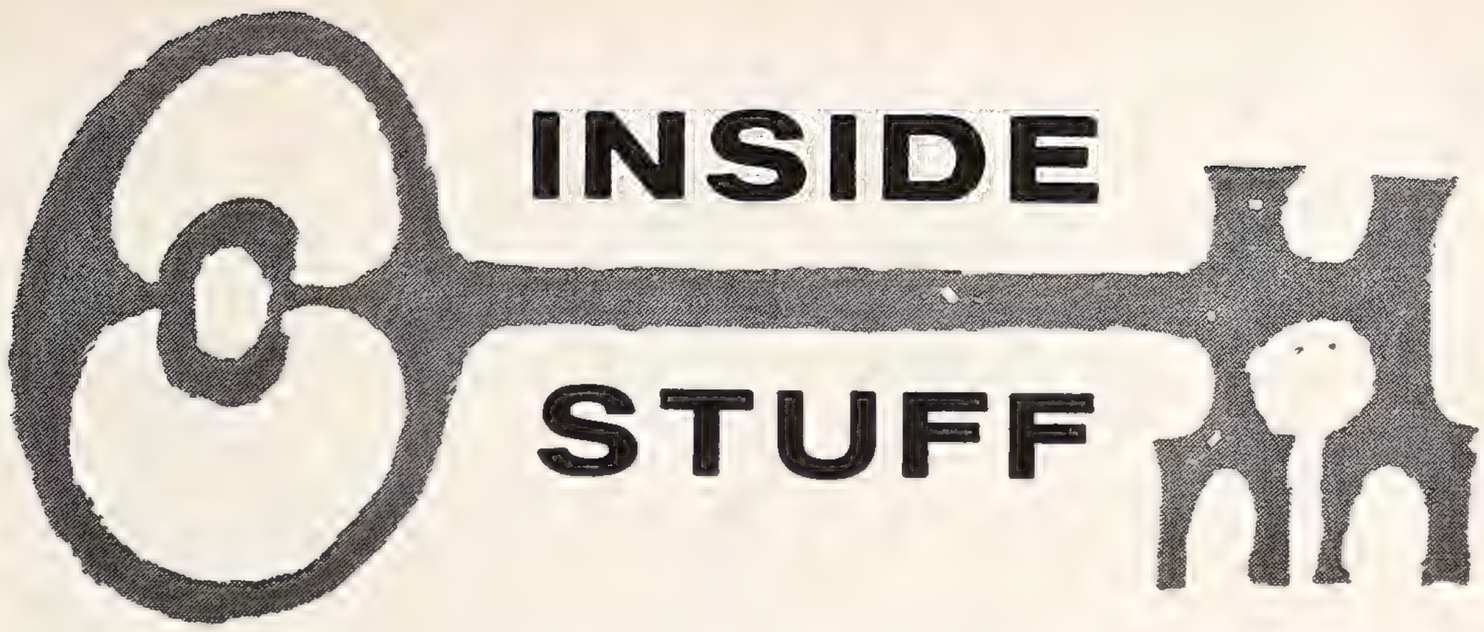
Geoff considers himself lucky with his three films to date. The ten-month jaunt to Ceylon for "Kwai" was a particularly pleasant memory. "In New York, if you're not busy every minute," he said, "you somehow feel as though you're wasting time. But in Ceylon, during the many times I wasn't before the camera, I'd play chess, swim, walk, read and just generally relax. It was great. And we had our fair share of excitement," he added. "One day, an old elephant, who'd already killed two men, charged us, and the whole company really took off. Then there was the day that three men almost drowned."

Geoff credits "Kwai" director David Lean with his favorite piece of advice: "Don't be boring-sensitive." He translates this by observing, "The 'sensitive young man' is currently all the rage in plays, TV dramas and movies. Y'know, the one whose mother didn't like him and all that, and frankly, who cares?" Being mired down in that kind of a role is Geoff's own private nightmare.

Geoff confesses to a preference for Marlon Brando, Marilyn Monroe, rock 'n' roll, Japanese food, water-skiing, a beach comber's life—and Nancy Berg, the model-turned-actress. He met Nancy, a fellow acting student, at a restaurant, following separate classes, and "Wham! That was it!"

Ask Geoff seriously what he likes in a woman—blond? brunette? good conversationalist? good cook?—and he wraps it all up with a fervent "Whatever Nancy has is what I want."

Sara Hamilton's



Movies and the People in Them: The town, all of a sudden has a terrific crush on **Jean Seberg,** who flopped as Joan of Arc in the **Otto Preminger** picture. But Jean's sweet, natural honesty and lack of pretense on a tough TV interview show, won every heart. The hope that Jean, who hails from Iowa, would prove herself in her second film, "Bonjour Tristesse" was proved to me at least—although some still panned her.

I nominate **Deborah Kerr** for the all-around successful woman of the year. In career, in private life, and as a human being. After twelve years of marriage, husband **Tony Bartley** adores her, the two small Bartley girls regard her with warm affection, and Hollywood would jump off a bridge to oblige her. Any bridge. Deborah's lack of pretense, her "fish and chips" mien in the midst of misplaced elegance and her deep spiritual understanding, which quietly guides her life, are among the assets that have enabled this charming and natural woman to attain the pinnacle of success—in stardom and in womanhood.

From Moscow, where **Mike Todd** flirted with state bigwigs on his proposed production, "War and Peace," came news of **Liz's** new shorty haircut. Mike's reaction: "I'm ruined. Who's this woman?"

The surprise of the month, to the younger folk at least, was **Clark Gable,** who leaped from the screen in "Teacher's Pet" a strong, vital and yet amusingly attractive man. At last mothers can say to their teenage daughters, "You see what I mean about Gable?" And they'll know. But of course, "all-man" Gable has **Doris Day** to help him along.

Mario Lanza could (*continued*)

Eva Gabor looked exquisite at a recent party. When I told her so, she breathed, "Thank you, dahling Sara. I never diet, and won't follow the sack look!"

INSIDE STUFF

continued

very well cable from Rome to his friends in Hollywood, "I made it, Mom!" In "The Seven Hills of Rome," a slimmer, handsomer, brighter Mario has undoubtedly made it. His marvelous voice and amusing take-offs on **Perry Como, Louis Armstrong** and **Frankie Laine,** as well as his sprightly acting, revealed Mario is himself again, with the dark, emotional storms that shook his confidence in Hollywood all behind him. We sincerely hope.

Hollywood Roundup: **Anna Kashfi Brando's** mother in Wales expressed a desire to be with her daughter in Hollywood until the birth of her baby. Only the price of a ticket, I'm told, could keep her away from Anna, who has been so lonely and so forsaken. And whether "she's just a little Hindu who does the best kin do" or an Irish coleen, doesn't matter in the least. Anna needs comforting. And needs it badly . . . **Joan Collins** had her option lifted by Twentieth, but not—so far—by **Arthur Loew Jr.** Joan should realize by this time young producer Loew is harder to land than **Aly Khan** . . . **John Saxon** was voted mayor of Universal City before he took off for Europe and "The Reluctant Debutante." And if John isn't the handsomest mayor in the USA, then who is?

Claire Bloom failed to leave the "Buccaneer" group where she found it. At the completion of the long shooting schedule, director **Tony Quinn** and co-star **Yul Brynner** suddenly discovered the quiet, demure, soft-spoken Miss Bloom had managed to get her own way almost in every situation. And they still don't know how . . . **Earl Holliman's** first recording "Nobody Knows How I Feel," for Prep Records, was voted a hit by the Juke Box Jury panel, "I've had more attention from teenagers as a result of this record," Earl told us, "than from all my films combined." And speaking of new recording stars, tall, handsome **Dean Plato,** the fascinating Belgian actor, is bound to rate another hit when "Imitation General" is released.

Carolyn Jones is delighted she turned down several films, "Bell, Book and Candle" among them, to play in "King Creole," with **Elvis Presley.** Carolyn became another Presley fan during the shooting of El's last movie, before the Army threatened to clutch him . . . **Van Johnson** has been lording it over the toupée lads since that printed prophecy that red-headed men are the least likely to become bald. Those thinning-lock boys, **Brando, Bing,** and **Frankie,** could shoot him!

Dinner party—Ladd style: I was the "woman who came to dinner" at the **Alan Ladd** home, and found myself in the midst of a pleasant uproar. A short time before I arrived, daughter **Carol Lee** had told a delighted **Sue** and **Alan** she planned to marry **John Vietch,** Warner Studio location manager. A friend of the Ladd family for years, John, a tall, handsome thirty-seven, and Carol Lee, a beauty at twenty-three, beamed their approval and happiness all through dinner, a meal that became a veritable "Who can we telephone next?" And even nine-year-old **David,** the star of "The Proud Rebel," came up with suggestions.

At a late hour, the Ladds finally reached their good friends, the **Irving Manheimers** of New York, to tell them the good news. Mr. Manheimer is president of Macfadden Publishing Company, publishers of **Photoplay.**

Carol Lee, whose short marriage to Richard Anderson ended in divorce, has found that one-in-a-million husband in John Vietch. And Hollywood rejoices with her.

Around Town: **Liz Taylor** asked for **Monty Clift** for her "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" picture. Something tells me this friendship will go on and on, long after all else has failed . . . The youngest rebel in the making is **Tommy Sands,** who was paid only $10,000, so I'm informed, for his hit movie "Sing Boy Sing." Unless more rocks off the roll for his next film are forthcoming, Tommy may balk. Just like a little ol' mule . . . They say **Rock Hudson** went into a first-class tizzy when

Joan Collins should realize by this time young producer Arthur Loew Jr. is even harder to land than Aly Khan!

the *Ben Hur* role was awarded **Charlton Heston.** Rage at his studio for not releasing him for the Biggest Opportunity of his career, may turn the taciturn Rock into red hot lava. I can just see Rock pouring himself all over Universal Studios.

Bob Mitchum's teenage son, **Jim,** looks so much like his dad, the two could play brothers. Which is exactly what they do in the movie "The Whippoorwill." Now fans claim they have split personalities, with one-half loyal to Bob and the other half to Jim . . . **Tab Hunter,** underneath, is still smouldering at Warner Brothers, and flatly states he'll take another suspension if a good role doesn't crop up soon. In that case,

Tab has plans. He'll take a year off and follow the horse show circuit. And what a draw this handsome young Viking would make, riding among the four hundred . . . And that **Vic Damone** article, which promised to reveal all, more or less kept its promise. What gets into these nice people to be so compulsively frank? I mean without a gun in their backs? It's all a big mystery to me. And the town . . . **Kim Novak** ran back to **Mac Krim** in a hurry when gossip tied her up in a surprising romance. Wonder what would happen if Kim one day scurried back to her Rock-of-Gibraltar Krim, only to find him gone. Baby, it can be cold outside!

Bob's Bride: It comes as no surprise to me that **Natalie Wood Wagner** has settled down to cozy housekeeping with all the efficiency of an older woman. From the letter Natalie wrote me while still on her honeymoon in Stuart, Fla., I knew all would be well. Her beautiful stationery, monogramed N.W.W., told the story. It revealed a busy bride nearing exhaustion from six months' solid work on "Marjorie Morningstar" and "Kings Go Forth," who still had time for small details that

Was Kim trying to land Aly herself? Between Krim, Bandini and a recent startling romance, she's not talking

make for gracious living. Such as monogrammed thank you notes, promptly written. Such thoughtfulness goes a long way toward a happy marriage. **Bob's** studio confides that the actor requested his studio biography be revised with all mention of former romances thrown to the winds. And there's a loyal and devoted husband for you.

I Wonder: I wonder why a certain scribe always refers to **Ginger Rogers** as "poor Ginger" since her years-younger husband, the French **Jacques Bergerac,** walked out. Wasn't it the previous and even younger husband, **Jack** (*continued*)

CAL YORK JOTTINGS

Personal Observations: I can't understand why director **Alfred Hitchcock** changed the name of his **Jimmy Stewart-Kim Novak** film, "From Amongst the Dead" to "Vertigo." To me the new name sounds like a painful backache . . . If **Sal Mineo** accepts the role of **Mickey Rooney's** son in "The Return of Andy Hardy," I can hardly wait for Sal to look down on Dad Rooney for one of those man-to-man talks. What a crick in the neck for both of them! . . . **Marilyn Monroe** failed to make the first ten in several popularity polls that featured her name first only last year. With Marilyn planning to make "Blue Angel" in Europe, over a year will have passed since Hollywood last saw this highly complex matron . . . Someone has got to do something about **Dennis Hopper.** That ever-present, ever-loving mangy gray sweater will have to be burned, buried or sold at auction, and a comb and brush set delivered to the disheveled actor, pronto. Such a smart boy, too.

Set of the Month: The doorbell rang. **Suzy Parker,** laying aside her magazine and reading glasses, sauntered through the prop living room to the prop door to find **Gary Cooper** on the threshold. Also prop. Another scene with romantic dialogue for "Ten North Frederick" was completed. But behind this movie are several interesting facts. **Spencer Tracy** had signed for the film and at the last moment backed out. No, Suzy Parker's poor showing had nothing to do with it, Spencer insisted. He just wasn't going to make "Ten North Frederick." Period. In despair, the producer persuaded Gary Cooper to read the script. And Gary loved it, even to the point of giving out with a few choice words beyond his usual "yup." Said Coop, "Tracy must be nuts to turn down a role like this. You can hardly find scripts like this anymore." And in the meantime, back in New York, Suzy had undergone a three-month period of dramatic coaching. And listening carefully as she read her lines, I'd say she has improved.

From Abroad: My overseas scout reveals that the **Rex Harrisons** are having their ups and downs . . . **Betsy Drake** is hypnotizing away all **Ingrid Bergman's** troubles in London . . . After avoiding her for years, **Anna Magnani** (**Rossellini's** former love) has expressed a desire to meet Ingrid . . . **Princess Grace** purchased, on her recent visit to London, six below-the-knees night shirts, in pale blue, for husband **Prince Rainier.**

P

INSIDE STUFF

continued

Briggs, that Ginger walked out on? Besides, the word "poor" had no application to the radiant, glowing, successful Ginger —a smash in her nightclub and TV stints—and looking exactly as she did twenty years ago. Except for one thing. Gone, today, are the excessive frills and feathers Ginger insisted upon. Today she is the epitome of simple chic. A lesson some of our over-dressed stars could well emulate.

TV Views: **Dinah Shore,** the best-dressed star in TV, is the entertainment field's "Woman of the Year," according to the Los Angeles Times. And it was a choice that met with everyone's approval. No star I know is as well loved by those who work with her as Dinah. The reason probably is that she and **George Montgomery** are one of the town's happiest couples. And to glimpse that ever youthful Dinah, lunching on one of her rare free days with the two Montgomery children in the Beverly Hills Hotel patio, is to realize that TV's most popular singing star is also a devoted mother. Her style sense is unerring and her **Travis Banton** gowns the envy of every woman who follows her "Chevy Show." But Dinah isn't the only creative member of the family. Listen to this remark overheard last week in a local antique shop. "I realize it's a beautiful period piece," the be-furred matron said, with lofty disdain. "But *I* have a George Montgomery." And the home that boasts an original George Montgomery piece of furniture, executed by the cowboy star himself, has indeed something to boast about.

Polly Bergen is so elaborately dressed most of the time it distracts the viewers, if you ask me . . . **Shirley Temple,** busy again in Hollywood with her NBC-TV series, still creates a stir when she and handsome husband **Charles Black** dine out. Necks crane every which way to glimpse the attractive couple. And we who have known Shirley from babyhood, are happy for her . . . **Shirley MacLaine** is my choice for the freshest personality on TV, despite that "chewed off" hair cut. With **Gisele MacKenzie** a runner-up.

"I never had a date with David before the night he proposed. I never kissed him until I accepted." With this startling announcement to the press, **Debra Paget** revealed her sudden marriage to singer **David Street;** a marriage (his fifth, her first) that came as a surprise to everyone, including the bride and groom. Only 28 days earlier, David had wed **Sharon Lee,** a hastily dissolved nuptials. Minutes before the new ceremony, he was served with an order to show why he had allegedly fallen behind in his $4,845 support payments to his 14-year-old son by his first wife. An event that in no way altered the happiness of the bride and groom, who, so they stated, had known each other 10 years before love suddenly hit them.

Hargitays at Home: Everyone's still talking about the **Jayne Mansfield-Mickey Hargitay** wedding. A small group of Jayne's friends, 150 of us and mainly the press, crowded into the tiny all-glass church at Portuguese Bend—an hour's drive from Hollywood—and waited forty-five minutes past the scheduled eight o'clock ceremony. But it was worth it. And as the bride minced down the aisle in a pink lace hobble skirt dress, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Jayne and only Jayne would choose such a revealing, form-fitting wedding gown.

Along with **Bob Hope,** with whom Jayne made an overseas trek, I held my breath as Jayne knelt before the pink carnation heart on the pink candled altar, to take her vows. Could she possibly make it in that outfit? She did. And while through the glass walls dozens of photographers crawled about snapping cameras throughout the ceremony and outside the surging throng of 1,500 fans threatened the doors, Jayne and Mickey were made one. And one like that is enough.

From my third row seat however, the true honest loving emotion between these two truly-in-love people was plainly felt. With her step-father **Harry L. Peers,** who gave Jayne away and her mother who was matron of honor, the bride and groom caught the midnight plane for Dallas, Texas. for the wedding reception. Followed by a few days in Florida, followed by a duo nightclub stint in Las Vegas, followed by thousands of reporters, cameramen, newsreelers and howling fans every inch of the way. Naturally.

The tradition that the bride remain unseen by her groom-to-be before the wedding, was cast aside when Mickey showed up in the afternoon to give his bride-to-be a pedicure!

Back home again, Jayne, Mickey and little **Jayne Marie** are ensconced in their roomy mansion with its many splendored bathrooms, bent on a little light housekeeping. And all Hollywood, at least that part of it that knows and likes both Jayne and Mickey, wishes them continued happiness.

BARBARA RUSH starring in THE YOUNG LIONS
A 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope Picture. Produced by Al Lichtman

. . . four soft, lovely pastels and white . . .
a wonderful natural gentleness . . . a complexion that
day by day looks prettier and prettier . . .

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF LUX

If you'd like *your* complexion to be as soft and smooth as Barbara Rush's, give it loving care . . . Lux care.

There's a *natural gentleness* about Lux. Its rich Cosmetic lather cleanses thoroughly, but always *gently*. Lux has a lovely fragrance, too . . . a blend of *many* fine perfumes. And the new Lux Pastels—in their matching wrappers—add beauty to your bathroom.

More beautiful women all over the world use Lux than any other complexion bar. This proven beauty care can do as much for you. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux—or money back.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars depend on Lux

Why I quit school

"No, I'm not going back to school." James MacArthur's words fell upon shocked silence. "Now, don't get me wrong," he said quickly. "I'm not quitting for good. I *will* go back to Harvard. I *will* finish school. But not this year . . ." Why stop now, if that was the case? Didn't he like school? "Oh, sure I like it. But—well, it's kind of hard to explain." Had the acting bug bitten so hard that he was thinking of concentrating on a fulltime career? "Well, I like acting fine. Yeah, I'd like to go on making pictures." He grinned. "That is, if they want me." It was clear that, though he's just finished "The Light in the Forest" for Walt Disney and critics see a brilliant career bursting before him, modest young Mr. MacArthur can't see it, himself. "But that doesn't have anything to do with it," he said earnestly, groping to find words for his feelings. "It's like this. I just came to a point where I realized that there I was, studying away, but I wasn't *going* anywhere. I wasn't studying in any direction. I was majoring in history. An interesting subject. But I thought, 'What's all this going to mean to me in the future?' And I didn't know." He frowned, and explained, "That's why I'm taking a year off. To do some thinking. To find out what I *really* want to get out of school. I'm going to look around—work, travel a lot." He chuckled. "Right now, I want to go to Mexico—if I can talk my uncle into taking me along." Another big travel opportunity is coming up, too—a trip to Switzerland, for another Disney film, "Banner in the Sky," in June. The whole point, Jim thinks, is that it's wrong for a teenager to waste his time and his parents' money, just for the sake of "going to college." At the end of a year, he feels he'll be a lot wiser, and able to make that education worthwhile. We'd say he's pretty wise already.

At present, it's no more Harvard, no more books for Jim MacArthur, who wants to learn more about life before going back to school

Teen-agers! Look Sensational! *Real medicated help for troubled skin...*

SCRUB SET

1. CLEAN! *Medicated Scrub Soap goes deep to rout out grime, hardened oil and make-up. Special oatmeal ingredient stimulates surface circulation, helps rid skin of deep-seated impurities.*

2. CLEAR! *Medicated Refining Lotion keeps troublesome skin bacteria in check.*

3. MEDICATE! *Medicated Blemish Cream promotes healing of blemishes all night long.*

IMPORTANT: *Use your Scrub Set faithfully, every day, following each step...for a clearer, more attractive complexion. $2.85.*

For beauty the modern way

Dorothy Gray

In Canada, too.

no lotion!

New kind of
Home Permanent
from
Procter & Gamble

The end papers do the waving for you

Costs no more than lotion permanents—$2 plus tax.
Choice of 3 strengths: Regular . . . Gentle . . . Super

Every end paper contains its own waving ingredients—just the right amount for each curl

Because the end papers themselves measure out the waving action, your wave will be perfect

Easiest, fastest way yet to a really lasting wave—just wind, wet with pure, clear water, and neutralize

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A home permanent with the wave in the end papers instead of a bottle of lotion. That's Procter & Gamble's new PACE.

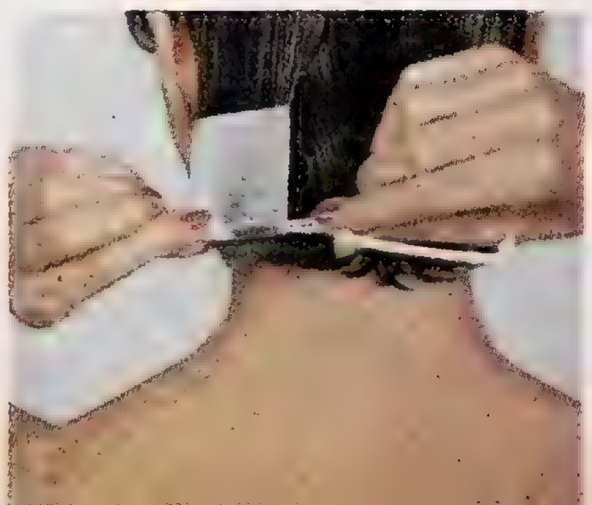
Guesswork taken out. Because each paper contains just the right amount of waving ingredients—never too much, never too little—you get a perfect permanent *automatically*.

No more waves that take in one place, don't in another. No more stragglers or strays. No more "first week" frizz.

No messy, strong-smelling lotion. Just wind hair as usual, wet with water, neutralize, and look! An even, lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature.

So now there's no reason to leave the house for a permanent. Not when it's next to no fuss at all to get one at home. That's with PACE—the worry-free way to a perfect wave. How about today?

Wind curls as usual. Any home permanent curlers will do. (End papers do the waving.)



Squeeze on **clear water** with PACE'S handy plastic bottle. No messy, strong-smelling lotion.

Pace

Procter & Gamble's no lotion permanent

© P. & G., 1958

OSCAR

1928

1929

1930

1931

1932

He's caused feuds, joy, despair. But stars of 1958 long to meet Hollywood's most wanted young man, as he celebrates the 30th Anniversary in a drama-loaded life

by DICK SHEPPARD

Hollywood's foremost glamour boy celebrates his thirtieth birthday on the 26th of this month. As a memento of this occasion, and to give Oscar his due, we have prepared a special anniversary keepsake for you on these pages—a handy guide that will show you at a glance the Oscar winners and best film of any given year. Recognize the famous faces to the left? If not, Photoplay's guide will give you all the answers. Compared to the muscle men's statistics, Oscar's do not sound imposing: height, ten inches; weight, seven pounds; complexion, golden. But in the three decades of his life, Oscar has starred in dozens of high-powered dramas, calling the turn for great names of movies. For him, a princess-to-be melted in tears and a revered stage star almost fell on her famous face. He has roused crosscurrents of emotions between sisters. To claim him, the king-to-be of male stars went into the doghouse and two of the town's highest-priced directors collided in public. Yet Oscar's own first appearance ended in an ignominious dive down a laundry chute. That was a little more than thirty years ago, in the Brown Derby. At one of the tables were gathered Louis B. Mayer, Douglas Fairbanks, Conrad Nagel and other members of the fledgling Academy of Motion (*Continued on page* 91)

Wings			
The Broadway Melody			
All Quiet on the Western Front			
Cimarron			
Grand Hotel			
Cavalcade			
It Happened One Night	1927-28		
Mutiny on the Bounty	1928-29		
The Great Ziegfeld	1929-30		
The Life of Emile Zola	1930-31		
You Can't Take It with You	1931-32		
Gone with the Wind	1932-33		
Rebecca	1934		
How Green Was My Valley	1935		
Mrs. Miniver	1936		
	1937		
	1938		
	1939		
	1940		
	1941		
	1942		
Janet Gaynor			
Mary Pickford			
Norma Shearer			
Marie Dressler			
Helen Hayes		Emil Jannings	
Katharine Hepburn		Warner Baxter	
Claudette Colbert		George Arliss	
Bette Davis		Lionel Barrymore	
Luise Rainer		Fredric March, Wallace Beery	
Luise Rainer		Charles Laughton	
Bette Davis		Clark Gable	
Vivien Leigh		Victor McLaglen	
Ginger Rogers		Paul Muni	
Joan Fontaine		Spencer Tracy	
Greer Garson		Spencer Tracy	
		Robert Donat	
		James Stewart	
		Gary Cooper	
		James Cagney	

Casablanca			
Going My Way			
The Lost Weekend			
The Best Years of Our Lives			
Gentleman's Agreement			
Hamlet			
All the King's Men			
All About Eve	1943		
An American in Paris	1944		
The Greatest Show on Earth	1945		
From Here to Eternity	1946		
On the Waterfront	1947		
Marty	1948		
Around the World in 80 Days	1949		
?	1950		
	1951		
	1952		
	1953		
	1954		
	1955		
	1956		
	1957		
Jennifer Jones			
Ingrid Bergman			
Joan Crawford			
Olivia de Havilland			
Loretta Young		Paul Lukas	
Jane Wyman		Bing Crosby	
Olivia de Havilland		Ray Milland	
Judy Holliday		Fredric March	
Vivien Leigh		Ronald Colman	
Shirley Booth		Laurence Olivier	
Audrey Hepburn		Broderick Crawford	
Grace Kelly		Jose Ferrer	
Anna Magnani		Humphrey Bogart	
Ingrid Bergman		Gary Cooper	
?		William Holden	
		Marlon Brando	
		Ernest Borgnine	
		Yul Brynner	
		?	

You've asked for the Academy Award winners of past years. And we've got the answers for you. In our Photoplay Guide to Academy Award Winners, by simply pulling the tabs, you can find out what actor and actress won an Academy Award, the year, and the best picture. It's all here and it's very simple to make and use:

1) Just cut out the inside chart on page 38 along the edges and include the red tabs.
2) Then paste this chart on light cardboard.
3) Fold along dotted line and glue two columns together back to back, making sure red tabs touch.
4) Next, cut out the Oscar folder on this page.
5) Carefully cut out boxes on folder along the red lines.
6) After that, bend folder down center dotted line.
7) Place chart from page 38 inside Oscar folder.
8) To get the answers you want, simply pull the red tabs until the information slides into the proper slots.

As for 1957? ? ? Keep Photoplay's Academy Award Winner Guide in hand while you watch the 1958 Award Ceremonies, March 26th—and fill in the new winners!

I DON'T WANT

"Acting was only a means of solving a personal problem that dates from my childhood," admits Joanne Woodward in this frank, startling confession. "I don't need it now!"

Tiny, terribly serious Joanne Woodward huddled deeper into her huge, furry storm coat and shivered. It was a wet, chilly day, but her shiver was not only from chill, but from nervousness and excitement. Excitement over the news she'd just heard. Someone at the studio had phoned to tell her she was being touted as a top contender for the coveted Academy Award.

She could hardly believe her ears. It had happened as in a dream world. A world in which, after lean months of little work and scanty prospects, suddenly she had become the studio's darling. Critics had acclaimed her performance in 20th's "The Three Faces of Eve" as one of the finest dramatic achievements of the year, and lately she was being sought for more roles than she could play.

"It's so wonderful," she thought as she drove to the studio. "But it's not going to change anything." She had made up her mind. In the midst of having such a fuss made over her—of finally attaining stardom and fulfillment—she wanted to retire.

"Not right away," she said a little while later when she announced her decision for the first time to me over lunch in the commissary at 20th Century-Fox, where she recently completed "The Long, Hot Summer." "Although I could quit acting today and it wouldn't be the end of the world for me." Her surprising statement came freely, without dramatics or buildup.

Scrubbed clean of all makeup, looking more like an earnest young scholar than a movie star, Joanne renounced her acting future just like that.

"Suddenly I've come to realize that acting isn't my ultimate goal," she explained quietly. "It's been my way of solving a problem, and now that I've recognized what the problem was, I don't need to act any more. Do you understand me?"

I didn't. What problem could this talented girl have?

As she spoke, her luncheon was interrupted constantly by directors and producers wanting to talk shop, by admirers congratulating her on her recent work. Joanne, like a polite child, solemnly exchanged courtesies with her public and remembered:

"You can't imagine how many times I've sat here, in this very room, with no work; absolutely mad to act, and without a thing to do. It is awful, just awful to come into the commissary day after day, hoping frantically that some producer will see you and want you for a picture and knowing that nobody will, because nobody even knows you.

"I went through all of that and other things just as horrible . . . being broke . . . desperately (*Continued on page* 85)

by NANCY ANDERSON

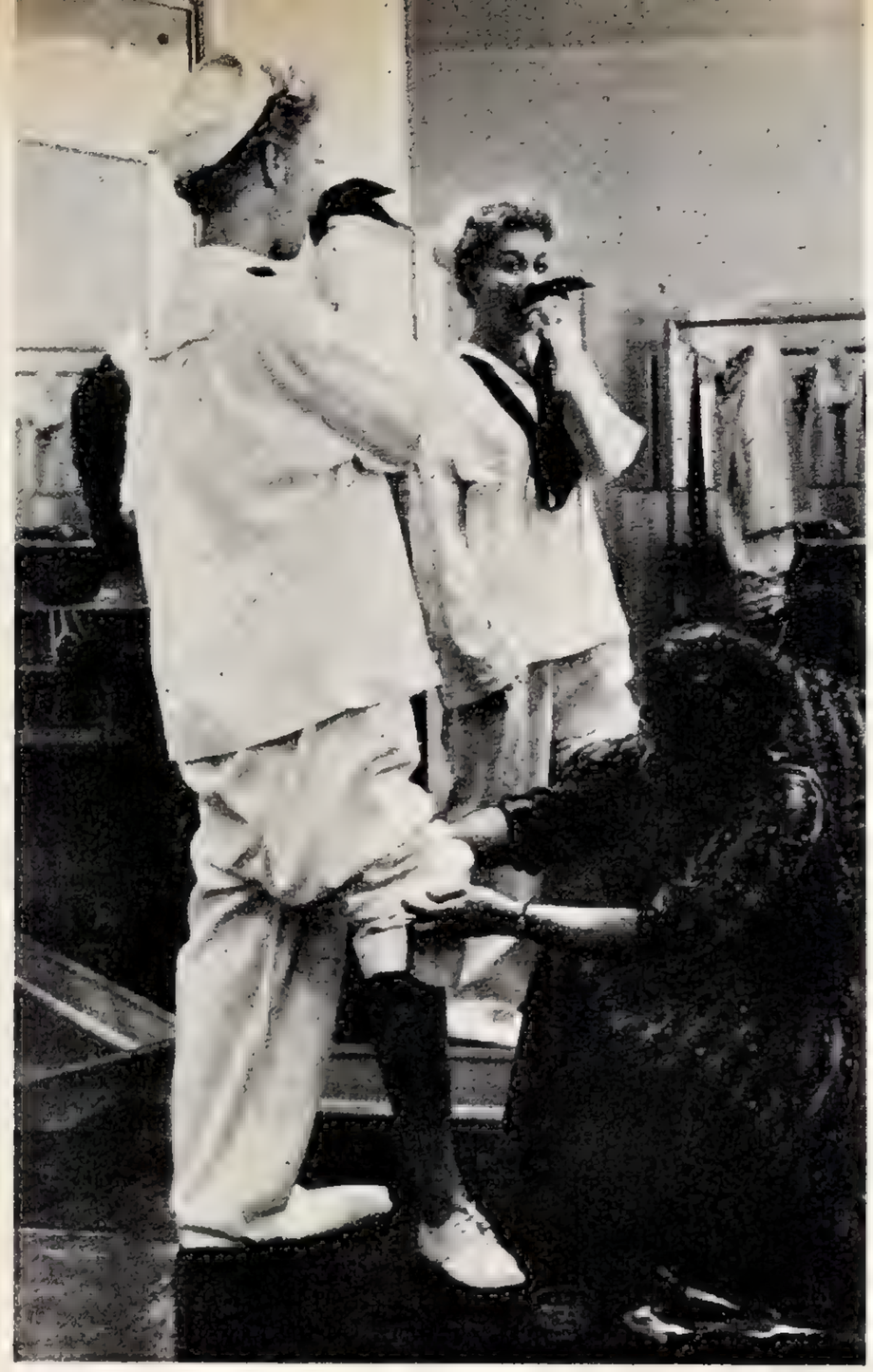
TO BE AN ACTRESS

Sailor in need of a Tailor

"Hey, Mister, ya made the pants too long!" was Mitzi Gaynor's lament, till six fittings taught her *this* style features a strictly undrape shape

Middy blouses are the thing for Spring, they told her—but Mitzi Gaynor (left) is wondering if the jumbo size sailor suit she sports in the "Honeybun" number for her latest 20th De Luxe Color picture, "South Pacific," is exactly what the fashion experts had in mind. Always in love with the role of nurse *Nellie Forbush* in the great Rodgers-Hammerstein musical, Mitzi copped her first Hollywood contract seven years ago singing another *Nellie* number—"I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy," never dreaming the screen role would one day be hers. "I wanted the part from the start," she says, and never let go of the idea, eventually beating out Liz Taylor, Judy Garland and Debbie Reynolds.

Last year's success in "Les Girls" and "The Joker is Wild" should have hinted that wonderful things were yet to come—and they did, when director Joshua Logan asked her to audition for *Nellie*. "Audition," she says with a shiver. "I hoped it would be simple, but it turned out to mean a forty-piece band." She stopped worrying as soon at the test was over. She left the decision to fate and Joshua Logan, and when hubby Jack Bean called one afternoon and announced triumphantly, "You've got it!"—"Got what?" she asked vaguely. The full import of his words finally sank in and she howled for joy, started on the film that may well make '58 Mitzi's year.



"Oh, the effort it takes to be chic (?)!" laughs Mitzi. Seven yards of regulation sailor suit fabric went into her "Honeybun" costume, three copies of which were made at $350 each. Designed by two-time fashion Oscar winner Dorothy Jeakins, outfit required a half-dozen fittings, some running over an hour. Each time, Mitzi had to go through dance number to see if she could move in her baggy pants. Laughs Mitzi, "It wasn't easy at all. Dorothy finally had to do some fancy stitching on the pants legs to keep me from toppling over when I took a step. This is the casual look—for real. I never dreamed so much effort went into creating a costume that didn't fit!"

Says Perry, "I'm not relaxed; I'm just tired." But co-workers claim his unruffled good humor, that soothes highstrung stars and nervous technicians alike, is his success secret. Yet he's quietly insistent about what he will, or will not do, rejects anything in bad taste or that might hurt someone—and the efforts to give him funny lines of crack writer Goodman Ace, who thinks Perry could be a great comedian! When strain of putting on the show gets rough, he disappears—to go to a nearby church and spend a half-hour in prayer—and comes back smiling

COMO:

Competition from rising young singers never perturbs Perry, who instead goes all out to give them the benefit of his knowledge and experience. Latest is young fellow-Italian Sal Mineo, a frequent guest on Como shows

easy does it

Not long ago, Perry Como had Bing Crosby on his TV program on a split-screen between New York and Hollywood.

Viewers were astonished at the similarity; the two seemed to be trying to out-relax each other, with the result that each seemed to be about to doze off!

Jack Benny asked one of his writers, Milt Josephsburg, "Is it true that Como sleeps just before his program?"

"Yes," replied the Benny writer, "and twenty minutes during."

Actually, Perry frequently does take a nap between the dress rehearsal and the show, which starts an hour later. Other TV stars are usually in a panic learning their lines, inserting new jokes, throwing out old ones, and getting themselves in a chaotic state during that last hour.

Perry's generally got all that done during the previous week—and figures if he hasn't accomplished it in almost six days of work, it's too late now.

"I might as well look relaxed, anyway," he maintains.

And his script-teasing friends claim that if they forget to wake him up some night before bringing him on camera, nobody'll ever know the difference!

The slaveys on other TV shows frequently refer a little jealously to Perry's program as "The Cruise."

"That's what it's like being on," they say.

You don't worry how you're dressed around the Como show. "Perry wears a sport shirt over his sport shirt," somebody has said. (*Continued on page* 88)

by EARL WILSON

going arty

Newest and most refreshing conversation topic in the drawing rooms of Hollywood these days is art. Yes, some of your favorite stars of movies and TV have gone daffily arty in the past year, according to art and do-it-yourself shop owners. Contends a Hollywood art shop proprietor, "Everyone who comes in lately is art-happy. I can't stock enough oil paints and watercolors. And if it isn't mosaic tile for making tables or trays they want, it's clay or fingerpaints for their kids—and themselves!" Not to mention museum attendance. "America is museum-hopping, and movieland is no exception," stated one art expert. (*continued*)

LESLIE NIELSEN *and a friend own a mosaic shop in Hollywood, sell do-it-yourself kits and give class lessons. "It's a wonderful way to relax and so simple to do. Anyone can do mosaic tables as a useful hobby"*

DENNIS HOPPER: *"Instead of being destructive, which we can all be, why not create something? It's a good release and it lasts longer. I almost always paint two or three pictures a month. I need to express myself"*

TOM TRYON: *"Art was really my first love. Then I switched to acting." Forced to decide between two, Tom chose acting as a career, but art runs close second*

DEBORAH KERR *is fascinated by color. Her favorites: blue, turquoises and yellows. She paints as much as her busy world-wide movie schedule will allow*

GEORGE NADER: *"Painting is the best way I know of to untie knots. I love to paint, and get tremendous pleasure out of looking at fine art. Still can't afford anything like Van Gogh's 'The Olive Trees,' though"*

MARTHA HYER *has been painting since the age of seven, and as a child had full intentions of becoming an artist when she grew up. Then one day she changed her mind: "No one claps when you paint"*

POLLY BERGEN, *star of her own NBC-TV show and panelist on CBS-TV's "To Tell the Truth," sculpted boxer*

DINAH SHORE *gets her light adjusted and some "snoopervision" on her oil painting from handsome hubby George. Serious artist Dinah's exhibited, sold*

going arty *continued*

Take George Nader, for instance. George, whom you can see currently in U-I's "Flood Tide," with Cornell Borchers and Michel Ray, is an avid museum hopper and art enthusiast.

The handsome, six-foot-one George, whom you'll soon be seeing in U-I's "The Female Animal," opposite Hedy Lamarr, is definitely the casual type, prefers sports clothes, plain foods, good books and small parties. But far from being the standoffish kind, he's a guy people seem to take a shine to immediately, especially when he gets warmed up to a favorite subject, like his painting:

"I started off being an art major in college, then I switched to an English major with an art minor. At that time my plan was to become a commercial photographer, and I was planning to go to art school after I was graduated from college. But the war changed my plans. After I came back from the Navy, I decided to use my GI bill to go through the Pasadena Playhouse. But I still love to paint, and get tremendous pleasure out of looking at fine art. When I was in Japan I picked up some beautiful Japanese prints, but so far I can't afford anything like an original Van Gogh.

"Painting is the best way I know of to untie knots," he says. "The thing I like about it is that you don't have to please anybody but yourself. There's no one standing over me telling me it's not right or how I should do it."

With a laugh, George adds, "When I paint, I'm always reminded of my favorite Dorothy Parker quotation, '. . . and if you don't like the way I am, to hell with you, my love.' "

Another Hollywood collector-painter is lovely Martha Hyer, whom you've probably seen recently in U-I's "My Man Godfrey." Martha has painted since she was seven, and as a child, intended to become a painter. Then one day she told her mother, "I've changed my mind. I want to act. No one claps when you paint."

But in a way she was wrong, for Martha still felt a need to create with paints after she became an actress, and so became a weekend painter—and a good one, according to her friends.

While in Paris, filming "Paris Holiday," with Bob Hope, Martha bought ten French impressionistic paintings—among them a Roualt, Jan Sen, Buffet, Cottaboz—as well as some inexpensive ones (*Continued on page* 94)

HOWARD DUFF, *co-star with wife Ida Lupino of CBS-TV's hilarious "Mr. Adams and Eve," loves cartooning. Left, a "fleep": half fly, half flea*

It may sound sassy, but it's not brassy to

go after the boy you like!

The alarm clock rang at six. I groaned, "Oh, no." It was so early. I must have set it wrong, I thought. So, with a long sweep of my arm, I shut it off, knocking it right off the night table. I was about to drop off to sleep again, but as the clock crashed to the floor, I suddenly remembered: Tab Hunter was picking me up at 6:20 to take me to breakfast and riding.

I bounded out of bed, dressed and got together my riding paraphernalia. When I looked out of my bedroom window, there was Tab downstairs—he's always prompt, but this time he was early. He was waving up at me with his big smile. The morning sun was shining. "This is going to be a wonderful day," I called to Tab. I could tell.

And it was. From the moment we devoured our enormous western breakfast to our morning ride at the stables, to my winning a panda at the shooting gallery, to our sharing "the biggest fifteen-cent hot dog in the West," until we collapsed, exhausted, that night.

And it would never all have happened if I hadn't called Tab Hunter up and suggested the day to him!

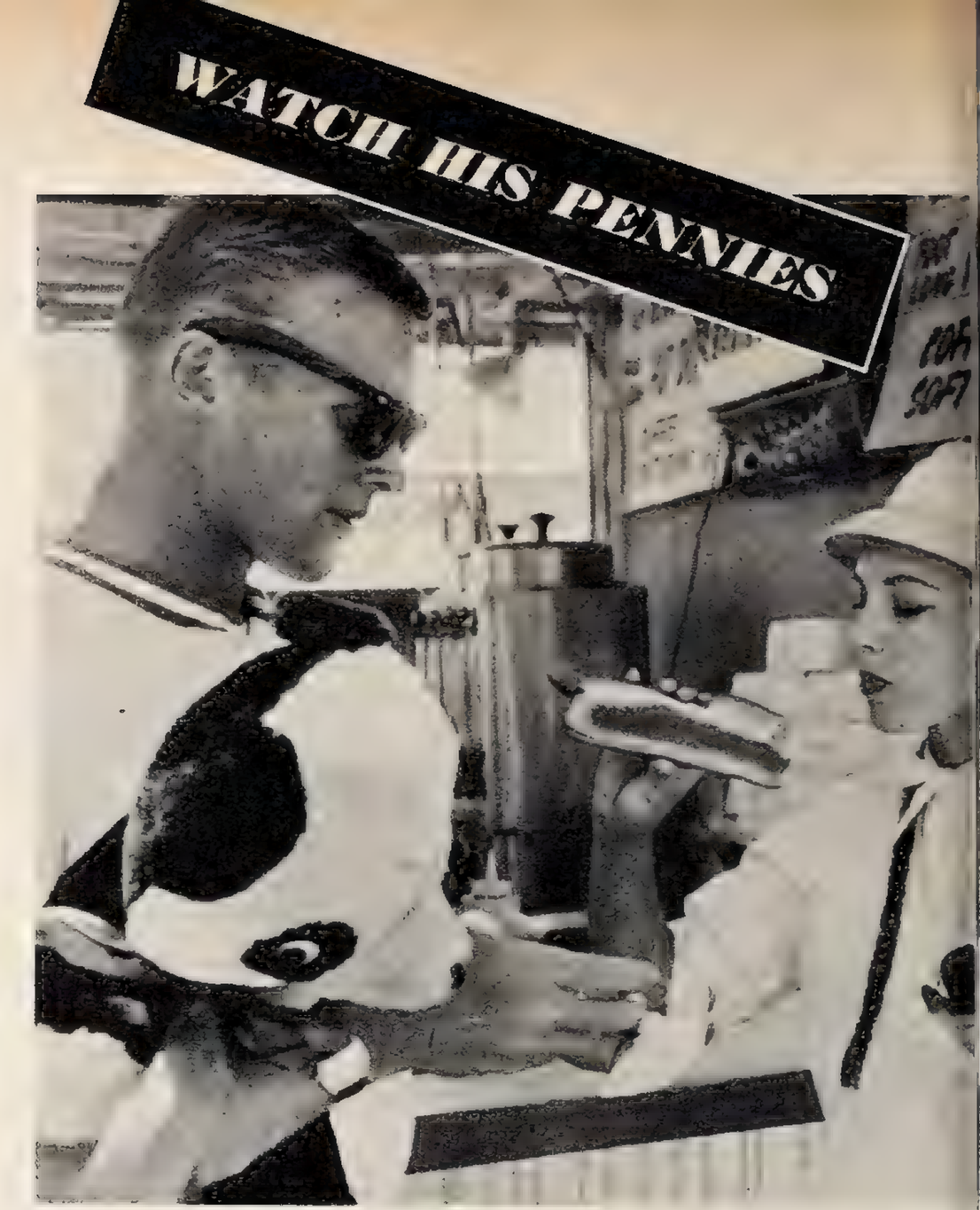
continued

go after the boy you like!

continued

It's not brazen for a girl to go after a boy she likes. I go after a boy I like. And I'm not trying to shock anyone. If you think about it, so many of the social taboos that say a girl can't speak up for herself are really outmoded. Not only that—they're cruel to both the boy and girl concerned.

True, I do have reservations—about being a go-getter in dating, that is. If I believe the boy is a wolf, for instance, I wouldn't dare suggest a date. Or if he's going steady with another girl, or if I think we have little in common or I sense that my (*Continued on page* 98)



WATCH HIS PENNIES

DON'T BE LATE

PATIENCE PLEASE

ALWAYS A SPORT

SHARE HIS LIKES

JUST RELAX

AND YOU'VE GOT HIM

Why does Jennifer Jones shrink from contact with the world? Why does she try

to escape from communication with people outside her family? What does she fear?

THE MYSTERY OF JENNIFER JONES

Jennifer Jones and her husband, David O. Selznick, stepped out of their limousine, and walked down the long, lush red carpet that stretched to the entrance of the Hollywood theater, past the batteries of photographers with their popping flashbulbs, past the throngs of murmuring fans who pressed close for a glimpse of the stars. For Jennifer, it was a night of triumph, the premiere of her great film, 20th Century-Fox's "A Farewell to Arms."

"Isn't she exquisite!" She heard the words, shrilled by a middle-aged woman who bent across the restraining rope for a better view.

And then, the words of the woman's companion . . . "But isn't she the *strange* one?"

She lifted her head a little higher, and kept on smiling at the crowds. But the words had cut deep. *So this was what people thought of her!*

Oh, she knew why, well enough. All those items in the papers, that had been running for years. *"What's the big mystery with Jennifer Jones? Why won't she talk to the press? Why does she hide from people? Why does she let David Selznick do all the talking—is she afraid to talk and act for herself?"* That was the gist of it.

She sighed. How could they ever understand? How could you tell someone, when your life has crumbled, bit by bit, like a cookie in a child's hand?

Ever since that evening in Tulsa, Oklahoma, such a long time ago . . . She was a curly-haired six-year-old, gazing dreamily out the window at the rose-tinted twilight stealing in all around her. But her mother, kneeling at her feet, was having problems. (*Continued on page* 80)

by CARYL POSNER

who'll be the new

SINGIN' IDOL?

Biggest upset of the year has Pat Boone running away with the "top singer" title from Elvis. Will Pat go unchallenged? Or can one of the singing stars picked by our DJ panel topple him?

Pat Boone was scheduled to sing that night at a fair in Greensboro, North Carolina. A downpour started early in the morning and by evening, when his appearance was scheduled, if anything the rain was worse. It looked like only relatives would be brave enough to make their way through the torrential storm to the outdoor auditorium.

"It's a shame to take the salary, if no one comes," commented Pat gloomily to his manager, Jack Spina. Jack shrugged his shoulders sadly—and they waited. By the time the performance was to start, 80,000 persons had showed up!

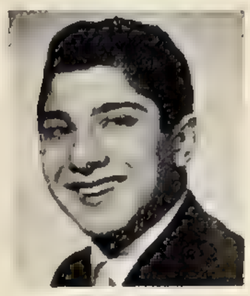
This, friends, illustrates the (*Continued on page* 93)

Five disc jockey experts predict what you'll listen to most this year

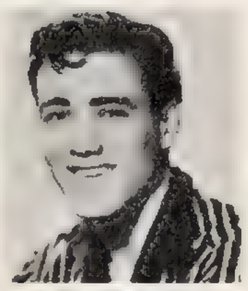
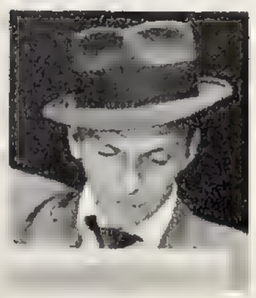
Who spends more time listening to records than practically anybody? Disc jockeys, natch. So we went to five experts for their choices of twenty current top singers—one of whom may be the singin' idol of the future. On the next three pages you see the results of our survey. And as a jazzy dividend, the DJs gave us their ideas on what music you'll be swinging to this year!

Dean Hunter, whose show "Best Sellers" is featured on station WMGM, says: "I predict the resurgence of the ballad in '58, even though rock 'n' roll will still be around." *Howard Miller*, emcee of NBC's "The Howard Miller Show," . . . "As long as the enormous purchasing power of the young teens (12 to 15) continues, so will the popularity of rock 'n' roll." *Gil Henry*, KNX DJ who is heard on several of his own record shows, "Rock 'n' roll will probably be with us through '58, but other types of music have a chance to score if given a play by DJs." *Tom Mullarkey*, announcer, sportscaster and disc jockey for station WBAP, "Still rock 'n' roll. I hope some of our finer bands begin adapting their arrangements to this beat. I think they'll have to, to stay in favor." *Peter Potter*, emcee of KRCA's "Juke Box Jury," "I think '58 will see the revival of the polka."

YOUR CUT-OUT DIRECTORY OF SINGING STARS

STAR SINGER	VITAL STATISTICS	PERSONAL LIFE	PREFERRED LIST	HIT DISCS
 PAUL ANKA	Born July 30, 1941, Ottawa, Canada.	Paul got off to a good start by attending Ottawa, Canada's famous St. Michael's Choir School. His second year in high, he formed his own trio, but good songs were hard to find, so he wrote his own, dreamed of the future and haunted local theaters to find out more about what made show business tick. One of Paul's tunes, "Diana" really caught on and skyrocketed him to fame in the U.S. They're calling him "boy genius" now.	Loves to dash off songs on spur of the moment in his own musical shorthand.	"Diana," "Don't Gamble with Love," "I Love You Baby," "You Are My Destiny."
TERESA BREWER	Born Toledo, Ohio. Height, 5'; Weight, 95. Married to non-professional Bill Monahan, they and three daughters live in New Rochelle, N. Y.	Teresa's career started in Toledo, Ohio, where she came from. Three years of singing on the local radio station led to "Major Bowes Amateur Hour" and a subsequent seven-year tour with one of the Major's units. A success in almost all entertainment media today, national fame came when she made the hit record, "Music, Music, Music."	Loves interior decorating, sketching, ice skating, dancing.	Among the many—"Music, Music, Music," "Mutual Admiration Society," "Till I Waltz Again with You," "Ricochet," "You Send Me."
JOHNNY CASH	Born in 1934 near Warren, Ark. Height, 6'1"; Weight, 180; dark brown hair, brown eyes. Married with two little daughters.	Johnny first became seriously interested in music while he was in the service. Upon his release, he went to radio school in Memphis, later auditioned for Sun Records. Soon after, demand for his records became tremendous.	Loves fishing and songwriting.	"There You Go," "Train of Love," "Home of the Blues," "I Walk the Line," "Next in Line."
NAT "KING" COLE	Born March 17, 1919, Montgomery, Ala. Height, 6'1"; Weight, 170. Married to Maria Ellington, they have two daughters.	"Mom was the only singing teacher I ever had," says Nat. Things have always happened by accident to Nat. Once in Los Angeles with his small band, the drummer failed to show up for an engagement and the trio—bass, piano and guitar—had to go it alone, thus creating the "sound" identified with all Cole's groups. Another time, a rowdy customer in a club demanded bandleader Cole sing. Nat never had before but the crowd loved it; he's been singing since.	Loves photography, pipe collecting, all sports (especially baseball), hi-fi.	Loads and loads—"Mona Lisa," "Too Young," "With You on My Mind," "Send For Me."
PERRY COMO	Born May 18, 1912, Canonsburg, Pa. (He's one of 13 children.) Brown hair, brown eyes. Married for 25 years to Roselle Belline, they have 3 children.	Perry's first ambition was to be the best barber in Canonsburg. On a two-week vacation from his $125 barber business, Perry went to Cleveland, joined a band at friends' urging. Years later hit the bigtime and New York but the band then broke up. Perry was going to go back to Canonsburg and buy another barber shop when CBS and RCA came begging for his services. This was the big turning point. Four million Como records were turned out in one week of 1946!	Loves golfing, golfing, golfing!	Hit after hit! "Till the End of Time," "Prisoner of Love," "Temptation," "Because," "Hot Diggity," "Ivy Rose," "Just Born."
SAM COOKE	Born in Chicago, Ill. One of eight children.	Sam started as a gospel singer, much to the delight of his father, who was a minister. He sang lead tenor with various gospel groups and ended up seven years later with invaluable musical experience, which he hoped to put to use in the popular field. That he did, and in 1957, broke into the bigtime entertainment world with no less than four hit records.	Loves brother L. C. Cooke for having written his big hit —"You Send Me."	"You Send Me," "Desire Me," "For Sentimental Reasons," "I'll Come Running Back."

STAR SINGER	VITAL STATISTICS	PERSONAL LIFE	PREFERRED LIST	HIT DISCS
JIMMY DEAN	Born Aug. 10, 1928, Plainview, Texas. Married to Sue Wittauer, formerly of Washington, D. C. They have 2 children.	Jimmy began entertaining on the piano when he entered the service in 1946. On discharge, he began playing clubs in the Washington, D. C. area, soon became a favorite country-style vocalist. Initial record success was "Bummin' Around." Currently has his own country-music show on CBS-TV. Averages 25,000 fan letters a week.	Likes anything by Bing Crosby. His favorite expression, "Grin once in a while; it's good for you."	"Bummin' Around," "Freight Train Blues," "I Found Out."
EYDIE GORME	Born Aug. 16, 1931, Bronx, N. Y. (She's of Turkish descent.) Height, 5'5"; Weight, 115.	Eydie started in the business world as a Spanish interpreter for an export firm. She ran into a bandleader friend one day and on his urging, went into show business. Her own "Voice of America" radio show was beamed to Spanish-speaking countries. Signed as a feature singer on Steve Allen's "Tonight" show in 1953, she's gone on to club, TV and record success.	Loves casual clothes. Favorite colors are black and white. Doesn't like jewelry.	"Sincerely Yours," "Come Home," "Love Me Forever."
GEORGE HAMILTON IV	Born July 19, 1937, Winston-Salem, N. C. Height, 6'3"; Weight; 150; hazel eyes, light brown hair.	George comes from an old southern family, whose ancestors were planters and farmers. When he was six he bought himself a ukulele and in high school formed a hillbilly combo. In college at University of North Carolina was voted outstanding pledge of the year, and found time for singing professionally. He lost an Arthur Godfrey talent contest but was held over a week on Arthur's morning show. Guest shots on TV and records followed.	Likes his best girl, Tinky Peyton, best.	"Why Don't They Understand?"
BOBBY HELMS	Born, 1935 in Monroe County, Ind. Height, 5'11"; light brown hair. Married, with 3 children.	Bobby is another early starter who first performed when he was only eleven years old. Next came a regular job on his father's local show. Mostly a singer of country and western music at first, he found the popular field was equally suited to his talents.	Loves finding new songs.	"Fraulein," "My Special Angel," "Jingle Bell Rock."
JERRY LEE LEWIS	Born, 1936 in Farriday, La. Blond hair; blue eyes.	Jerry Lee and his piano teacher had a fight when he was nine and since then his piano style has been all his own. After some club work he went to Sun Records for an audition, sang "Crazy Arms" and unknown to him it was being recorded. Both he and disc were hits. Singing "A Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" on Steve Allen show brought national fame. He's soon to appear in Warners' picture, "Jamboree."	Doesn't like to talk when he doesn't feel like it.	"A Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin On," "Great Balls of Fire," "You Win Again."
JOHNNY MATHIS	Born, 1938 in San Francisco, Calif. Height, 5'7"	Called one of the finest athletes to come out of the San Francisco school system, Johnny's 6'5½" high-jump record has been matched only four times in Olympic history. But love of theater and music ran in his blood (his dad was a vaudeville star) and Johnny decided to become a singer. He had been singing professionally only three weeks when he was "discovered", signed to big record deal.	Loves sports, natch! Avid student of music, dancing and dramatics.	"Chances Are," "It's Not For Me To Say," "Come to Me," "When I Am With You, "No Love."
SAL MINEO	Born Jan. 10, 1939, N.Y.C. Height, 5'6", Weight, 120. Real name, Salvatore Mineo. Brown hair, brown eyes.	Sal's interest in the theater developed early and by the time he was eleven, his parents had enrolled him in dancing school and he'd been singled out of the class to play in Broadway's "Rose Tattoo." From this, he went on to the stage version of "The King and I," TV and then Hollywood. He made his film debut as a child in "Six Bridges to Cross," playing Tony Curtis as a boy. "Rebel Without A Cause" clinched his movie career.	Loves baseball, water-skiing, painting, tinkering with automobiles, good jazz.	"Party Time."

STAR SINGER	VITAL STATISTICS	PERSONAL LIFE	PREFERRED LIST	HIT DISCS
RICKY NELSON	Born May 8, 1940, Teaneck, N. J. Real name, Eric Hilliard Nelson. Height, 6'; Weight, 160; blue eyes, dark brown hair.	Some say Ricky inherited his musical talent from pop Ozzie Nelson, who used to lead a band and from mom Harriet who sang with Ozzie's group. Rick's career started with straight parts on the family show "Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" when he was a mere eight years old! Branching out into music just came naturally.	A trophy winner from way back, Rick loves tennis and two years ago ranked #5 in California match ratings for his age group. Other trophies for dancing. Also likes figure skating, drums and guitar.	"I'm Walkin'," "Teenage Romance," "Be Bop Baby," "Wait in School."
PATTI PAGE	Born in Claremore, Okla. (Will Rogers' home town.) Real name Clara Ann Fowler. She's one of 11 children. Height, 5'4"; Weight, 115; blue eyes, blonde hair.	Patti, who is half Cherokee Indian, first succeeded on Don McNeil's Breakfast Club, which originated from Chicago. She went on to make the first "gimmick" record in history, "Confess." In 1951 her records sold an unprecedented 6 million copies.	Loves to paint and at one time planned on a career in art.	Loads of them! Some of the best —"All My Love," "Tennessee Waltz," "Mockin' Bird Hill," "Doggie in the Window," "I'll Remember Today."
DEBBIE REYNOLDS	Born April 1, 1932, El Paso, Tex. Height, 5'1½"; Weight, 100; light brown hair, green eyes. Married to Eddie Fisher, 1955. 2 children.	Debbie first found herself interested in dramatics when she went to high school, yet she never landed a role all the four years she was there. Her luck changed when, after graduation, she won a "Miss Burbank" contest and then a Hollywood contract. "Three Little Words," "Susan Slept Here," "The Tender Trap" and other hit movies followed.	Loves swimming, tennis, her toy poodle, "Rocky" and boxer dog "Charlie," picnics, new clothes and (once upon a time) playing the tuba.	"Tammy," "A Very Special Love."
 JIMMIE RODGERS	Born Sept. 18, 1933, Camus, Wash. Dark hair, brown eyes, married.	Jimmie enlisted in the Air Force during the Korean conflict. He stayed in service four years and during this time built a large repertoire of folk songs. Back once more in civilian life, he worked in Pacific Northwest logging camps and on farms and continued to add to his store of folk songs. National attention and hit records followed release of his own discovery, "Honeycomb." He's married to childhood sweetheart, Coleen.	Likes collecting folk songs.	"Honeycomb," "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine."
TOMMY SANDS	Born Aug. 27, 1937, Chicago, Ill. Height, 5'10"; black hair and brown eyes.	Frail as a child, Tommy was often homebound, spent time listening to records, then decided to become a singer. He had his first radio job at 9 and was on television at 10. His performance on TV in the dramatic show "The Singin' Idol" led to Hollywood and fame.	Likes Crosby, Como, Sinatra (they're his idols), playing drums, writing songs, his red Ford convertible, reading books on philosophy and religion.	"Teenage Crush," "Hep Dee Hootie."
 FRANK SINATRA	Born Dec. 12, 1917, Hoboken, N. J. Height, 5'10½"; Weight, 135; dark brown hair, blue eyes. First married to Nancy Barbato, they have 3 children. Second marriage to Ava Gardner ended in divorce.	In 1938 he was making $15 a week as a singing waiter; in 1943, at the height of the swoon craze, his salary zoomed to $25,000 a week. Then came personal and professional problems that put his career on the skids. Virtually a "has been" by 1952, Frankie surprised everyone by winning an Academy Award in '53 for role in "From Here to Eternity." Back in the bigtime, he made, from all interests, about 4 million dollars in '57.	Loves good conversation, painting, astronomy, boxing. Doesn't care for news reporters in general, seeing defenseless people pushed around.	Who can keep count?! Latest and best—"All the Way," "Witchcraft."
JERRY VALE	Born July 8, 1931, Bronx, N.Y. Real name Genaro Louis Vitaliano. Height, 5'8"; Weight, 160; black hair, brown eyes.	Always wanted to be a vocalist and gained experience singing along with Perry Como's records at home. Jerry's winning a nightclub contest launched his career. He tried three times to get on Arthur Godfrey's show (he would have been working for free) and three times was turned down. Sometime later Godfrey hired him (at a top salary) for his morning show! Hit records followed.	Likes light colored sports suits, the Yankee baseball team (he's an ardent fan), pigeon raising, record collecting.	"You Don't Know Me," "Inamorata," "Purple Shadows," "This is my Beloved."

by FRANCES KISH

Return to laughter

They call her the world's greatest comedienne. But when tragedy struck and loneliness followed, Imogene Coca had to find a way to smile again

The atmosphere at NBC, on the day in 1955 when the network decreed that its two great comics, Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar, would go their separate ways, was anything but funny. Rather, had the offices been hung with crepe, it couldn't have been more funereal. There were doleful goodbyes, tears freely shed, and even the usually irrepressible Sid was too saddened to try to break up the gloom with a joke. And saddest, most tearful of all was tiny, wistful Imogene.

"It isn't just leaving the show and Sid," she explained ruefully, between dabs at her enormous, brimming brown eyes with a lacy handkerchief. "It's just that I don't like change, even for the better. I could have gone on doing 'Your Show of Shows' forever."

But fate in the form of NBC had decided otherwise. Henceforth, Coca was to have her own half-hour show.

Now, Coca—as her intimates call her and she prefers to be called (she thinks Imogene somewhat "sticky")—is a real trouper. Born in Philadelphia, her father, of Spanish descent, was Joe Coca, an orchestra leader; her mother, Sadie Brady, was a veteran vaudevillian. She started to learn singing, dancing and acting when she was knee-high to a piano stool, and made her professional debut as a tap dancer when she was ten years old. Twenty-odd years of rugged, grueling experience in the theater, night clubs and TV lay behind her.

No, the prospect of performing on her own held no qualms for Coca. But other things—things from which, under the guidance of Max Liebman, she had always been protected—did. A quiet, kind and gentle soul who shrank even from loud noises and, in taxis, hid her face from the terrifying turmoil of traffic, she was not one for the demands, the abrupt decisions, the hectic hurly-burly of the management end of putting on a TV show.

She struggled gamely, but, although she herself won critical acclaim, the show somehow never captured the mad mirth of her days with Caesar. The end of the season also marked the end of "The Imogene Coca Show."

"I don't like change . . ." she had said. But, shortly after this bitter disappointment, there were to be other changes in her life—changes of deep personal tragedy.

The superstitious say that troubles come in threes, and in Coca's case it was so. Never satisfied with her own work, even those things everyone else applauded, she was unhappy that the show hadn't come up to her expectations. The second and third blow fell, in the passing within about a month of the two people who had been closest to her—her mother, and her husband Robert Burton. She had been married since January 7, 1935 after the closing of a show in which both had minor jobs, a non-hit show called "Fools Rush In." The title seemed appropriate, because the two young people were then so broke that they had to borrow the two dollars for the marriage license.

Through all the years, all the ups and downs, they had been very close. For a year, they kept the marriage secret because (*Continued on page 103*)

Radie went to Ty Power's New York party and came away with the season's scoop on Rock H!

Exclusively Yours

BY RADIE HARRIS

"What's happening to Rock?" everybody's asking

There are some movie stars who have no reticence about discussing their most personal and intimate thoughts with anyone, from their hairdresser to their psychoanalyst. But there are others who feel that there should be some area of an actor's life that should be sacred to him, and any attempt to intrude upon it is an invasion of privacy. Among the chief exponents of this theory is Rock Hudson. That is why, when his much publicized marriage to Phyllis Gates suddenly ended, after they had just returned from a second honeymoon in Hawaii, and he was bombarded on all sides to explain the whys and wherefores of this short-lived idyll, he felt like the victim of a TV quiz show on a national hookup, squirming uncomfortably over such public probing into his private life. And so, he grabbed the fastest plane out of L.A. and came to N.Y., where, even as Hollywood's No. 1 box office star, he could still enjoy a certain anonymity that only a big city can give you if you want it—and Rock definitely did.

Unlike his previous visits East, when he always stayed at one of the plush hotels, surrounded by an entourage of U.-I. "praise" agents, on this trip he was the houseguest of his good friend Kurt Kaszner (after four months together on location for "A Farewell to Arms" in Italy, they had become fast buddies) and his talented wife, Leora Dana. The Kaszners live in a converted town house of real old-world charm in the same Turtle Bay section where Katharine Hepburn and Mary Martin live. Leora and Kurt introduced Rock to a New York he had never known before. They took him for his first visit to the Metropolitan Opera House, where they sat in Rudolf Bing's box in the Golden Horseshoe. They dined in tiny bistros off the beaten track, where they never ran into the usual Hollywood crowd who haunt "21," the Stork and El Morocco. They saw all the new plays, and Rock, applauding Tony Perkins, Bob Preston, Freddie March, Richard Burton, Hank Fonda, and so many other film pals "in person," not in motion pictures, found himself remembering the days when he had first learned to act in the U.-I. drama school under the coaching of the late Sophie Rosenstein, and he, too, suddenly felt the urge to be a "flesh and blood" actor again—an urge that will have to wait until his four and a half more years to go studio contract expires.

On this visit East, Rock granted no interviews—saw no one from the home office, and because he was staying in a private home he was inaccessible to the fans, who on previous trips had always been able to track him down and lie in wait for him outside his hotel. He only went to one party—a small supper party hosted by Tyrone Power in his Park Avenue penthouse, before Ty left for a 9,300-mile tour of forty cities in "Back To Methuselah." It was at this party that Rock made his first and only contact with the press—me. But Ty had not invited me to his home as a member of the fourth estate. He had asked me on the personal basis of our close relationship through the years. And so, when I saw Rock for the first time since we last met at the Grand Hotel in Rome, while he was filming "A Farewell to Arms," my natural journalistic instincts gravitated to all the unanswered questions about the emotional upheavals in his life since then—but I knew I couldn't take advantage of this opportunity to abuse Ty's hospitality. As it was, Rock was able to relax and enjoy the evening's gaiety, safe in the knowledge that on this occasion, at least, he had talked to a member of the press who would suppress questions, not ask them!

And yet, without any direct mention of his separation from Phyllis, I got the feeling there isn't the remotest chance of a reconciliation. Rock had waited until he was thirty years old to marry for the first time. Now that he is a bachelor once more, I suspect he'll live alone and like it again for a long time to come. If and when he does marry again—and he will—because even the (*Continued on page 77*)

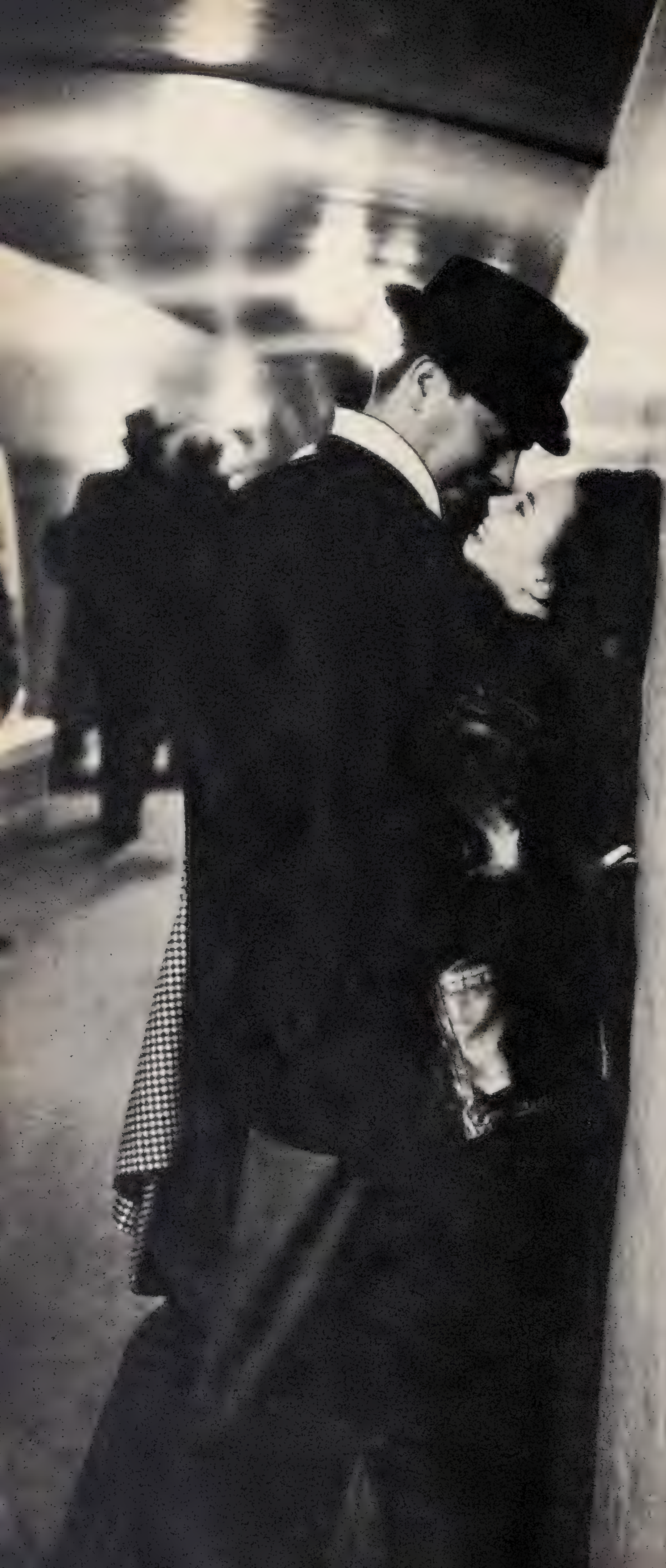
Natalie and Bob

Our Wedding

"This is forever, darling." At the altar in the candlelit church, Natalie Wood whispered the words to Robert Wagner, just after they had sealed their marriage vows with a tender kiss. Forever, too, would be every precious memory, treasured in their cherished wedding album, as well as in their hearts . . . the gay things, the funny things, the near-tragedies, and, best of all, the wonderful, wonderful happiness of love . . .

The crazy trip to Phoenix on the train, when nobody felt like sleeping and they sat in the club car—with Nick Adams and

continued on page 106



Two to get married — heaven!

... getting dressed was so exciting

Here comes the bride

Waiting with best man, dad

Meet Mr. + Mrs. R.J. Wagner Jr.

Champagne and kisses

a little motherly advice

this is forever darling →

off on our honeymoon

...to thine own self be true

On a hard bench in a barren, cheerless hiring hall in San Francisco, Anthony Franciosa sat, staring grimly at the floor. He had been sitting there every day, from eight to four, for some time, clutching that passport to restaurant riches, a waiter's card, obtained through a pal who had recommended him to the head of the union as a man "with experience in the best hotels"—neglecting to mention that he'd really been a bus boy and dishwasher.

A messenger rushed in, and handed the man at the desk a note. He read it, then cast a quick glance about the hall. The one remaining job hunter in it was Tony. The man looked at him, and sighed resignedly. "Hey, you!" he called in disgust. "Come here! Will ya?"

Tony could hardly believe his ears. It was a rush call from the U.S.S. Cleveland, in need of a waiter and leaving for the Orient in an hour. The pay was $400 a month, plus room and board. Did he want the job?

Did he want the job? It was the first big money he had ever been offered—and the first decent break he had had in a long, long time . . .

How dim and distant it seemed now, the day when, with a plane ticket, good clothes, and money in his pocket, he had left New York for a promised job with an acting group. How far away were (*Continued on page* 70)

Marriage to Shelley Winters has given Tony a kind of happiness that has been lacking in his life. She has helped him to overcome the shyness and insecurity caused by early struggles

VEIL BY LORI

Be sure you choose the diamond guaranteed for permanent value

Such beautiful styles—and it's so nice to know you can be *sure* of your *Artcarved* diamond ring's value. Thanks to *Artcarved's* unusual nationwide Permanent Value Plan, you can apply your *Artcarved* ring's full current retail price towards a larger *Artcarved at any time*—as specified in the guarantee. You can do this anywhere . . . at any of the thousands of *Artcarved* jewelers throughout the U. S. A. This guarantee is backed by one of the world's oldest and largest ringmakers, famous for 108 years. Even if you never exchange your *Artcarved* ring, you'll always be so proud knowing *Artcarved* rings give you this nationwide proof of lasting value.

Every *Artcarved* diamond ring is guaranteed and registered for color, cut, clarity, carat weight. Prices nationally established—$75 to $10,000.

Artcarved wedding rings are guaranteed for a lifetime. An exclusive process makes their gold extra-hard, extra-durable. Look for the name *Artcarved* stamped inside the ring, on the tag and on your written *Artcarved*® guarantee.

FREE! "WEDDING GUIDE FOR BRIDE AND GROOM." Gives calendar of duties for the bride, tells what the bride's family pays for, groom's responsibilities, what to look for in diamonds, and so much more. Write J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. P-18, 216 E. 45th St., New York 17.

Beloved by brides for more than a hundred years (1850-1958)

SHASTA SET		MONACO SET		RAINIER SET		GOLDEN FANTASY SET	
Engagement Ring	$150	Engagement Ring	$110	Engagement Ring	$200	Groom's Ring	$32.50
Also $95 to $525		Also $70 to $1,175		Also $125 to $550		Bride's Ring	$29.50
Bride's Ring	$70	Bride's Ring	$10.50	Bride's Ring	$75		

PRICES, SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE, INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX. RINGS ENLARGED TO SHOW DETAIL. COPR. 1958, J. R. WOOD & SONS, INC.

To Thine Own Self Be True

continued

the dreams he had then. Dreams that faded when the acting project he had joined proved to be a shaky venture that met with disaster at the end of the season, and all his attempts to find work as an actor met with failure. Dreams that were shattered by the terrible humiliation of menial jobs, poverty and real hunger. He was too proud to ask his family for the help that they would have gladly given. And too sensitive to suffer the blows of his unlucky fate without being deeply hurt.

Never much of a drinker, he had sought relief from his unbearable despair in the numbing nirvana of alcohol. But it only brought him more trouble. And afterward, the old problems were still there, worse than ever.

In a desperate effort to get back on his feet, he turned away from it determinedly. And his hopes were raised when some friends, bound for oil drilling jobs, promised to take him along.

They never showed up.

The waiters' hiring hall in San Francisco was his last hope, and he clung to it grimly, day after day, gripping his precious union card as a dying man clutches a straw.

And now at last he had the chance that had been so long denied him—the chance that to most people comes so easily that they take it for granted—the chance simply to eat well, to have a place to sleep, to earn a decent salary.

The first night on board, he was scared stiff. In his spotless new uniform, he stood at his station, perilously close to the Captain's watchful eye, surrounded by a sea of glittering silver, china and damask and chattering passengers. He hadn't the slightest idea of what to do with the knives, forks, spoons and plates. The dishes on the menu with the fancy, foreign names, he'd never even heard of.

He got everything mixed up—the silver, the plates, the orders—everything. He plunged gamely on, but by the time he reached the dessert he was woefully seasick.

He was ordered to leave the ship at the first port of call. But the passengers intervened. They couldn't help liking the pleasant (*Continued on page* 100)

"Interplay" sings your loveliest praises with an expression of poetic beauty. Smoothly, the band curves upward for perfect separation . . . and the lilting line of foam-contoured cups makes the ideal shape your very own. Lovable's "Interplay," white or black cotton, at a lyrical, miracle price. $1.50. IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE.

THE LOVABLE BRASSIERE CO., NEW YORK 16, N. Y. • SOLD IN CANADA AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

a Lovable bra is a poem

news of TOPS *and* TOES

by SUE KREISMAN

Jill's as jaunty tn her overblouse (left) as Ginny in her blouson middy. Both about $4. By New Era. Jill's buck "scooter" flats lace up around hooks. About $8. By Jolene. Ginny wears medium heeled canvas "sneaker" shoes. About $4. By Farmington Shoes. Cable socks, stockings, Bur-mil

SKIRT, SHORTS BY SMARTEE

Welcome sweet Springtime in this colorful flower print cotton blouson with drawstring waistline. About $4. By Ship 'n' Shore

Blousons, Overblouses and Red Shoes Rate High on Your Hit Parade

Spring's just around the corner and already bursting into bloom are the blouson look in blouses and the red, Red, RED look in shoes. The bloused tops have a soft, flattering line around the waist and many come with drawstrings. They're in all kinds of fabrics and colors for casual or formal wear. Running a close second to the favorite blouson is the overblouse. Both are worn outside your skirt, slacks or shorts. Jill Corey and Virginia Gibson (seen on the opposite page rehearsing for a scene from the show they star in, NBC-TV'S YOUR HIT PARADE) prefer these blouse fashions because, as Jill puts it, "they're comfortable. When I'm rushing around the set I don't want to have to worry about my blouse pulling out. I like the new styles. They're already out!"

Conscious of comfort and style from top to toe, Ginny and Jill are both "seeing red" this season when it comes to shoes. On or off the set, they favor the new soft fabrics and tapered toes in flats or heels (the medium heel is "it" now, goes with chemise dresses and slightly higher hemlines). Red is the big shoe color no matter what the material, though (canvas, suede, challis or leather) in flowered prints, with buttons, bows, stripes, checks or polka dots! This Spring, make a hit in blouses and shoes that *blouse* and *show!*

Pump matches flower print of blouse (above left). Pattern in polished cotton with medium heel and front buckle across the instep. About $13. By Fortunet

For stores carrying merchandise on pgs. 72, 73, 74 see list on page 80

Undercover Strategy begins with "New Romance" by formfit

Six fabulous fitting features give you new and beautiful shaping strategy . . . far more comfortably than any other bra you've ever tried. Check all the features, and be sure to see "New Romance" No. 562 by Formfit at your favorite store. White cotton in sizes 32A to 40C. **$2.50**

"New Romance" by Formfit comes in handy pick-up packages.

1. New Equalift supports and beautifies with definite separation . . . balanced lift.
2. Elastic underarm gives no-gap snug fit.
3. Adjustable elastic band stays in place, actually breathes with you.
4. Beautiful shape is permanently circle-stitched into each cup.
5. Ladder-stitched cups give a smooth line.
6. Elastic back-releases—plush-lined for comfort—keep bra in place, give you freedom of movement.

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

DRESS BY MR. MORT

news of

TOES

High heel here in scarlet calf pump with doubled bow showing white outline. About $12. By Trim Tred

T-strap sandal with lovely rose print on wool challis of red, blue and white. About $17. By Capezio

Popular medium heel again, this time red leather with three little white buttons. About $8. By Connie

A beauty gift for you from Max Factor

FREE! Max Factor's hi-fi Lipstick when you buy Max Factor's Creme Puff

ree gift! Max Factor's new Hi-Fi lipstick . . . *every-ing* you want in *one* lipstick. New vibrant color ays on until you take it off. No blotting, no waiting set. Never dries your lips. You'll agree: it's the *ream* lipstick! And it's yours to wear and enjoy in is unusual, limited offer.

reme Puff . . . the new instant makeup . . . gives ou a soft, flawless complexion *instantly*. Daytime

or evening, wherever you may be, just smooth on Creme Puff for that fresh, young look. In seconds, its velvety powder, creamy base and exquisite complexion tone will have you at your loveliest. Get your FREE Hi-Fi Lipstick today—pay *only* for Creme Puff. In ivory compact with puff, $1.25 plus tax. **Limited time only**

© 1958 MAX FACTOR & CO.

$2.00 value for only $1.25 PLUS TAX

See The Polly Bergen Show Saturday nights NBC-TV Network and the Love That Jill Show Monday nights ABC-TV Network.

Follow in the footsteps of the stars

WIN A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

all expenses paid—plus $500 wardrobe
just tell us why you like the five-star Jolene wardrobe chosen by

MAMIE VAN DOREN

The first of 6 weekly contests starts March 2, 1958 • Prizes every week!

CONTEST LIMITED TO THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS

TO WIN, just write in 25 words or less—"Why I like the 5-star Jolene shoe wardrobe chosen by Mamie Van Doren!" Nothing to buy . . . simply get a Jolene Entry Blank free at your Jolene store.

6 separate weekly contests starting March 2, 1958 . . . enter as many times as you wish. Each weekly first prize winner receives the exciting and fashion-right new 5-star Jolene Shoe Wardrobe for spring! The 50 next best weekly entries each receives a pair of beautiful new Jolene Shoes for spring.

One of the six weekly first prize winners will be awarded the grand prize—a glorious one-week all-expense-paid vacation in Hollywood for two, plus a $500 wardrobe.

THE WINNER—it can be you!—will visit Hollywood . . . meet Mamie Van Doren, tour the Paramount studio with her, lunch at the studio commissary, visit the studio stylist and make-up expert . . . stay at the Hollywood-Roosevelt Hotel . . . lunch at the Brown Derby, dine at the Moulin Rouge and dance at the famous Cocoanut Grove . . . attend a picture preview . . . tour Beverly Hills and Hollywood . . . have the vacation of a lifetime. (Winner must spend the week in Hollywood before October 1, 1958.)

See MAMIE VAN DOREN in the Perlberg-Seaton production **"TEACHER'S PET"** starring **CLARK GABLE** and **DORIS DAY** • A Paramount Release • VistaVision

For the name of your Jolene store, write
TOBER-SAIFER SHOE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. P-4, 1204 WASHINGTON AVE., ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

Exclusively Yours

Continued from page 60

greatest success can be an empty glory without some one to share it with—I have a strong hunch his next bride will be a European, since he will be spending more time in Europe than in Hollywood from now on. Phyllis got their brand-new Malibu Beach estate as part of their property settlement.

Far be it from me to quarrel with the California community property laws, but it does seem to me rather unfair that in a divorce suit, a wife can claim half of her husband's earnings and property, whether she's been married to him twelve months or twelve years. Certainly, in the case of someone like Nancy Sinatra, who went through all of Frankie's early struggling days with him and bore him three beautiful children, she deserved all the court allowed her, when Frankie left her for Ava Gardner. But what has Phyllis contributed in her brief marriage that should penalize Rock with such a heavy financial responsibility to her, when they are no longer man and wife, and when she can't even fall back on the time worn cliche, "I've given you the best years of my life"? She's given Rock less than a year, and she's more attractive now than when Rock married her, because she quickly shed her secretarial "mousiness," and acquired a glamor that comes with the rising social importance as the wife of a famous film star. Hers was not a sudden impulsive marriage, after one of those "love at first sight" and whirlwind courtships. She had known Rock two years, and married him not only with her eyes wide open to his dark and handsome looks, but also with her ears filled with the knowledge of the possible pitfalls of such an alliance. But like all women in love, she was willing to risk the gamble that every marriage is, and like most women in love she made the fatal mistake of trying to change her Rock of Gibraltar, into something he wasn't. But in Hollywood, it isn't the woman who pays for her mistakes, but the man!

March of Time: Don't look now, but I think those graying locks are showing, not for you teenagers, but for us older generation moviegoers, who remember Shirley Temple, Roddy McDowall and Dean Stockwell, when they were Babes in Wonderland. Shirley and Roddy have both reached the ripe old age of 29, and there were as many as 21 candles on Dean's last birthday cake. When Roddy and Dean lived in Hollywood as youngsters, their paths never crossed because the great difference in their ages was too disparate for any mutual interest or friends, but recently, when back in New York, co-starring in the stage play "Compulsion," they became great friends in spite of the eight-year-span between them.

"A Broadway columnist started a rumor that Dean and I are feuding, but nothing could be farther from the truth," Roddy told me when I saw him recently at a party at Susan Strasberg's. "Dean and I are very upset, because in this play our relationship is so personal, and we have to work together so closely, if the audience suspects that we don't talk offstage, the whole framework of the plot is destroyed, and that can be so harmful."

Roddy is a veteran stage performer in comedy as well as drama, but Dean was playing his first Broadway role in "Compulsion," and he held his own with Roddy in a highly dramatic role. Where does a romance enter into the scheme of things for these two attractive, unattached males? It comes and it goes with their slogan, "There's safety in numbers," but no one has caught the lucky number yet. Don't shove, girls—the line forms on the right!

Holliday with Strings: Ever since I've known Judy Holliday, she's been battling the battle of the bulge. Before she starts a picture, she starves herself into a state of misery because she loves to eat. And as soon as the last "take" has been shot, she starts to eat herself into a state of misery, because she knows that every mouthful she enjoys, she'll only regret later on. But now, after all these years of switching back and forth from hot fudge sundaes to skim milk, Judy doesn't have to count her calories anymore! She's as stream-lined as Slenderella. No miracle drugs have accomplished this miracle. It's just the miracle of love. Judy, who had fought to have Sydney Chaplin play opposite her in her new musical, "Bells Are Ringing," only because she thought he was so right for the romantic lead, quickly discovered that her enthusiasm for him wasn't confined to his stage talent. Like Kay Kendall, Claire Bloom, Joan Collins and so many others of "les girls," who have succumbed to Syd's offstage charm, Judy fell like a ton of bricks, too. When the curtain came down on their love scenes at the Shubert Theatre, she still heard "Bells Ringing."

She and Sydney were seen everywhere together, and what Judy ate couldn't matter less now, as she sat next to him every night for early dinner or late supper at Sardi's. Of course, it wasn't long before all the gossip columns announced that they were heading for a wedding. Judy and Syd kept denying the rumors but no one paid any attention to them. After all, weren't they just the couple involved, so what did *they* know? When they took a two weeks summer holiday from the show, and went to London and Paris together, everyone was sure their scoops were being confirmed. But Judy and Syd came home with separate passports, and the columns reported that their marriage plans (which they had never made!) had been cancelled. Whether Judy had hoped to wind up at the altar with Sydney, is a secret she has only confessed to herself. I have always suspected that she was so madly in love with him that she hated to face the reality of all the reasons it would never work. The difference in their ages, in their background and bank balance, were tough enough barriers, but there was one even tougher—Sydney was not in love with her. He adored her as a pal, worshipped her talent, and was eternally grateful to her for giving him the biggest break of his career at a time when he was badly in need of a helping hand. But none of these are substitutes for love, and Judy would be the first to tell you that Sydney never kidded her into believing they were. However, it is always a ticklish situation when one person is *over* in love with someone who isn't, and in Judy's case it is tougher because

No girl has caught handsome, eligible Dean Stockwell's lucky number yet

she has to play love scenes with Syd every night. As the show continued, and Syd decided it was best not to date Judy any more, the atmosphere backstage became very tense. It grew even tenser when Syd started to be seen everywhere with Nancy Olson, Alan Jay Lerner's divorced "fair lady." Then things really got steamed up the night that Nancy called for Sydney in his dressing room, and ran smack into Judy. The next night Syd's understudy went on for him, and at the end of the week Syd suddenly left the show on a two weeks vacation. Shubert Alley was abuzz with the rumor that Judy had issued an ultimatum to the Theatre Guild that "either he goes, or I go!" How the Theatre Guild pacified their star was never revealed, but Syd returned to the show on schedule, and at this writing, he is still cooing nightly into Judy's ear—"Love came just in time, you found me just in time, and changed my lonely life that lonely day!"

"Russell" of Success: When Roz Russell finishes Warners' film version of "Auntie Mame," she will take a much-needed holiday abroad with her producer husband, Freddie Brisson, and her 15-year-old son, Lance. But she won't be leaving "Mame" behind for good. Patrick Dennis, its author, is writing a sequel called "Around the World with Auntie Mame," dedicated to Roz, in the obvious hope that she will continue her travels with "Mame" in a musical version for Broadway next season.

Meantime, Roz, who has a big financial stake in the stage hit, is very lucky to have her good friend, Greer Garson, take over for her. This is a spot I wouldn't wish on a leopard, and Greer has come through superbly. I suspect Hollywood will rush her back as soon as her play contract expires. "Auntie Mame" not only brings out Greer's comedy flair, but she is more breathtakingly beautiful than ever.

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN

Sadly, John Saxon learned that he could never relive the past. Nor could he escape from it. For its memories would never let him go . . .

by HYATT DOWNING

"What will it be like," John Saxon wondered, "when I go home to Brooklyn? Will they think I'm different? *Am* I different? Or will everything be just the same as it was before?"

And beneath the questions that he kept locked behind the dark, brooding eyes were others, more deeply troubling. The boy who, as unknown Carmen Orrico, came to Hollywood to be transformed almost overnight into John Saxon, star, was, like many another almost too-handsome fledgling in the cinema forest, greatly concerned with his reactions to the success he found there.

"What," he asks himself with mordant introspection, "should be my attitude toward other people? Do I have to insulate myself from friends and acquaintances in order to protect my own individuality? Should an actor, or at least myself, accept this apartness in order to develop properly as an artist? Isn't it actually pretty corny to make the attempt to be all things to all people?"

And so at last he returned to Flatbush to find the answers. What he discovered was disturbing to himself as well as to the close friends with whom he had grown up.

"I was eager to see the three guys who had always been close to me," he says. "But I was uncertain as to how I should treat them. In five minutes I knew that I had changed and they hadn't, at least not in the same way.

"I went with my three old friends to a former hangout where we used to meet and devour pastrami sandwiches and drink Cokes. Everything was the same—yet it was all different. I thought it would be ridiculous for me to make the attempt to consciously act like the same old Joe when I knew I had altered, inside if not outwardly. As a result I went overboard and made it even worse.

"They were the same good guys I had known and admired but I wasn't comfortable with them. Instinctively I realized that they expected, wanted me to be just as I had been before—and that wasn't possible. You see, we were all tied up in a kind of tribal mores. If you violated customs, under which you grew up, you were outside the law.

"I kept looking around the little place, trying to find something in the jovial voice and manner of the proprietor, something in the faces of my old friends that would strike a responsive chord in my own heart. But it wasn't there. I knew that my friends *wanted* me to accept them on the old basis, as they were ready and eager to accept me. But it just wasn't possible. I couldn't and then it seemed that Thomas Wolfe was right—you can't (*Continued on page* 96)

THE MYSTERY OF JENNIFER JONES

Continued from page 53

"Phylis! Phylis Isley! Do stand still," she mumbled sternly through teeth clenched tightly to hold the pins, which, one by one, she tucked into the hem of the crisp little pinafore. "Do stand still if you want this to be ready for the opening day of school tomorrow . . . Why, you're not even listening to a word I say! You're in another world again!"

But she barely heard the words. She was not thinking of dresses or school or anything like them. She reached for a popcorn ball—one of her mother's magical concoctions of sugar, molasses and popcorn—and nibbled at it gingerly, wondering how she would announce the new, all-important fact in her life.

She was still wondering when she slipped into a gingham dress and left the house, skipping up the path towards the huge tent on which a sign, "Isley Stock Company," hung limply in the placid fall air. She gazed up at it a moment for courage, then entered timidly.

Phil Isley, counting the night's receipts, paused in surprise.

"What are you doing up at this hour, muffin?"

"Daddy, I have something to tell you. I—I . . ." she began hesitantly and then blurted out her secret in a great rush of passionate conviction. "Some day I'm going to be a great actress!"

Phil sighed—he knew this was coming. Only last week, unknown to her, he had been a silent witness while his little girl marched up and down the aisle of the theater, knees bent and arms bowed, in her conception of an ape man. An only child with few playmates, shy by nature, she found in this world of make-believe a happy escape, he knew. But was it good? He doubted it . . .

In the years that followed, Phil Isley, watching his daughter growing up, watching her growing skill with a sinking feeling like a man clutching at straws, dangled a variety of professions before her. The law. ("Now there's a good steady living for you, honey. You could indulge your flair for the dramatic and still have a comfortable, secure income.") But his Phylis had been cagey. She wasn't enticed. Instead, she'd twisted his words around deliberately, and in her own quiet way, set about laying the ground work in persuading her father to send her to New York's famed American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He couldn't fight her begging and teasing. For wasn't the theater in his own blood? In his heart, didn't he know how strongly she felt? Hadn't he always felt the same way himelf?

He and Flora Mae weakened. Phylis left Tulsa and enrolled at the Academy in January, 1938.

To the youngster from the Midwest, the big city was cold and unfriendly and frightening. So, from the unfeeling faces of strangers she took refuge more than ever in the one thing that, since the plays of Phil Isley had provided for his family, had been familiar and secure—acting.

"Isn't she serious, though?" one of her classmates said. The New York girls, with their dates and fun, put her down as a grind, and something of a bore. And Jennifer, sensing their rejection, withdrew into her shell all the more.

Then she met Bob Walker during a class production of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Both had their hopes and dreams, but Bob talked and she listened. On her guard, she'd been afraid to let him get to know her, she'd been tense and frightened. No one had been this interested in her before. As she listened she liked what she heard. And she liked him. It wasn't long before their onstage love scenes became real.

And she was glad. Suddenly New York came alive for her. It was spring and the city was beautiful and she was in love and was loved. They walked in Central Park and the Village and window shopped and laughed. She hadn't laughed much since leaving Tulsa. She was changing. Bob Walker—wonderful, gay, extroverted Bob—was changing her.

They courted atop Fifth Avenue double-decker busses and riding the Staten Island Ferry, doused with invigorating salt spray and a magnificent view of New York harbor—all for a nickel.

"Don't marry an actor," her father had counseled. "Believe me, I know actors. . . ." But she paid no heed. This was different.

Bob and Phylis flew to Tulsa and married there on January 2, 1939. "If you really want to act, why not go out to Hollywood and make some money at it?" Phil Isley had once grumbled good-naturedly. And now Phylis remembered. The Isleys gifted their children with a sky-blue convertible for the trip, and a friend bubbled happily, "I foresee a great future for you both in pictures." Who was to know the crystal ball would crack?

Then those six fruitless first months in Hollywood. Walking the pavements, returning at night to their little apartment to compare notes. Finally, a bit of work for Phylis in two westerns and a Dick Tracy serial and a three-bit line for Bob in a skiing spectacle. And their laughter over these "roles" after the important, serious ones back at the Academy . . . And finally, one night, Phylis didn't feel gay about it any more. Over dinner, in tears, she told Bob her sobering conclusions: "They want glamour girls, and I'm not one. If I ever do get anywhere, it'll be because of my acting."

Could Phylis Isley Walker have foreseen how the crystal ball was to keep that decision intact, she'd have been amazed. But then, could she have known other things, Jennifer Jones might never have happened. . . .

And Bob agreed and they both wanted to act so desperately and knew they *could*, that they remembered those happy, carefree, fruitful days back in New York and decided to return. The sky-blue convertible took them there and was promptly sold so the Walkers could set up housekeeping in two dingy, furnished rooms on the fringe of Hell's Kitchen. They didn't care; they were happy there. There were appearances together at the Cherry Lane Theatre (at fifty cents a performance) and a few jobs for Phylis with Harper's Bazaar as a Powers model. But things were getting worse.

"What are you in now?" her childhood chums from Tulsa would write, and Phylis would reply, "Mostly in the hospital having babies." In the midst of their poverty, Robert Jr. had been born in 1940, and Michael Ross in 1941.

And then, almost miraculously, Bob got a radio break that led to steady work, and the family moved out to Long Island. And an agent interested in both of them arranged with the Selznick office for Phylis to read for the film version of "Claudia."

She arrived all keyed up with excitement, gave a bad reading and was dismally aware of it. So where nine out of ten girls would be too proud to betray any emotion, at least until they were safely out of the room, Phylis had burst into tears right then and there. Unknown to her, David O. Selznick was an interested observer of the entire proceedings and directed his secretary to make another appointment with her. "I think you were a little nervous today," she was told "Why don't you come in tomorrow and try again?"

The next day appointment time came and went—and no Phylis. The Selznick office contacted the agent, who immediately got on the wire to Long Island. She remembered when the phone rang. She had been in the middle of a shampoo. Throwing a towel over her hair, she'd gone to answer the call.

"Why aren't you in the Selznick office?" the agent demanded.

"Oh, that second appointment business was just a way to stop me crying," she assured him.

"You get over here this minute or I'll never do another thing for you again!" he snapped, and the phone clicked dead.

She hurried into her clothes, grabbed the towel, hopped into a cab with it, and dried her hair all the way into the city. She swallowed hard as she handed the cabbie his ten-dollar fare, and then raced into the Selznick office. Two weeks later she had a long-term contract.

Then had begun eighteen months of sheer exasperation. Bob had been happy about the wonderful break, and so were their friends, but as the weeks passed and nothing happened she began

Continued on page 82

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

To buy fashions shown on pages 72-74, write manufacturer or nearest store listed below mentioning Photoplay *and enclosing a clipping of the item you wish to order.*

New Era Blouses

BUFFALO, N. Y. ..... J. N. Adam
HOUSTON, TEXAS ..... Meyer Bros.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. ..... Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
LITTLE ROCK, ARK. ..... Gus Blass Company
or write, New Era Shirt Company
901 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Burlington Mills Knee Socks

at fine stores everywhere
or write, Burlington Mills, Inc.
350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Jolene "scooter" shoe

write, Tober-Saifer Shoe Mfg. Co.
1204-06 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Ship 'n' Shore flowered blouson

NEW YORK, N. Y. ..... Stern Bros.
or write, Ship'n'Shore
1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Fortunet flowered pump

write, General Shoe Co., Inc.
350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Wohl pump

LARADO, TEXAS ..... Hachar's
or write, Wohl Shoe Company
1601 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Trim Tred pump

MEMPHIS, TENN. ..... Tatum's Shoe Store
NEW ORLEANS, LA. ..... Graff's
or write, Roberts, Johnson & Rand
1501 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Capezio pump

write, Capezio
756 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

have a breath of Paris about you... every day!

Evening in Paris
DEODORANT SPECIAL
2 FOR $1.00

Discover the most fabulous deodorant ever . . . Evening in Paris Deodorant Stick. Amazing how it glides on dry—to keep underarms dry; to give you dawn-to-dawn protection. Delicious the way it surrounds you with a mystic fragrance; the very breath of Paris that only Evening in Paris Deodorant Stick can give you. Try it tonight!

EVENING IN PARIS DEODORANT STICK · SPECIAL! 2 FOR $1

regular $1.50 value

MADE IN U.S.A. BY BOURJOIS.

CREATED IN FRANCE

Continued from page 80
to wonder if all the congratulations might not be a bit premature. She was sent to the west coast to do a one-act play and apparently impressed the author, William Saroyan, because he told her, "If I ever get out of the Army, come see me and I'll write a play for you." Then back to New York, where she was placed in the expert hands of Sanford Meisner, one of the foremost drama teachers in the country. Month after weary month, there were diction drills, exercises in body movement and dancing, instructions in how to walk, talk, stand, sit, gesture. David Selznick came to New York periodically to check on her progress and she would ask him, each time with mounting disillusionment, just *when* her career was to get under way.

"Keep studying," he replied. "Your time will come." After over a year of this, she had had enough and asked outright for a release from the contract. "Look," Selznick told her patiently. "I know the waiting has been tough, but just trust me, will you? I have a feeling something wonderful is about to break."

Meanwhile, David had announced to his family one evening that he was thinking of naming his new discovery Jennifer. Up piped little Donald, aged five. "Are we going to see Miss Jennia Jones?"—a reference to a favorite nursery rhyme which begins, "I've come to see Miss Jennie O. Jones, Miss Jennie O. Jones." And Jennifer Jones it was.

Three months after David's hint of "something wonderful," Phylis, now rechristened Jennifer Jones, was summoned by 20th Century-Fox to test for "The Song of Bernadette." In the finals, she'd been told later, the six candidates directed their rapt attention to a stick being held just out of camera range. It was the moment Bernadette first sees her vision. "The other five girls did very well," producer William Perlberg had commented when it was over. "But only Jennifer actually *saw* the vision." And with that, Hollywood's plum role of the year was hers.

Now it was time for the press agents to take over. It was time to make her less of a mystery—to give her a buildup. But it wasn't. Strategy dictated otherwise and it seemed almost to be in cahoots with her natural tendency to withdraw from contact with her fellow human beings.

She was a special property, David told her, and opening new supermarkets, carousing nightly at Ciro's or posing as Miss Ultra-Violet of 1943 was not for her. Bernadette was a saint. All leg and bosom art was definitely cut out, and liquor or cigarettes were unmentionables. In addition, the studio forbade her even to wear nail polish or pluck her eyebrows, and under *no* circumstances was she to be photographed with her husband and children.

Meanwhile, M-G-M scouts in New York had spotted Bob Walker, signed him to a contract and brought him to Hollywood. He was a smash hit as the sailor in "Bataan," and was rushed into "Madame Curie," and from that into "See Here, Private Hargrove." Selznick forthwith made plans to bring the Walkers together as the young lovers in his projected epic of the home front, "Since You Went Away."

And now the publicity pendulum swung the other way. This was a natural—two young people who'd met at dramatic school, fallen in love and married, endured poverty, plugged together and hit success in Hollywood almost simultaneously. Actually, it was probably the worst thing that could have happened to them because it turned their life together inside out.

At first, flushed by their combined salary of $600 per week, they'd rented that expensive villa in Bel Air. Jennifer had always prided herself on her skill at home-making—mending the family clothes, and squeezing the family orange juice every morning. But all that was to become a thing of the past. A gardener and cook were engaged and a nurse hired for the children. When the nurse couldn't get along with their pet dog, out went the dog. Both she and Bob were working twelve-hour days—6:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. —six days a week. In addition to her work, plus dancing and diction lessons and memorizing lines for the next day's shooting, Jennifer had somehow to get ten hours' sleep to look her best before the camera. And Bob, who'd always had difficulty keeping enough flesh on his slender six-foot frame, began to lose weight alarmingly. And somehow the minor differences of opinion—which should have remained just that—blew up into serious quarrels.

At times when the pressure felt unbearable, Jennifer would get out on the tennis court with good pal Ingrid Bergman and whack the ball around for an hour or two. But in addition to the 329 pages of "Bernadette" script ("Enough to floor Helen Hayes," cracked one wag), Jennifer was wrestling with a marital problem growing steadily worse.

At the conclusion of "Bernadette," Jennifer and Bob went right into "Since You Went Away." There had been a sharp disagreement about careless driving, and Bob went out and bought a motorcycle, something Jennifer wanted no part of. When co-workers watched them arrive at the studio separately—he on the motorcycle and she in the Mercury—previous rumors of marital discord took on new meaning. And in November of 1943, the roof fell in. Jennifer asked the studio to announce a "friendly separation," and the repercussions could be heard all over town.

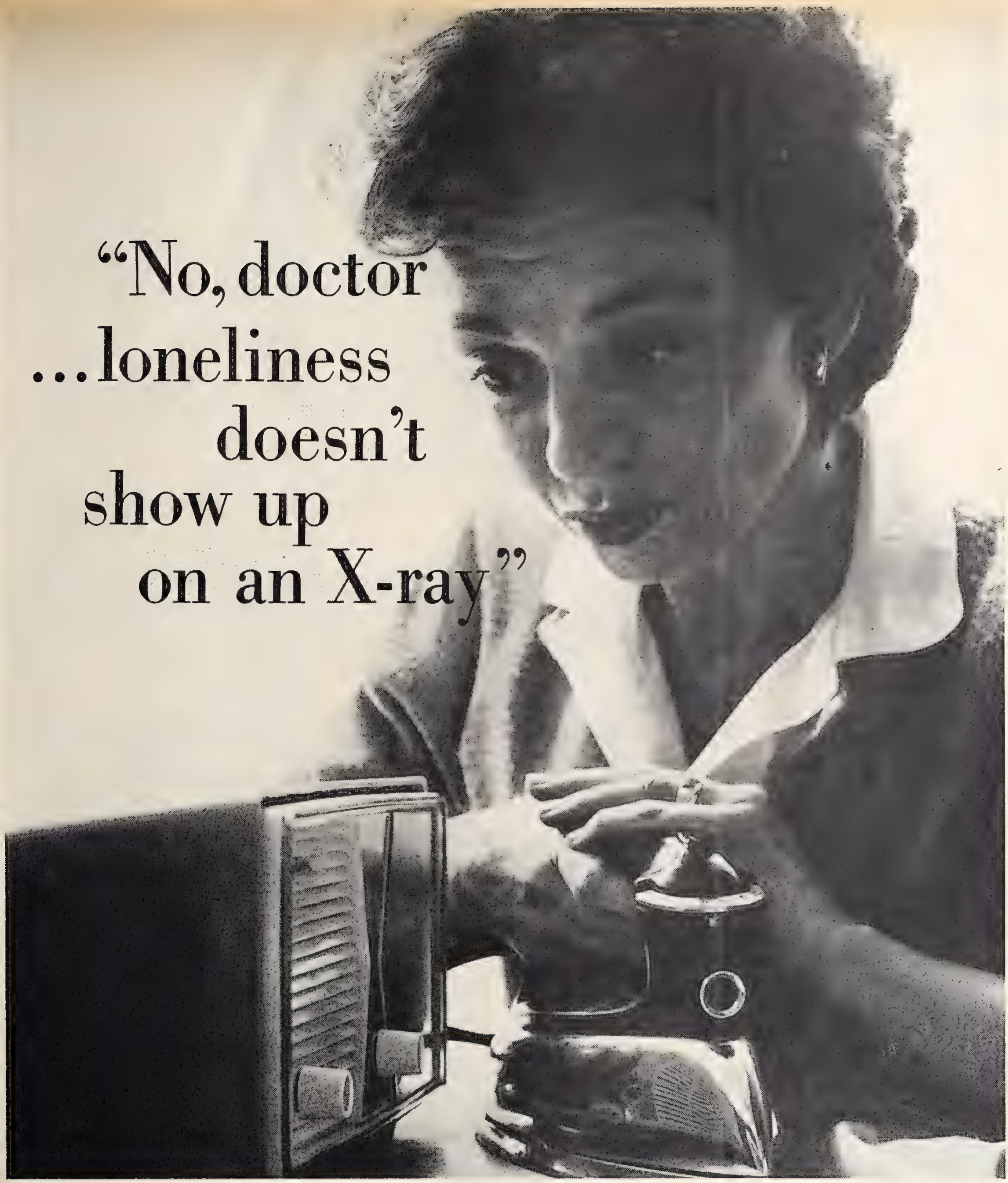
Officials at Fox were nothing short of appalled. Their biggest production of the year had just been launched, and its saintly heroine now looked to be on the verge of divorce. Selznick had the uneasy feeling that his investment in "Since You Went Away" was about to go up in smoke, and M-G-M, where Bob ranked as the most promising newcomer since Robert Taylor, just didn't like the idea at all. All three vainly brought pressure upon the young couple to stay together. In addition, a national woman's magazine was about to hit the stands with a fat layout just brimming over with Walker marital bliss. Thus caught with her hair down, the editor was dispatched to the coast to make a personal plea for reconciliation. She got absolutely nowhere.

To Jennifer, there had been something horribly unreal about everything. This had been the kind of stuff they ground out in pulp fiction—"actress achieves success and loses her personal happiness." And yet it had been agonizingly real. All her life had been a preparation for that moment, and then? She was trying desperately to work out a purely personal problem, and the whole world seemed to be sitting in giving advice. In New York, years later, she'd turned to a friend and remarked wistfully, "Some of the happiest moments of my life were spent right here." But that was only a memory. For she was Jennifer Jones, star—and her thoughts, actions and problems were news. It was Jennifer's first experience in the goldfish bowl, and it was not pleasant.

To the world she put on a brave face, told reporters: "If I give a good performance as Bernadette, my private life won't make any difference." When the film went into general release, she'd been

Continued on page 84

Small globe-trotter Mary Jennifer Selznick proves herself both land and seaworthy on all her many trips with Mom Jennifer Jones and her producer dad, David O. Selznick!



If the lady seems rather forthright in her criticism, it's because the doctor...Doctor Malone...is an old friend. He has long made a practice of sharing the everyday triumphs and tragedies of the medical profession with her. A flick of the radio switch brings Dr. Malone into her living room...and, of course, the doctor is not alone in this act of companionship. Such warm, inspiring, stimulating people as Ma Perkins... Wendy Warren...Nora Drake...would also like to visit with you in the quiet hours of the day as you go about your chores. You'll find them very real...their problems very much like those you might be called upon to face...their courage and understanding often a source of inspiration in your own life. Ask them in soon.

Two golden hours a day...wonderful people share their lives with you on the

CBS RADIO NETWORK

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time

Continued from page 82
thrilled. Critical hosannas resounded, the public, she was told, was flocking to see the picture, and on her twenty-fifth birthday, as one of five Oscar nominees, she had found herself riding to the Academy Award ceremonies.

"Do you have a speech prepared, just in case?" agent Henry Willson, her companion, had queried.

She had looked at him as if he were out of his mind. "Don't be silly. Ingrid's a sure thing for 'For Whom the Bell Tolls.'"

"You have one chance out of five," he'd replied.

Later, after the results had passed into the record she had entered the Mocambo for the traditional victory party. "Ladies and gentlemen," the orchestra leader had announced. "I give you the First Lady of Hollywood." And as everyone present had risen to applaud she felt like the screen's newest Cinderella, with tears spilling over, unchecked. She had reached the heights, but her personal happiness lay in bitter ashes. Was it all worth it? It was not the first time she had asked herself that question. Nor would it be the last.

The next morning, to the intense disappointment of romantics the country over, she filed suit for divorce. But true to her own lifelong personal code, she would never discuss it. Marriage, after all, was a private affair, she felt. The only two people who really know what goes into any marriage are the two who live with it, day in and day out. In June of 1945, she became legally free. She thought her troubles were over, but tragedy lay dead ahead.

Under David's shrewd guidance, her career continued to prosper as she went up for Oscars four years running. Her roles, though few, had been choice and designed for versatility. She played, successively, a saint, an all-American girl ("Since You Went Away"), an amnesia victim ("Love Letters"), a screwball ("Cluny Brown"), a passion flower of the old Southwest ("Duel in the Sun") and a ghost ("Portrait of Jennie"). But anything she did on screen was totally eclipsed by the drama that was going on in real life.

At the first evidence of Bob Walker's erratic public behavior some were content to label him just another "Bad Boy of Hollywood," while others flipped glibly that "He's torching for Jennifer." But at each new incident—duly noted by newspapers across the country—it became unmistakably clear to her that his was more than a case of mere mischief or a broken heart. This was a man seriously ill, in imminent danger of complete psychological collapse. After a brief, disastrous remarriage in 1945, Bob committed himself to Topeka's famed Menninger Clinic to straighten himself out.

And throughout the harrowing period, Jennifer's first thoughts were for her sons. How desperately she'd wanted to shield them from the ugly, glaring headlines about Bob, the rumors. Those she could take. But the boys, so young and impressionable. She'd protect them from as much of it as she could, and it was then that the publicity curtain came down. She knew any interviews would almost certainly include material about her former marriage, and there had been enough reference to it in the newspapers already.

But there was always David, standing firmly behind her. As each new headline struck like a fresh blow, he was the bulwark between Jennifer and those who sought to pry. She felt so secure when with him. "I had pushed my way into pictures and thought I'd have to keep pushing all my life," she once confided. "But all of a sudden, everything seemed to be taken out of my hands." Now the man who had raised her to the shining heights of stardom took control of her private life as well. At first, she was sure it was friendship and the business necessity of protecting a prize property who seemed on the verge of total nervous exhaustion. But the comfort and sympathy David extended to her during that trying period established a strong bond between them that eventually ripened into love. Then, in the Spring of 1949, their engagement was announced. David liquidated part of his huge movie empire, and they went abroad.

And soon Bob had been discharged from the Menninger Clinic. She felt so proud of him when he announced: "I've succeeded in getting rid of a ton of bricks I've been carrying around all my life." But a skeptical Hollywood adopted a "let's-wait-and-see" attitude. And then began the real tragedy of Robert Walker. In three subsequent comeback pictures he proved that his acting power had sharpened as never before. She heard that his on-set cooperation and quiet behavior stirred the admiration of those who knew him and knew the struggle he seemed to have put behind him. But for Bob, time was fast running out.

In July, Jennifer and David tied the knot not once but twice—in Genoa, Italy.

After a wedding aboard a rented yacht in the harbor, they repeated their vows at the city hall, and then sailed off for a Riviera honeymoon.

Home again, with David deeply absorbed in his family and work, they began to avoid nightclubs and parties—the big affairs—for the quiet kind of togetherness they both loved. There were trips around the world to check on various business interests and Jennifer was beginning to recover from the tragic period that lay behind her.

In New York, they strolled hand-in-hand through Greenwich Village and paused for a moment outside the Cherry Lane. "I wonder," she mused thoughtfully, "what it's like now." And during a visit to New York death firmly closed one chapter in Jennifer's life for good and all. The shocking news of Bob's sudden death.

Pale and shaken, with David at her side, she immediately fled to California to get the two boys, who had been spending the summer with their father. On the evening he died—from respiratory failure after a dose of stimulants—his sons were away visiting friends. The simple funeral was held in Bob's home state of Utah and Jennifer, though she sent flowers, did not attend. Asked why neither she nor the boys were present, she quietly replied, "I want them to remember him as he was."

Goodbye, Bob—and goodbye, Phylis. Once upon a time there were two kids who took their dreams to the big city, and for a while, those dreams seemed to merge as one. But who says every rainbow has to have a pot of gold? That's the way life is sometimes. Tough. Hard. Just the breaks. You used to say that yourself, Bob. And despite anything and everything, life goes on.

In 1953, Paramount announced Jennifer for one of the prize parts of the coming year: the title role in "The Country Girl." But no sooner was she set for it than she learned she'd have to bow out. And though Grace Kelly later did it, and won an Oscar, Jennifer got something infinitely more precious. On August 12, 1954, she and David became the parents of a seven-pound, eight-ounce baby girl.

For a while, it looked as if the child would be going through life without a name. First they pored through the Bible, then went out and bought a book with a thousand names in it. After a few weeks of this, David announced in favor of "Mary" and stood pat. Jennifer, running down a list of French names, came up with Gaye. "Droopy!" was the boys' verdict. "How do you know she's going to be gay? And even if she is, why advertise it?" Out went Gaye. And in came a new idea.

Old family friend Joseph Cotten and his wife Lenore solved the problem. Over a month had passed since the baby's birth when Joe and Lenore came to visit—and made it perfectly plain that they wouldn't leave until the baby had a name. Taking note of David's preference of Mary, and the fact that Jennifer had always liked her screen name, Joe artfully suggested, "Can't you just hear some boy saying, 'Mary Jennifer—I—love—you!'" That did it.

Today Mary Jennifer, her mother and father, and Robert and Michael live on Tower Road in Beverly Hills, in the spacious home once owned by John Gilbert. And the position of the house—high atop Benedict Canyon—seems to symbolize Jennifer's remoteness and genuine aversion to publicity. But the curtain of silence has two sides.

It is not generally known that Jennifer was the first actress to enter Korea, gave readings in the hospitals, and was personally cited by General Van Fleet. Nor does space permit a listing of various tributes from co-workers to her character, generosity and quiet integrity. But what really annoys friends is the fact that her position as the wife of one of the industry's giants somewhat overawes most people.

"They should stop treating her like some great unapproachable goddess," emphatically states Elaine Stritch, who worked in Italy on "A Farewell to Arms." "She's simply not like that. Some nights we'd all go out and do the town—and Jennifer came right along with us. We'd hoot and holler, sing and dance, and just generally have a ball. It's true that Jennifer's somewhat nervous—that's her nature. And I do think she should get out and have more fun, more laughs. Because when she does, she has as good a time as anyone."

"Jennifer and publicity will never be a winning combination," comments a friend who should know. "She *is* naturally shy and extremely sensitive. Furthermore, she just doesn't believe that there's much to be said about her and her work one way or the other. And then there are the painful experiences of the past.

"Now she has the security she hasn't really known since childhood. She has her husband, their baby, her sons and maybe one picture a year. And that's all she wants. Can you blame her?"

Jennifer and David walk through the heavy brass doors, into the plush Hollywood theater and down the aisle to their seats. Yes, she had her husband, her little girl, her sons. Before her was the exciting prospect of two new pictures—"Mary Magdalene" and the screen version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Tender Is the Night," which David would produce for 20th Century-Fox.

But the way out of the darkness of tragedy is long and difficult. For Jennifer, the sunlight of the present is still haunted by shadows.

"What are you looking for? What are you trying to escape from?" a friend recently asked her when she confided her plans for a trip abroad—alone—and her latest interest in Hindu philosophy.

She didn't know the answer. She only knew that she had to keep on trying to find it. THE END

I DON'T WANT TO BE AN ACTRESS

Continued from page 40

needing both money and encouragement. Some girls go all to pieces at that point, but I didn't, because it never once occurred to me that I might not ever be a successful actress.

"I knew I would. I had to."

Then she began to pour out the story that had been pent up inside her. A story that began in a childhood spent in sultry South Georgia, where her problem, her determination to be an actress—and her ability to succeed—are deeply rooted. She spoke without emotion, carefully measuring her words, as if she had turned them over and over in her mind for a long time, and this was a final, thoughtful evaluation.

"Really," Joanne said slowly, "I had everything, in a sense, that any child could want. My parents loved me very much. My older brother and I were proud of each other. We didn't even fight like most brothers and sisters do because of our age difference. He is several years older than I.

"My father was, first, a public school principal and later a superintendent of schools, so our family had social prestige in the towns where we lived. But, in spite of all that, I felt I was a failure.

"Yes, I had a father who loved me, but a father who was away from home a large part of the time. It seemed to me that he was always at a meeting of some kind, a school board, an educators' conference, a parent-teacher meeting, or something.

"I had a mother who loved me and who was the prettiest little thing I could imagine. She was so well-liked and so capable that she was constantly tied up in various social and civic events. Of course, that was part of her responsibility as an educator's wife in a small town.

"I was a great, fat hulk of a thing, and subconsciously couldn't believe that my mother was sincerely proud of me.

"True, I was an honor roll student but, again, I was always afraid the teachers were making allowances because of my father's position.

"I felt I hadn't done anything for myself. My family and the town had done it all for me. That was why I turned to acting. When I was acting, I became someone else. I was on my own."

Yet from childhood too, sprang qualities to make her acting dream come true.

Thomasville, Ga., the town where Joanne Woodward was born, is a county seat located in flat, South Georgia plains. The countryside is studded with richly ladened pecan trees and sheltered by wide-spreading live oaks, heavy-hung with moss.

Moss-hung trees dot the grounds of East Side School where Joanne's father was principal. They lend an air of permanency and peace.

The squarely-built, red brick building looks as solid as the subject matter that the school purveys. The dark halls are further darkened by the stains of hundreds of vigorous oil moppings.

Before the first bell rings, teachers line up their charges in well-disciplined rows and march them briskly into chalk-scented class rooms. And it was in East Side School that Joanne Woodward first mounted the stage.

Miss Daisy Neal, East Side first grade teacher whose colleagues call her "the best reading teacher in the state," introduced Joanne to the theater, loosely speaking—an experience she'd remember.

Joanne wasn't even in Miss Daisy's class. In fact, she was only two years old, but her brother, Wade Woodward, Jr., was one of Miss Daisy's pupils.

"She let Wade bring me to school with him," Joanne relates. "I'd sit on her desk while the class recited, and I learned a good deal. I know I learned to read before I started to school; although I learned most of that at home.

"However, Miss Daisy taught me the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag and was pleased to hear a child of two say it so confidently."

Miss Daisy, a firm advocate of memory work, drummed appropriate prose and poetry into her class, and prepared to give a school chapel program. Wade Woodward, Jr., the principal's son, was assigned the important responsibility of leading the student body in the Pledge of Allegiance. But disaster struck.

"Wade took mumps or some messy thing," Joanne said, "and Miss Daisy asked me to take his place. That was my first public appearance, at the age of two, and I'm told I did very well."

Receiving public acclaim must have been an intoxicating experience, for Joanne has also been told that she didn't want to leave the stage!

And years later, understudying two stars of the Broadway production, "Picnic," Joanne was called on several times to play stellar roles. From her deepest memory came the recollection of the time she understudied Wade and led the Pledge of Allegiance at the East Side School. It gave her the courage to go on and give fine performances.

While Joanne was still small, the Woodward family left Thomasville for other Georgia towns where Mr. Wood-

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., © 1958, Peter Pan Foundations, Inc.

no body is perfect

every body needs

PETER PAN

Small bust . . . in-between size?
Darling, you need

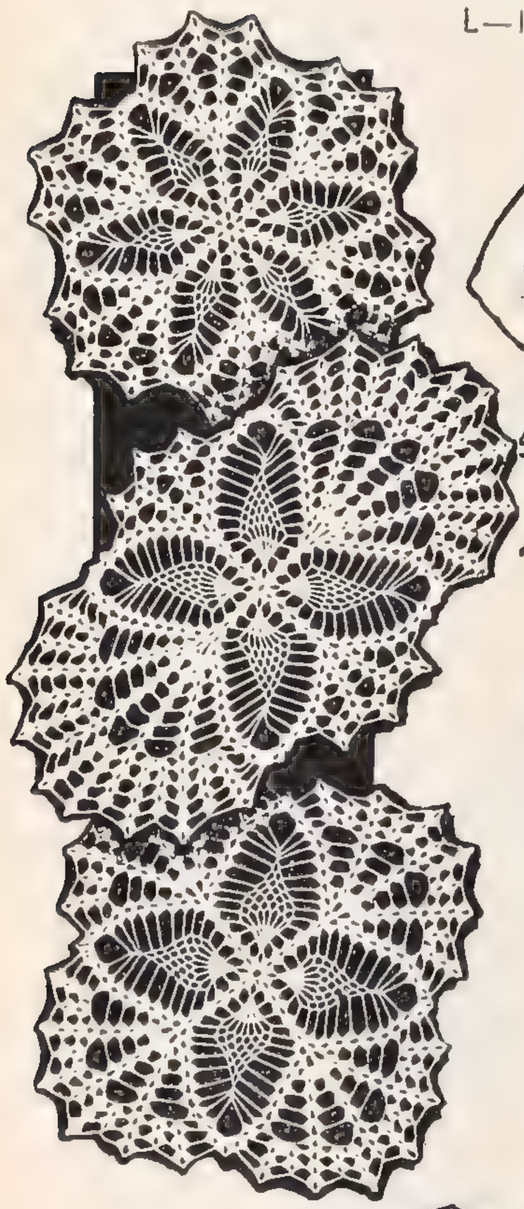
HIDDEN TREASURE* — the bra that's treasured the world over! Adds fullness, *confidentially* — without pads. Newly elegant in lustrous cotton Lustercale. White 32-36A, 32-38B and C. Black, Pink, Blue, Beige, Red 32-36A, 32-38B . . . $3.50

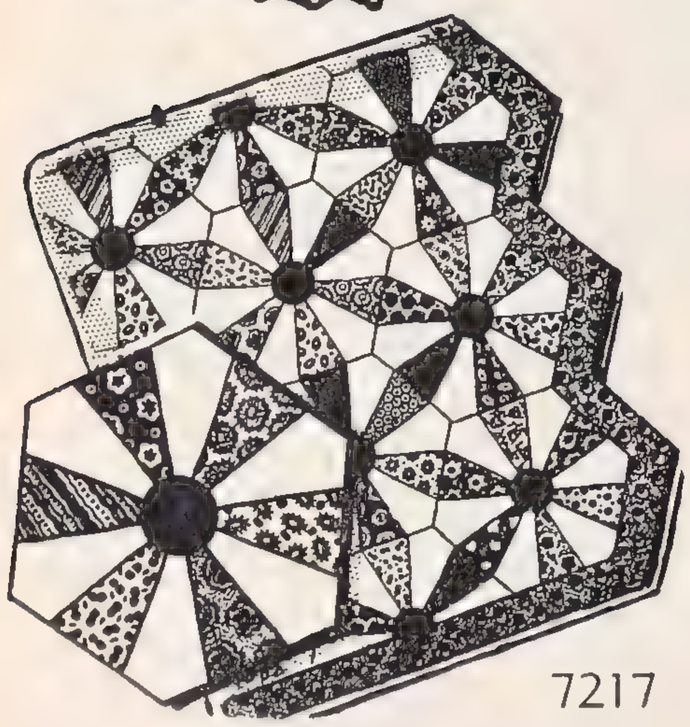
PETER PAN FOUNDATIONS, INC. • NEW YORK • MONTREAL

YOUNG IDEAS:

NEEDLE NEWS

Jacqueline Beer enjoys sewing birthday gifts for her friends





7035—Posy-sprinkled pinafore, ruffled panties, too. Child Sizes 2, 4, 6 included. Pattern, transfer, cutting charts, directions for both gay items

780—Embroider gay vegetables on towels and kitchen accessories. Transfer of 7 motifs averaging 6x7 inches. Also 6 small napkin motifs

7064—Takes little more than a yard of 35-inch fabric for halter. Trim with flower embroidery. S, M, L. Pattern, tissue transfer. State size

717—Three little doilies. Directions for 8x13-inch doily; round and square doilies are each 9 inches in No. 50 cotton. Crochet them as gifts

7217—Make chain quilt the penny-saver way. Buy little fabric at a time, make a few blocks a month. Pattern of patches, directions included

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.

ward headed public school systems. When Joanne reached high school, her father became superintendent of schools in Greenville, S. C.

The name of each town where she'd lived had been different. The atmosphere had been the same. Joanne spent her youth in a series of Thomasvilles, was taught by a series of Miss Daisys.

"I'm sure," Joanne said, "these teachers were very good for me. Standards of conduct and achievement were high, and the boys and girls respected their teachers, their schools, and each other.

"Now, understand this. I think young people in schools today have a great deal of maturity. In many ways they are more mature than I was at their age. But, on a whole, I don't think they have the respect for their teachers that we had, and I don't think they are as polite."

By practicing good manners, Joanne believes, a person gains poise and certainly makes a better impression.

"One valuable phase of my education," she continued, "was the emphasis on memory work and serious study habits. I have a very good memory. When I was nine, I could recite word for word the first two pages of 'Gone With the Wind' just from having read it so often."

(Apparently Miss Woodward sees nothing unusual about a child of nine reading "Gone With the Wind"!)

"But a good memory," she enlarged, "isn't always enough. The study habits I was forced to develop as a child have been a big help to me.

"I was always a talker—I talked and talked—in class and everywhere else. My teachers didn't tolerate such free expression and kept me after school almost every day.

"I'll bet I've stayed in for talking as much as anyone in the world. And, finally, the hard way, I learned to sit quietly and concentrate. Naturally, this is an asset when I'm working on a part."

Because of their faith in her, Joanne's parents laid down very few rules for their daughter. One, however, was in constant effect.

"My father insisted," Joanne told, "that I always make 'A' in every subject I took. And I took hard subjects.

"This emphasis on always doing my very best and never making excuses taught me to be a hard worker. Of course, the time I nearly blew up the chemistry lab, I nearly blew my grade at the same time. I was in high school and made a mistake in an experiment. Actually, I wasn't very good at chemistry, and I attribute my 'A' in the course to a lucky circumstance.

"When exam time came, I was rehearsing for the school play, and the dramatics teacher I was lucky enough to have—Robert MacLane, one of the best in the South—persuaded the chemistry teacher to let me take an oral test so that I could get back to practice. That was a break."

Remembering relations with her parents, the principal's daughter recalled only one crisis.

"As I've mentioned," Joanne said, "my parents always seemed proud of me and placed great confidence in me. Just one time they admitted disappointment, and I'll never forget it. I had done a terrible thing, and I still can't understand why.

"When I went away to college, my father gave me a charge account and told me I could use it as I pleased within a specified limit. I think he said I could spend $50 a month.

"Anyway, almost the first month I had it, I charged $300 worth of clothes. I must have been completely crazy. I'd never done anything so wrong before. A school

teacher's family has to budget so closely that I guess my new freedom to spend went to my head.

"My father paid the bill and then gave me the lecture of my life. I can't remember exactly what he said, but he made me understand that the worst thing I'd done was not wreck the family finances—but betray a trust.

"I got such a feeling of guilt that I've never gotten over it. I've been earning my own money for some time now, but I still feel guilty when I buy expensive clothes."

Joanne looked down at her slacks and simple cotton shirt.

"You know, I bought my first fur coat just the other day. I could afford a fur coat months ago, but spending so much money on something to wear upset me.

"And," the young actress added almost apologetically, "the coat I bought wasn't a mink."

Although the Woodwards placed few restrictions on Joanne's conduct outside the class room, the communities in which she lived did. The superintendent of schools is always one of the best known and most important men in a small city, and his family, like Caesar's wife, must be above reproach. In any case, there were few pitfalls for young people in Greenville, and Joanne and her friends enjoyed wholesome activities without being tempted to do otherwise.

Almost everybody in town knew everybody else, and about half the people in the county, Joanne felt, were kin to her.

"No matter where I was, there was a relative in the crowd to keep an eye on me," Joanne confided.

But the unconscious pressure to please her kin was so great, in fact, that Joanne finally rebelled. After high school graduation, there was some discussion as to which college she should attend. On the highly recommended list was a woman's college in Georgia where her uncle was a faculty member.

That was too much. Joanne put her foot down and went to L.S.U.

"A cousin had just finished the woman's college," Joanne explained, "and she was reminded every day that she was a professor's niece. I'd been the principal's daughter already. I wanted college to be different."

Two years at L.S.U. were followed by dramatic school in New York, and then, inch by inch, the stage, television, and motion pictures.

"Two years ago," Joanne earnestly confessed, "I believe I would have killed myself rather than give up acting. It was that urgent. But now I understand my need. *What I really wanted was not to act but approval—approval that I'd won all by myself.* And now I have it.

"After all, acting is fundamentally a children's game. All children are actors. They adore make believe. Have you noticed that? And I was like a child, wanting people to notice me and like what I did.

"I don't suggest that all actors and actresses are childish by any means. It's possible to be completely mature and still want to act.

"But for me, acting isn't the ultimate goal. For the past several years I've been deeply interested in psychology. Three times I enrolled in the New School of Social Research in New York, and each time I had to leave town before I finished a course. I hope that soon I can stay in either Los Angeles or New York long enough to attend a university. Meanwhile, I read everything I can about psychology."

Joanne, with her pale, flawless skin, her wide, strangely pale, green eyes, and her stark hair style, had the look of a medieval saint. Even her nail polish was a subdued pink. She was very, very intense as she discussed her aims.

"I want above all," she said, "to work with disturbed children. So many people are frightened today. Our modern world is a confusing place, especially for boys and girls.

"I think I have what's known as a way with children.' Photography is my hobby, and children are my best subjects.

"By the time I'm thirty-five, I hope I'll be educated enough to begin my new profession. Thirty-five is young enough to begin, because a younger person might lack the experience and objectivity to deal with another's emotions."

By the time she's thirty-five, too, Joanne and her bridegroom, actor Paul Newman, hope to have children of their own.

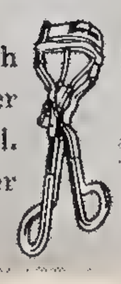
"And now," the principal's daughter concluded, smiling warmly, "being a successful actress isn't very important any more. I have something much more satisfying I'm determined to do. I've solved my own problem and want to help other people, especially young people, analyze and solve theirs." THE END

In 106 Cities—
NO ADDRESS IS COMPLETE
without a Postal Zone Number

The Post Office has divided 106 cities into postal delivery zones to speed mail delivery. Be sure to include zone number when writing to these cities; be sure to include *your* zone number in *your* return address—after the city, before the state.

Kurlash® *So little does so much for your eyes*

KURLASH®
Spend just 60 seconds with KURLASH—the only eyelash curler that gives you automatic refill. Your eyes look larger, lovelier when you use KURLASH.



KURLENE®
Smooth a tiny pat of KURLENE eye cream on your lashes to reveal your *natural* beauty. No artificial color! Curl lasts longer — eyes sparkle silkier.

TWISSORS®
Shape your eyebrows as makeup experts do — with TWISSORS, the only tweezers with easy scissor action! Now you can even tweeze with your glasses on.

EASY DOES IT

Continued from page 45

He's also mad about Bermuda shorts, although, of course he doesn't let himself go and wear them at the Ziegfeld Theater in midtown Manhattan. One of his staff asked his wife, Roselle Belline Como, whom Perry married away back in 1933 after they'd been childhood sweethearts in Pennsylvania, what to get Perry for Christmas.

"Well, he's crazy about Bermuda shorts," replied Roselle.

"That's what I got him last year," glowered the staff man.

"He's still crazy about them!" laughed Roselle.

The TV show of that easy-does-it, Bermuda Shorts Boy was breezing along at the Ziegfeld Theater one Saturday afternoon recently. A couple of stars were up on stage; some glamorous dancing gals slouched in the orchestra seats with their pretty legs showing.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed a man whom I bumped into in an aisle. "I'd better not drop these. They belong to the boss!"

"What are they?" I looked at the slender boxes about eight or nine inches long which he held in his hand—five or six of them.

"They're Perry's razors," he said, with a grin.

"*Razors!*" I echoed. They couldn't be safety razors in boxes of that shape, nor electric razors, either. "What kind of razors?"

"Straight razors," he shrugged. "Once a barber, always a barber!"

Perhaps you're not old enough to remember when the average man used a straight razor. But it was from thirty to fifty years ago. Barbers still use them, old-fashioned men still use them. Perry Como is an old-fashioned, barber kind of a guy . . . and that is probably the reason that he remains unruffled. It is also probably the reason that he was a flop in Hollywood—and the biggest possible success in television.

"The Barber Baritone" has had many flattering offers to return to Hollywood since his TV triumph, but he's cold-shouldered them with the excuse that he's too busy, which he is.

Now the big Hollywood stars gladly pop onto his show—and he enjoys telling them about how he *didn't* make good in Hollywood.

They wanted to make a lover out of Perry—naturally. At 20th Century-Fox, they flung him into "Something for the Boys," and we may as well warn you that this was fifteen years ago. Perry was close enough to the common man (by way of the barbershop in Canonsburg, Pa., that he'd recently left) to know that this was a four-star smellerdrama if he ever smelled one.

"This will not only ruin me but also Hollywood," he predicted.

Well, sir, that chunk of the film that he was the lover in, seemed to get lost.

The termites must have got at it. Perry the Lover was in it just enough to have an embarrassing experience:

He took his wife and son, Ronnie, then five (now a freshman at Notre Dame), to have a peek at it. Ronnie was just big enough to ask his mother in a loud, ringing voice, "Mama, why does Daddy kiss that woman? Why does he, Mama?"

Neither Mama nor Daddy had the answer!

At Perry's big home on Sands Point, Long Island, N.Y., there are very few (if any) large parties. For this simple son of an immigrant miner has never liked lush parties for lushes—and as for the luscious (gals, that is), Perry's been true to his wife. The only gossip there's been about Perry is that there hasn't been any gossip about him.

"Do you ever see Perry out much?" I asked one of his writers and close friends.

"Yes! Out in front of his house, on the way to church!" he replied.

Rehearsing late Friday night, performing Saturday night, Perry insists on spending Sunday with his family—starting with eleven o'clock Mass, which he hasn't missed in years.

"Perrrrrr . . ." one of his staff said to him not long ago, using the shortened nickname (pronounced like "Pair"), "a friend of mine would like to invite you to a party next . . ."

"No, but thank you very much," grinned Perry, walking away without bothering to discover whether it was Errol Flynn or Elsa Maxwell who was giving the party.

Perry's been "agin" lush parties since he found brawls too rich for his taste. At the time he happened to hit big as a crooner, due largely to the influence of Frank Sinatra, he was seriously considering settling down to barbering for the rest of his life at seventy to eighty dollars a week.

And presently he was catapulted on the wings of his songs to Hollywood where they tossed Perry into a couple of other pictures, "Words and Music," and "If I'm Lucky."

"If I'm lucky," Perry cracked, after the latter, "I'll get out of this town with my life."

One thing they kept saying was that Perry was "a lot like Bing Crosby."

Who wasn't in those days?

Perry's always hated ties, as Bing has, and he's always enjoyed walking along in a loose-jointed fashion. Crosby, of course, was famous for relaxing when Como was still tense and nervous. Bob Hope, who's worked many times with both of them, says, however, "Crosby is a jet compared to Como."

Television's such a nervous business that once a show gets going fairly well, somebody tremblingly stammers, "H-h-how long can we ke-keep g-going?"

Perry's hastening toward the end of a third big year.

"I keep hoping he doesn't get laryngitis," one of his men told me. "I tell him, 'Perry, gargle a little bit.'"

Perry, forty-six come May 18, the seventh son of a seventh son, and one of thirteen children, wants to slow down, but it's doubtful if NBC will permit it while he's still their Number One Boy.

Roselle wants to go to Europe—he's promised the three children each year to take them to Honolulu—and Perry recently bought a house in Jupiter, Fla., near Palm Beach, but very little extensive vacationing can be done while he's doing twelve record sides and thirty-nine television shows a year.

"But some day . . ." he says.

Son Ronnie conceivably could become a priest. Perry and Roselle were delighted a couple of years ago when they heard that Ronnie "might be feeling the call." But Perry, busy in an atmosphere that could hardly be more worldly, wasn't going to force it.

Priests are constantly in Perry's company. "I feel better for having them nearby," Perry says. "Father Bob" Perrella attends Perry's rehearsals and has been known to go with Perry to confession just before the program.

Perry's friends enjoy relating how Father Perrella was watching the very first rehearsal of the current show and listened attentively as the commercials were given a run-through.

Then Perry *hrrrumphed* and said he was going to sing "Abide With Me."

"Well!" exclaimed the priest. "Even God gets a plug on this show."

Perry sang the Protestant song, and followed up a few minutes later by singing the Jewish chant, "Kol Nidre," it being the eve of Yom Kippur. The priest looked in some amazement at Perry and said, "But Perry, what about our side?"

This was too much for the writers, who sent a man in with a bulletin: "The Mohammedans just phoned and demanded equal time!"

One reason Perry doesn't care to have newspaper and magazine people visit his home is that the house is full of religious relics. He feels he might be accused of capitalizing in some way on his religion. He has said that his father, Pietro, "was a saint who didn't realize it."

Practicing his own Golden Rule he foregoes the sophisticated version now frequently heard, "Do unto others before

Every Woman Wants My Man—

Why do so many marriages go on the rocks? What makes a woman covet another's husband? Why do married men "play around"? These are some of the questions that are answered by the radio program "My True Story." And they're not answers that are born in a fiction writer's brain. For these are stories of real people—taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. They make exciting listening, so be sure to hear them.

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO

MY TRUE STORY

National Broadcasting Company

Read "What I Hate About My Wife"—your husband's unguarded comments on love, marriage and you—in April TRUE STORY Magazine, at newsstands now.

they do unto you."

On one early program he mouthed a gag given to him by his writers about Arthur Godfrey, Julius La Rosa, and "humility." This was already a rather tired joke but it didn't seem offensive—until Arthur Godfrey fans began pelting Perry with letters.

"I've got to do something about this," Perry confided to me when I happened to see him at rehearsal. "Arthur's always been so nice to me." Perry looked genuinely worried. "I think I should apologize to him right on the show," he said.

Perry's advisers begged him not to do it. They saw he was determined to make amends on the program. He told them he felt he should do it *at the very beginning* of the program.

"Oh, *no!*" they pleaded. It would be such bad showmanship, they pointed out. Slip it in some way so nobody would notice it—that was their advice.

"That's *not* the way I want to do it. I want everybody to know I'm doing it so we'll do it right at the top!" he said.

Certain people told him this would be fatal to the program and just wait and see. They just waited and saw that the program wasn't hurt a bit, and that Perry's reputation of "Mr. Nice Guy" was, in fact, greatly enhanced.

Around a rehearsal, you may see Perry swinging a golf club because that's the one subject that interests him beyond show business. He golfs in the low seventies, and will go anyplace to play, a friend points out, "as long as it's not near."

Evidently, he's always to be haunted by wet weather when he gets a few days to play. Miami, Havana and other winter spots have proved to be having a rare deluge when he arrives with the golf clubs.

COMING NEXT MONTH!

BIG CONTEST—Be the Star's Date at a World Premiere

SPECIAL SECTION—Life and Love in the New Hollywood

He and Roselle want to adopt a child now that Ronnie's gone off to Notre Dame.

But they already have David and Terri by that method and Perry quite conscientiously told me, "I guess we'll have to wait a while. It would be selfish of us to try to get another one when there are people who have waited years to get just *one*."

Another of his loves are TV westerns. He's passionately fond of them and—like his friend Dean Martin—he watches them by the hour.

"If I weren't on TV myself, I could watch them more," he says.

And you get the idea that when he finally does slow down, one of his main occupations will be just that: following the cowboys and Indians on the TV screen.

"I think the public may be getting tired of so much singin', just like it got tired of so much comedy," he ventured recently.

Actually, though, the people who don't like Perry's show—there may be a few—generally have the same criticism of it: They don't care for some of the guest stars or for some of the clowning that Perry's required to do.

"Why don't they let Perry just come out and sing?" they say.

"Mr. Nice Guy Perry" is fortunate in that when there's something on the program that's not popular with the public, the public doesn't blame Perry.

"It's like with President Eisenhower," says writer Goodman Ace. "The public won't blame Ike, the public says it must have been Dulles' fault.

"And with Perry," says Ace, wagging his head, "they say it must be my fault or the fault of *all* of the writers."

Perry's frowned upon gags about Elvis Presley, Christine Jorgensen, juvenile delinquency, sex, drunkenness and other related subjects.

And his show's constantly gained in home acceptance, so he must be right.

Speaking of home acceptance, Perry likes to tell how he went home one evening and thought he saw a new maid "or hired girl" scrubbing the kitchen floor. Not being sure whether he'd seen her before and not being aggressive, he just gave her a puzzled half-nod and plodded on.

"*Well!*" shouted the scrubwoman. "Don't you even recognize your own wife?"

Roselle had solved some household emergency by handling it herself, on her knees. Perry's business associates relate that sometimes when there's a tough decision to make, Perry says, "Do you mind if I think about this overnight?"

They're convinced that he goes home and talks it over with Roselle and they reach the decision together.

Perry, as a kid, would have liked to become a priest and sometimes he still has that hankering. Once not long ago, a young ministerial student came from the South to do tape recordings on religious subjects with stars who had religious affiliations.

He saw Como without any difficulty and

NOW! EASIER, SURER PROTECTION FOR YOUR MOST INTIMATE MARRIAGE PROBLEM

Tested by doctors . . . proved in hospital clinics

1. Antiseptic (*Protective, germicidal action*) Norforms are *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant (*Protection from odor*) Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. Convenient (*So easy to use*) Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

NORFORMS VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES

A NORWICH PRODUCT

Tested by doctors • Trusted by women

FREE *informative Norforms booklet*

Mail coupon to: Dept. PH-84, Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Send Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

P

Perry listened intently as the boy described his work for the church.

As the youth was departing, Como said, "How'd you like to swap jobs?"

Had the boy taken Perry up on that, he would soon be worth a million or two or three, the way Perry's piling up money now. Maybe when he slows up in TV, he'll make movies again; "I hate to be a TV star one day and then go right into being a movie star the day I get my vacation," he says.

Anyway, all this hasn't greatly impressed his mother, Lucia Como, over in Canonsburg. Once when there was a mixup in scheduling and something happened to Perry's program in the early days of TV, his mother was patient about it. But when Perry came to see her, she quietly asked him, "Tell me, Perry, did you lose your job?"

One of the curses of his success has been the dinner jacket. As a band singer with Ted Weems, he squeezed into one every night for years. Resenting neckties and bow ties so much, he looked kindly upon the prospect of returning forevermore to barbering in his home town—and just then the New York agents began phoning him that "Anybody with tonsils can make a fortune because Frank Sinatra's started the Crooner rage."

Perry shambled around in a porkpie hat, tieless shirt and trench coats when he stepped into the cafes in 1943—and possibly annoyed some of the Chic Set.

As the years whipped on, bringing him gold records, radio fame, a fifteen-minute TV program and then an hour show that somebody said has made him "the New York Yankees of television," Perry had to face the awful truth.

He had to get into a dinner jacket again.

"I miss more dull parties not having one," he'd said.

Summoned to a Command Performance, he scratched his head, nodded solemnly, and went to see his tailor about a tuxedo.

"You want me to make you another one?" queried the tailor.

"What do you mean, another one?" asked Perry.

"I've started you five or six times, but you've never come in for a fitting!"

Perry got one finished—and sold it practically off his back for a charity affair in Washington. Then the Friars Club made him Man of the Year, and he felt he had to give in.

The best wits of Broadway kidded him lovingly that night:

Phil Silvers called him "Speedy," adding, "He accepted the invitation to the Friars dinner because he thought they were a branch of the church."

"I leave you with two words: Bing Crosby," Jack E. Leonard told him.

"Sleepy Time Guy, You've Turned Your Naps Into Pay," chimed in Ray Bolger.

Danny Thomas wound up a lot of spoofing by saying quite eloquently, and in his inimitably sentimental fashion, "Perry, I feel you have been touched by the hand of God. May you always feel that touch."

Perry had a lot of jokes written out on a piece of paper—witticisms prepared by his great staff headed by Goodman Ace.

Touched by the tribute, he crumpled up the paper in his hand, and in a few soft-spoken words, said, in effect, "Thanks."

"Perry was so flustered, he didn't remember to sing," somebody said.

Maybe he never meant to sing. Two things he did remember: To get a new dinner jacket and to force the Friars to hold their party on a night other than Sunday night. He wouldn't give up his Sunday night with the family even to be Man of the Year. THE END

CANDID CAMERAMAN

There's only one end of the camera most actors want to be on—but not Yul Brynner. He loves *taking* pictures and anything Yul loves, he attacks with the energy of a general out to win a war.

At the beginning of production on M-G-M's "The Brothers Karamazov," the drama laden Dostoyevsky classic, there was some whispered speculation as to whether the Big Three (Yul, Maria Schell and Claire Bloom) would end up friends or clobbering each other. None of them are noted for their placid natures and all are highly individualistic with big reputations (Yul for straight A's in films like "The King and I," "Anastasia," and "The Brothers"; Claire for her brilliant work in Shakespearean productions in England; Maria for the highly touted French movie "Gervaise," as well as for other great hits made in Germany.) But to everyone's amusement—and pleasure—both girls got thoroughly involved with Yul's picture-taking passion. Between takes he'd trail them around the sets, posing them with a professional skill that surprised even top cameramen on the crew. Stagehands, extras, stage sets were all grist for his shutterbugging and his helpers (sometimes Maria and Claire) frequently found themselves left holding a maze of little cameras, big cameras, tripods and light meters, while Yul wandered off for three-quarters of an hour to snap a particular stage set "while the lighting is right."

But it's hard to be mad at a man as dynamic and fascinating as Yul. His wonderful sense of humor, and the little-boy quality that's so strangely at odds with his fiercely dark good looks charmed everyone, including his leading ladies. He's the kind of a man, in the words of a female co-worker, "who can even say 'hello' in an incredibly romantic manner."

OSCAR

Continued from page 37

Picture Arts and Sciences, excitedly discussing the future of movies. The talking film was just emerging, and Mayer said confidently, "This development is going to revolutionize the whole industry. What we want to do right now is focus new attention on movie achievements. Other academies and institutions reward excellence in other arts. Why shouldn't we?"

There was enthusiastic agreement. "Whatever we give," Nagel said, "it should be a symbol of continuing progress—militant, dynamic!" These words had their effect on Cedric Gibbons' pencil. The M-G-M art director had been doodling on the tablecloth all through the discussion.

The doodling drew the headwaiter's attention. Big-shot businessmen were always doing it in movies—but all over the Brown Derby's clean white linen—well, really! As soon as the party left, the headwaiter snatched the desecrated tablecloth to see what all the fuss was about. He got a shock. There, etched by Gibbons' talented hand, was a male nude standing on a reel of film and holding a sword. "Crazy movie people!" Before the other customers could get any further disrespectful ideas about the Derby's linen, off went Oscar's prototype, down the laundry chute.

Thirty turbulent years have come and gone since that memorable day. And Oscar, transformed into gold-plated bronze, has grown to be the object of more dreams and more dazzling publicity than anyone or anything in movieland—also more inaccuracy, distortion and just plain twaddle. His affections have been notoriously unpredictable. Audrey Hepburn, Shirley Booth and Helen Hayes got him the first time they bid for him. But Joan Crawford went through fifty-eight films before he deigned to notice her. And Loretta Young and Ronald Colman both waited over twenty years for him.

The statuette found his first sweetheart when Academy President Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., handed him to Janet Gaynor for her combined excellence in "Seventh Heaven," "Street Angel" and "Sunrise." The actor's Award—to Emil Jannings for "The Way of All Flesh" and "The Last Command"—was shipped to Germany, where Herr Jannings stayed until his death in 1946. "Wings," a drama about pioneer aviation that gave a mere one-scene bit to newcomer Gary Cooper (later to win two Oscars of his own), was judged the best production, and "Sunrise" got a similar nod, for "artistic quality." The director's Oscar was likewise split—to Lewis Milestone for comedy and Frank Borzage for drama.

That first affair established a couple of time-honored traditions. One was that of needling the high and the mighty (later raised to a fine art by Bob Hope). Al Jolson got the first laugh in Academy history when he accepted the special Oscar given to Warner Brothers for the development of sound. Quipped Al: "He'll never make a hit at the studios. He can't say 'yes.'"

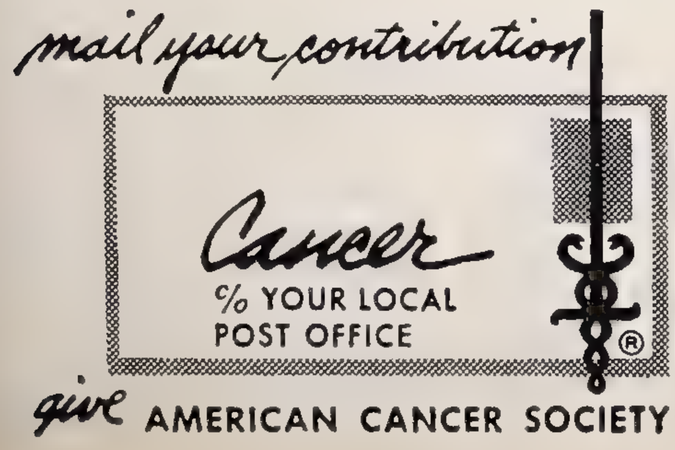
The other tradition was that of the snafu. Hardly a year has gone by when something hasn't gone amiss in some department, and 1928 was no exception. Ben Hecht got the script Award for "Underworld," and then a letter written by Hecht to the studio was read to the Academy's Board of Governors. Hecht complained that the finished movie didn't follow his script at all. Would they please take his name off the credits? At last year's ceremonies, these words were confidently intoned: "The winner of the best script of a documentary is Robert Rich for 'The Brave One.'" After an awkward pause, the film's producer stepped up to accept the Oscar, and it soon developed that "Robert Rich" was only a pseudonym. "Who is Robert Rich?" then became Hollywood's fascinating new parlor game. They're still playing it.

Early Academy shindigs developed into formal, elaborate banquets at which the males arrived in soup and fish and actresses paraded in all the jewels and finery they could lay hands on. And speeches stretched out to marathon length as flowers wilted and wine turned flat in the greatest concentration of hot air since *Phileas Fogg* went up in his balloon. The 1931 ceremonies were so long-winded that eight-year-old Jackie Cooper pillowed his head on Marie Dressler's ample lap and fell asleep. He was later taken home and put to bed. Director King Vidor drew a checker-board on the tablecloth and passed the time playing lump-sugar checkers with his wife.

Somewhat briefer, 1932's ceremonies included the first and so far only dual acting Award in Academy history. Wallace Beery's performance in "The Champ" came within one vote of Fredric March's impressive job in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." An Academy regulation states that whenever a contender comes within two votes of the winner, the Award must be shared. So March and Beery each received Oscars, though Freddie got official credit for the win and covered the awkward situation charmingly. "I've never met Mr. Beery, although I believe we do have something in common. Both Mr. Beery and I have adopted baby girls this year, which makes me question the advisability of awarding us prizes for the best performances."

For 1933's ceremonies, the Board of Governors engaged Will Rogers as m.c. to take some of the starch and stuffiness out of the proceedings. Inimitable Will tackled the job with gusto. The director's contest saw Frank Capra pitted against Frank Lloyd. Announced Will impishly: "Okay, Frank—come and get your Award." Capra collided with winner Lloyd in mid-floor, and still isn't sure how he got back to his table. When it came to the acting Awards, Will called the four nominees present to the podium. The results revealed the winners to be Katharine Hepburn and Charles Laughton—both absent. Will then plucked four roses from the floral arrangements and passed them out to the disappointed quartet. Walt Disney showed up with a bandaged eye (smacked with a polo ball) to collect the third of what is now a thumping total of twenty-five Oscars won by the Disney organization.

Another record was set up by the Oscars for 1934. Clark Gable, feuding with M-G-M, and Claudette Colbert, in wrong at Paramount, were both farmed out to Columbia for some little "B" picture called "Night Bus." Under its new name,



Be exciting...
Color your Hair
SO EASILY—IN MINUTES

NESTLE COLORINSE
Glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Rinses in—shampoos out! 12 exciting shades. 29¢

NESTLE COLORTINT
Intensifies your natural hair shade OR adds thrilling NEW color. Blends-in gray. Lasts through 3 shampoos. 10 beautiful shades. 29¢

Nestle
COLORS YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

"It Happened One Night," this film swept all major categories and put Clark and Claudette into the big time.

In 1936 and 1937, Luise Rainer became the first double winner—for "The Great Ziegfeld" and "The Good Earth." After all the drumbeating about Oscar's publicity value, estimated at one to five million dollars, Luise became Exhibit "A" for the opposite view: that Oscar is a jinx. Actually, he can give momentary career boosts and doubtless help a picture. But if the public isn't buying the picture or performers haven't what it takes over the long haul, Oscar is powerless.

1937 and 1938 saw Spencer Tracy become the first double winner among leading actors, with victories for "Captains Courageous" and "Boys Town." Fredric March and Gary Cooper have since joined him. Among the ladies who have triumphed twice, in addition to Miss Rainer, are Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Vivien Leigh and Ingrid Bergman. All-time champ among performers generally is Walter Brennan, with three supporting Oscars to his credit. Supporting Awards for featured players were established in 1936, and Mr. Brennan took his three out of the first five given—quite a killing.

The 1940 Awards saw the introduction of the feature that has been Oscar's strongest card—genuine suspense. By this time, voting was being done in advance, and until 1940 the Academy had been giving the names of winners to radio and wire services with instructions printed in capitals: NOT TO BE RELEASED BEFORE ELEVEN P. M. But somebody goofed on the 1939 Awards; before Vivien Leigh stepped up to be Oscared for *Scarlett O'Hara,* several thousand radio listeners were in on the "secret." Ever since then, all ballots have gone to the accounting firm of Price-Waterhouse, there to be tabulated and the winners' names enclosed in sealed envelopes. The envelopes *stay* sealed until the moment each Award is given.

World War II changed the Awards ceremonies from an exclusive industry affair to the public spectacular they are now. Bette Davis had just been elected Academy chieftain (the only woman ever so honored), and she thought it would be a splendid idea to hire a place like Shrine Auditorium, admit the public, charge admission, cut down on expenses, award wooden Oscars and give all proceeds to the war effort. Several of the board members were horrified, however, and after a stormy session, Bette resigned. Her ideas were carried out, though—in stages. 1941's Awards were given—minus the traditional banquet—and Oscar showed up as gilded plaster. (He reverted to his old gold-plated bronze self in 1946, and all plaster owners were allowed to exchange their makeshifts for the McCoy.) 1942 saw the abolition of compulsory formal wear, and 1943's Awards were given in Grauman's Chinese Theater—with the public admitted for the first time.

The year 1941 also witnessed the beginning of one of the great human dramas spotlighted at Award ceremonies—the feud of beautiful sisters de Havilland and Fontaine. Guests of David O. Selznick that night, Olivia and Joan struggled vainly to hide their nervousness. At one point they were observed sticking their tongues out at each other. Olivia had been a loser with "Gone with the Wind"; and Joan had lost the previous year with "Rebecca." Now Olivia was in the running for "Hold Back the Dawn"; Joan, for "Suspicion."

"Once—when I was nine—I thought seriously of killing Joan," Olivia has said. But when the announcement finally came —Joan Fontaine for "Suspicion"—Olivia clapped the loudest, beamed with family pride and played the good loser.

Things were somewhat different at the 1946 Awards. As Olivia swept offstage with *her* precious trophy, for "To Each His Own," Joan stretched out her hand to offer sisterly congratulations, and Olivia marched right on by, muttering, "I don't know why she does that—she knows how I feel." The next time Oscar gave Olivia the nod—for "The Heiress"—Joan played the diplomat and stayed home. The girls have since patched things up, but their vendetta offered behind-the-scenes color to the Award ceremonies.

The 1942 Awards are remembered as the year of Greer's talkathon. The entire program lasted a staggering seven hours. Greer Garson, after being Oscared for "Mrs. Miniver," contributed a thank-you speech that ran anywhere from twenty to forty-five minutes. At any rate, in 1951 when Greer accepted the absent Vivien Leigh's Award, she remarked, "If we have time I have a few things left over." The audience groaned good-naturedly and Greer sat down.

An Award for the most refreshing acceptance speech might go to writer Donald Ogden Stewart, who announced: "I want you all to know that I thank nobody but myself for winning this Award. I don't owe anything to anyone. Nobody helped me at all."

Despite determined Academy reminders to keep it brief, acceptance speeches have run all the way from emotion-choked silence to elaborate monologues. In these days of TV timing, a winner barely has time to grab his Oscar and hustle off, yet last year Dorothy Malone managed to pay tribute to everyone from her agent to Miss Guggenheim in P.S. 41. On this subject, Danny Kaye had the last word. As m.c., Danny instructed: "If your work on a picture merits an Oscar, the Academy asks that your speech be no longer than the movie itself."

No cutting was called for when Bing Crosby accepted his 1944 "Going My Way" Oscar. Said Bing: "This is not only the first time I've been selected 'the best actor'; it's one of the few occasions I've been called an *actor*!"

Up stepped new prexy Ronald Reagan, in 1946, to present a film. "This film embodies the glories of our past, the memories of our present and the inspiration for our future." And on came the film—upside down!

Oscar's life is full of crises . . . The time Bette Davis, Judy Holliday and Gloria Swanson squared off in the tightest femme race ever. The gals traditionally provide the big excitement, but these three were so good nobody wanted to see any of them lose. Judy won. Bette already had two Oscars for consolation. And Gloria? Miss Swanson said bravely: "The old gray mare's just got to get going again, that's all." . . .

The upset victories of "An American in Paris" and Humphrey Bogart. Bogey, who had publicly sneered at the "Oscar myth," showed a humility as surprising as it was genuine. "It's a long way from the heart of the Belgian Congo. It's nicer here than it was there. . . . And now I'm going to Romanoff's," he later told newsmen. "It's a long way between drinks." . . .

Shirley Booth, so excited about the great honor she tripped on the steps and almost took a sprawl . . . Audrey Hepburn, moving toward the stage in a trance . . . Frank Sinatra, whose children had lovingly made up a special Oscar medal in case their father lost . . . Grace Kelly, who lost her celebrated poise and barely managed to make it to the wings before she bawled like a baby . . . Anna Magnani's first sleepy reaction when, awakened by the phone in her Rome apartment, she barked: "If this is a joke, I will get up and kill you wherever you are."

It wasn't a joke. It was a true incident in Oscar's fascinating, hazardous life. Throughout his thirty years, his story has undergone marked changes. Nominations, usually announced about five weeks before the Awards, were once made by the studios. Later, the members of each Guild were asked to select the nominees for their particular category. That is, the Screen Actors Guild named the top players to be considered for the acting Oscars.

This year, both nominations and final votes are limited to the membership of the Academy—now 2,028 carefully selected persons representing the various departments of movie-making, from acting and writing to set-designing and cinematography. (New Academy members are named and approved by those already in the group.) So Oscar's destiny is placed in the hands of movies' most talented people.

And this year sees another first in Oscar's history. It's his seventh on television, but until now a car company has picked up the tab. Now the motion-picture industry becomes its own sponsor. On March 26th, as the thirtieth Academy Award ceremony gets under way, Oscar (without tail-fins or hydramatic drive) will be the unchallenged star of his own television show, ninety minutes of dazzling entertainment. The Motion Picture Association of America (organization of major studios), in alliance with independent producers and theater owners, presents the Academy Award show. The m. c. will be the witty Jerry Wald, producer of such hits as "An Affair to Remember."

Once again, for the thirtieth year, Oscar commands the attention of movie-makers and moviegoers, all waiting tensely as the little white envelopes are brought forward, and a voice cuts across the expectant hush with "And the winner is—" THE END

ACADEMY AWARDS TELECAST

10:30 to 12:00 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, Wednesday March 26th, NBC radio and TV.

EXPANDED COVERAGE OVER NETWORK OF 178 STATIONS. LIVE FROM PANTAGES THEATER, HOLLYWOOD.

SINGIN' IDOL

Continued from page 54

difference between a simple singer and a singin' idol. Everyone in this huge crowd had gotten himself into rainhats, slickers and galoshes and fought through the storm to see their boy. And as one member of the audience commented later—"Trouble? Who wouldn't go to a little trouble to see Pat?"

Pat has emerged as the only star to rival the phenomenal appeal of Elvis Presley. Now, with Elvis finishing his "swan song," "King Creole," at Paramount, and bound for army duty, Pat has a clear road ahead.

During 1957 he swept the TV, record and movie field. His two 20th Century-Fox pictures, "Bernardine" and "April Love," were both phenomenal hits and well justified the studio's million-dollar investment. ABC television executives felt no qualms about signing him to still another million-dollar deal and Dot Records, the company he's been with almost from the start, have the Boone man to thank for much of their current financial success.

1957 was unquestionably Pat's year, but during it, he had to learn what every idol must, singing or otherwise—and that is, that fame has its price.

Perhaps the biggest price Pat has to pay comes in the form of lack of time and lack of privacy. At Columbia University in New York City where Pat has been studying, he wanted to go out for the sports he loves, like football, baseball, basketball. He was terribly anxious to make the football team, especially, but who has time to practice?—what with recording dates, movies, TV shows, personal appearances and the rest. He feels the loss in this direction is something he can't make up, yet there's little he can do about it.

At home in Leonia, N.J. with wife Shirley and their four small children, Pat tries to relax, but fans are well aware of where he lives and the doorbell is jangling constantly. When Shirley opens the front door of their modest home, she's greeted by pleas of "Could Pat sign this for me, please?" or "Could we see Pat for just a minute." Because the bell sometimes wakes the sleeping youngsters, yet hating to do it the Boones tacked a sign above their doorbell, stating that a certain singer was never home during the daytime hours, so there really was never much point in asking for him.

"It's like living in a fishbowl," says Shirley in bewilderment and Pat seconds this motion. Gone are the days when they could have the quiet, unnoticed fun any young couple has the right to expect, and Pat being an especially modest and simple guy, misses them keenly—taking long walks, going on picnics with the kids. "I sometimes think," says Pat a little wistfully, "we were happier when we were in Texas and I was going to college and making $50 a week broadcasting." But he adds with a smile that creeps up to his hazel eyes, "most of the time I think I'm about the luckiest man alive. I love singing, and the money I'm making will insure my family's future." No spendthrift he, Pat saves for the future and when Shirley got wind of the fact he wanted a Jaguar sports car, she urged him to get it. "And it took a lot of urging, believe me," she adds.

Another one of the big compensations for his lost privacy is his horde of new friends. Pat and people just naturally seem to hit it off and he has great respect and affection for his many fans. "They're wonderful kids, but a responsibility, too," he says thoughtfully. "Not too long ago I was offered a terrific TV deal—an appearance on a show sponsored by a cigarette company. I wavered. It was a fine opportunity yet I was afraid kids might get the idea it was all right for them to smoke—that I was as much as saying 'OK, go ahead' by appearing on the show. I had to give up the idea. It just wouldn't have been right for me to do it."

Intensely loyal to his fans (in spite of torn suits, writer's cramp and other battle scars sustained when admirers have descended on him), Pat is always afraid someone will get hurt when they crowd around after a performance. To get things a little better organized, Pat figured out a system whereby some friendly-type policemen help form a line and everyone can get to him individually, one at a time. "Knowing they're safe is a load off my mind," he says.

So these are some of the things that happen to Pat Boone now that he's a singin' sensation with millions. Who will match or perhaps even exceed his enormous popularity during 1958? It's too soon to tell, but one thing's for sure—if he (or she) wears the mantle of fame and fortune as easily and modestly as Pat Boone, they'll be most welcome to their title of—singin' idol! THE END

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay!

ACTOR **ACTRESS**

I want to read stories about:

(1)..... (3).....

(2)..... (4).....

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

(1)..... (3).....

(2)..... (4).....

name.....age.....

address.....

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. 4-58

FACT 1: Tampax® internal sanitary protection was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women—married or single, active or not. *And, you're no exception!*

FACT 2: Millions and millions of women all over the world have been using Tampax—by the billions! *Why shouldn't you?*

FACT 3: Tampax does away with chafing, bulging pads, with twisting belts, with telltale odor. Makes users less conscious of time-of-the-month. *Why not you?*

FACT 4: Nothing could be daintier than Tampax. So simple to insert, change, dispose of! Your fingers never need to touch it. And you never have carrying problems. *Think how much you could enjoy these benefits!*

FACE UP TO THE FACTS! Tampax is by far the better way, the nicer way, the modern way! Give it a trial, this very month—*and you'll never want to use anything else!*

ASK FOR TAMPAX wherever drug products are sold. Comes in Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies to provide for individual needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

GOING ARTY

Continued from page 48

to decorate her hotel room—"to make it look more like home." Back in Hollywood, Martha now uses these pictures to brighten up her kitchen, halls and bathroom.

Artistic in many ways, Martha has done most of her own interior decorating. "Her bedroom brims over with paintings; almost every inch of space is covered," says a friend in awe. "And over her bed, Martha has an exquisite selection of mounted butterflies (another hobby of hers) which she caught *and* mounted!"

We predict a big year, both in acting and painting, for Martha, one of U-I's hottest properties.

And while on the subject of hot properties, M-G-M's Leslie Nielsen is certainly just that these days. As a result of his wide popularity in U-I's "Tammy and the Bachelor," the Canadian-born star, son of a Royal Northwest Mounted Police member, will soon be seen in "The Sheepman," with Glenn Ford.

Leslie, whom you probably also saw in "The Opposite Sex" and "Hot Summer Night," and on a number of TV dramas, is delighted with his new-found hobbies, painting and working with mosaics. About a year ago, do-it-yourself mosaic coffee tables, pictures and trays became a craze. A friend of Leslie's, in the Brancusi marble business, got him interested in mosaic, and together, the two decided to open a shop on Beverly Boulevard. They now sell do-it-yourself kits and give class lessons to those who are interested in the more intricate mosaic designs.

"It's a wonderful way to relax and so simple to do," Leslie says. "Anyone actually can do mosaics without a lesson and come out pretty well. It's not an expensive hobby but a useful one, if you try to do tables and other household articles."

Leslie's proud of a coffee table he made for his girlfriend, Alisande Ullman.

As a boy in high school, Leslie's interest centered mainly around sports. But following graduation, purely on impulse, he visited local radio stations and after several attempts at job applications, he landed one as a disc jockey on a local Canada station. The hours were long, the salary small, but this was the start of his acting career.

When, eventually, he found his way to Hollywood he got work—not as an actor—but as a stock boy, bus boy, pantry boy and parking lot attendant. Discouraged, he turned his back on Hollywood and returned to Toronto, where he was lucky enough to win a scholarship to New York's Neighborhood Playhouse. There, while studying under Sanford Meisner and at the Martha Graham School of the Dance, he was cast in several radio shows, and, finally, TV. It was his TV activities which finally brought Hollywood's attention—Leslie made his film debut in "The Vagabond King"—and finally landed an M-G-M contract. "There's no getting around the fact that I got to Hollywood the roundabout way!" quips Leslie.

Hollywood, on the other hand, came to Tom Tryon. Tom was spotted by a talent scout while appearing as an extra at the Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Mass. When one of the extras dropped out, Tom volunteered to march on stage carrying an old Roman trumpet. And perhaps if he had elected to carry a spear instead of that tarnished trumpet, his name today might be minutely lettered in the lower corner of a cartoon instead of foot-high on a theater marquee!

"All of the other fellows carried spears, but I latched on to this old Roman trumpet—a sensational looking thing," Tom recalls. "I was remembering an old slogan I'd once heard, 'When on stage, be seen.'"

And Tom was. Though he didn't have a word of dialogue, the talent scout's eye was caught by the odd-shaped instrument and then quickly appraised the tall, handsome youth carrying it. After the performance, he went backstage and popped the question, "Do you want to be in pictures?"

Tom didn't take him seriously until he returned with a photographer a few days later. A few pictures were taken, but that was the last Tom ever heard from the scout, who, no doubt, is still kicking himself for having fumbled the ball.

For although nothing came of this episode, it did have the effect of planting a seed in Tom's mind—a seed which grew until he was in a turmoil of indecision. Whether to go on with his commercial art career, for which he had studied four years at Yale and a year at the Art Students League, or start over again on a new career.

Gertrude Lawrence helped him make the decision. He'd become friends with her at the Playhouse that summer, and when Tom discussed his problem with Miss Lawrence, she told him, "You have everything it takes to become an actor, so if you want to do it, go ahead."

So that fall, Tom entered drama classes, instead of returning to art courses. He also studied singing and dancing, and managed to obtain small acting jobs in TV and on commercial films. As Tom says, "It just built from there."

Sounds easy, but actually Tom put in several years of intensive work and study before another talent scout saw him and carried the ball through until Tom had a Hal Wallis-Paramount contract.

That was four years ago. To date, he has starred in "Three Violent People" and "The Unholy Wife," plus additional TV roles.

"At this point," Tom says, "art is more or less a form of relaxation for me. It gives you a chance to think, but at the same time you can concentrate on what you're doing, and shut everything else out.

"I mainly work in pen and ink and in gouache (a tempera medium). My favorite artists are Rembrandt, Daumier and Phillip Topolski. One thing I don't have much use for is non-objective art. I feel as most people do—that a good piece of art should say something to the person looking at it. My prize possession is a Eugene Berman. I think he's one of our greatest American artists."

Globe-trotting Deborah Kerr is one of many actors and actresses who find they need more than one outlet for creative talents. And it must be something she can happily occupy herself with alone during her leisure time, since she and husband Anthony Bartley are separated by their careers so much. For Deborah, painting—as well as embroidery and knitting, which she enjoys—fulfills these needs.

"I paint for therapy," says this year's top Gold Medal winner. "I enjoy the action of painting." A picture of an English church, surrounded by snow-covered rooftops, is one of Deborah's favorites. It hangs on the wall of the Bartleys' front entrance hall. About it, Deborah remarks, "I think roofs are a lot of fun to paint. I painted this picture from one I saw in a book of views of England. Everything looked rather flat, so I put snow on the roofs."

Staff photographer Roger Marshutz snapped Deborah, on page 47, painting in her garden. She was at work on a snow scene, even though her California garden was in full bloom! Deborah noticed Roger's puzzled expression, and laughed, "I love to paint snow because you just go slosh, slosh, and there you have it! Maybe it's something Freudian, because there's no snow here in California, where I live."

Then, pausing to examine her painting critically, she added, "Maybe if I finish it and put it in a frame, it won't look too bad!"

See Deborah in Hecht-Hill-Lancaster's "Separate Tables," 20th's "Deluxe Tour," and M-G-M's "The Journey."

"I started taking painting lessons when I was about nine years old," Dennis Hopper told us. "At that time I thought I would become a painter by profession. Then at fourteen, I decided to switch and become an actor. I thought I could express what I had to say better through acting. However, I almost always paint two or three pictures a month. I feel a need to express myself this way.

"I feel that only things that are tangible will be left when we leave this world," he continued—"such as writing and paintings. Instead of being destructive, which I think all of us can be, why not create something? It is a good release and it lasts longer. Besides, I like it.

"My favorite artist is Richard Debinkorn, an American. He's an abstract expressionist. Another is Emerson Woeffer. Abstract art is my favorite form of expression. Generally, I paint a picture in one sitting of five or six hours. But I might rework it several times a few weeks later.

"I've had offers to sell my paintings, been offered as much as $300 or $400, but I don't feel that I should sell them. Usually, I give them away to friends and people I feel really want them. My work has been in a couple of art shows and private collections."

Dennis has been a movie fan since he was five years old. As a toddler in Dodge City, Kansas, where he was raised on his grandparents' wheat farm, seeing a contingent of Warner Brothers' stars come to town for the premiere of the film "Dodge City" made such a deep impression that Dennis decided then and there to become a movie star.

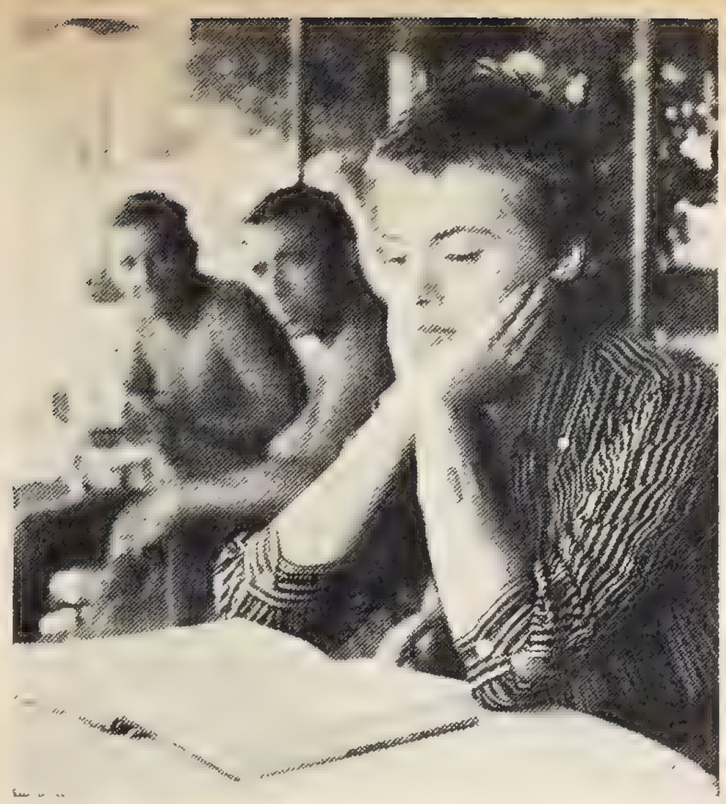
"On the farm, my life was very dull, so I liked to play cowboys or soldiers. I thought it would be exciting to play many different kinds of people. In high school, I won three dramatic declamation contests, doing scenes from 'The Hairy Ape' and playing four different characters from 'Hamlet.'" Dennis started acting at age twelve—"no training—just what I could pick up! My family thought I was going to grow up to be a bum—writing poetry and stuff like that!"

His family was wrong!

Maybe you, too, want to uncover your artistic talents, but don't know how to go about it. The best way is to start studying art. There are more than 18,000 YMCA's throughout the country offering courses in painting, sculpture and arts and crafts. Your local museum, too, will give you information on the classes it offers. There are always dozens of new art and "how to" book titles available on your local library shelves. Browse through an art shop to learn what supplies you'll need to begin.

Now that Hollywood is going arty, how about you? THE END

May Cover Boy: Rick Nelson



we follow up JEAN SEBERG

The day after Jean Seberg's second film, "Bonjour Tristesse," opened in New York, I lunched with her at a quiet French restaurant. And we suddenly felt transported back to the little sidewalk cafe in Montparnasse, where we had last lunched during the novel's filming.

As you may recall, the press was brutally unkind to Otto Preminger's 17-year-old discovery when she was entrusted with the demanding role of "Saint Joan."

Since "to know her is to love her," everyone hoped that in "Bonjour," Jean's portrayal of a more suitable role would make the critics eat their words. Some did, but unhappily, others still contended that Jean was a small town amateur, catapulted to stardom far too soon. And so I asked her if this second batch of notices had affected her as deeply as the first. "No," was her emphatic retort, "I'm two years older now, and you learn quickly in this business not to be too vulnerable and take every criticism to heart, or you are liable to be miserable all the time. Naturally, I want the critics to like me, but I act for two other important reasons —because I sincerely love it, and because I hope the public will make up its own mind about me. I only wish I had time to concentrate on studying with a good dramatic coach. But Mr. Preminger is sending me off on another publicity tour for 'Bonjour,' so studying is impossible."

Personally, I think Preminger is making a grave mistake in not giving Jean the acting experience she needs. Exercising her talent now will prove far more beneficial than putting her in the undignified position of having to defend herself before the nation's press. Agreed?

—Radie Harris

Swimproof "Dark-Eyes"® PERMANENT DARKENER FOR LASHES AND BROWS
for the hairs to which applied

*NOT AN ANILINE DYE!
*1 APPLICATION LASTS 4 TO 5 WEEKS!

Takes just seconds to apply . . . stays on 4 to 5 weeks! "Dark-Eyes" is the perfect way to make eyelashes and brows completely natural looking . . . and it will not harden or break them. "Dark-Eyes" is NOT A MASCARA! Will not stick to eyelash curler. Eliminates the bother of daily eye make-up. It is PERMANENT, SWIMPROOF, SMUDGEPROOF, TEARPROOF and SMEARPROOF!

$1.25 (plus tax) at leading drug, dept. and variety chain stores

Our 25th Year!

25¢ SEND TODAY FOR TRIAL SIZE.
NO DELAY... your trial order shipped in 24 hours!

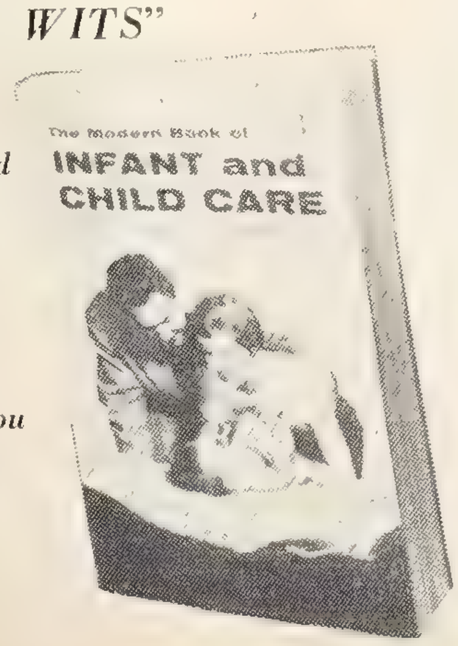
"DARK-EYES" COMPANY, Dept. P-48
3319 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.
I enclose 25¢ (coin or stamps—tax included) for TRIAL SIZE pkg. of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.
check shade ○ Light Brown ○ Brown ○ Black
Name_____
Address_____
Town_____ State_____

PANIC AND A SICK CHILD AT 2 A.M.

There is never cause for panic when you know what to do. People who have this book close at hand know that. They have only to turn to an index, check symptoms, give quick relief—awaiting the doctor's arrival.

"WE WERE SCARED OUT OF OUR WITS"

wrote a mother, as she was telling us the help she received from "The Modern Book of Infant and Child Care." . . . a book which three Doctors have written for young mothers. We want you to have a copy if you have children at your house. A big, complete, 224-page book.



AT ALL BOOKSTORES—OR USE THIS LIFE-SAVING COUPON TODAY

Bartholomew House, Dept. WG458
205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.
Please send me THE MODERN BOOK OF INFANT AND CHILD CARE.
I enclose ☐ $1.00 paperbound.
☐ $2.95 hardbound.
NAME .....
(Please Print)
STREET .....
CITY ..... STATE.....

Why you need the extra protection of a Sanitary Pantie

by *Mary Ann Blum, R.N.*

Modern girls and women keep looking for better ways of staying secure and comfortable during the menstrual period. That's why so many depend on the *extra* protection of *all-nylon sanitary panties!*

Known as HI-G Sanitary Panties, these white, whisper-light garments look, feel and wear like your regular briefs. The difference is the special *moisture-proofed nylon* panel (no rubber used) for vital *extra* protection against embarrassment. Worn with external or internal napkins, HI-G's are blessedly *invisible*. No belt necessary. Fit sleekly under girdle, swim suit or your sheerest dress to give you complete confidence. Women say they help stop chafing and irritation too...are marvelous after childbirth.

See HI-G Sanitary Panties at drug stores and sanitary goods counters. Four full-cut, proportioned sizes and pre-shrunk elastic assure skin-smooth fit. Built-in white enamel fasteners eliminate pins. Only $1.59, 1-year written guarantee. For everyday wear, try HI-G nylon "BRIEFS"—only $1.19. (If not available at your dealer, write HI-G at address below.)

FREE! Booklet, "Modern Facts About Menstruation". Mailed in plain wrapper. Send name, address to: **HI-G, Dept. 44, 1063 Jackson Ave., Long Island City 1, N. Y.**

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

TROUBLED WITH UNWANTED HAIR?

You needn't be! Now you can remove unwanted hair forever — in the privacy of your home — with the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator! Acclaimed by thousands of women who have discovered how Mahler destroys the hair root permanently! By following our instructions you, too, can learn to use the Mahler safely and efficiently! Positive money-back guarantee! Act today!

MAHLER'S INC.
Dept. 618-D
PROVIDENCE 15, R. I.

Send 5¢ for illustrated 16-page booklet "New Radiant Beauty"!

Were you once a gorgeous blonde? Did you neglect your hair—letting it slip, shade-by-shade, into a dull, dark color? Now, at last, you can bring back the sparkling beauty of blonde hair with BLONDEX, the new 11-minute home lotion shampoo. Made fresh, as you need it, BLONDEX whips into a rich, billowy lather...rinses away the dingy film that makes blonde hair dark and old-looking...reveals the lustrous highlights that men love! Contains ANDIUM to lighten and shine as it shampoos. Absolutely safe—use it for children's hair. Get BLONDEX at 10¢, drug or dept. stores.

YOU CAN'T GO HOME

Continued from page 78

go home again—even though you try.

"I finally said: 'Come on, let's get out of here,' and they looked at me as if I were an animal with two heads. I didn't blame them. It was just something none of us could help."

Because of his attitude he found that even in his own home, with his parents and two sisters trying to make his visit a happy one, everything was different. His mother had kept his old room exactly as it was before he went away. He stood in the center of the room staring about at all the familiar, and once precious, mementoes of his growing-up days.

Incredibly, it had all shrunken. The walls seemed to have drawn closer together, the dresser once the repository of all his treasures, seemed inadequate. Even the neighborhood where once he had played games with other kids, was constricted.

His two sisters, Delores, fifteen, and Julie, thirteen, not understanding his problem, were a trifle stiff, yielding him only a kind of diffident respect. This troubled him greatly, and it was several days before this formal atmosphere was fully dissipated.

There was one friend in the neighborhood, however, that John felt closer to than before. This was a rather elderly man whose life had been tragic. His children, a boy and a girl, were both crippled, the boy having lost an arm in an accident. The man told him how he had struggled to help them, particularly the boy.

Speaking of this, his face becomes sad. "I felt sorrier for that fellow than I ever had for anyone," John says. "And yet I admired him tremendously because he didn't let life get him down. That takes real courage."

When he returned to Hollywood John did some serious thinking about himself and the community in which he was to make his career. The result of this was that he made an important discovery which was that no one needs to have a uniform, such as too casual dress—jeans and tennis shoes—to attract attention to himself.

"It isn't necessary to belong to any cult," he says. "Just being yourself is enough. That time when I revisited the old hangout, some men were playing chess or checkers, I've forgotten which, and they didn't even look up from their game as I came in. This attitude wasn't what I expected and I suppose my ego got a small jolt.

"Afterward, in Hollywood, I thought about that and I didn't blame them at all. I was the one who acted corny and, of course, those fellows playing their game had assumed an attitude too. They thought, 'Here's this young squirt from Hollywood and he probably expects us to give him a big hand. Let's show him that he's no earth-shaker.' That's exactly what they did and I must say they came off better than I.

"The next time I was home, over the Christmas holidays, a year later, I went to my old hangout again and everyone was easier and more natural. The fellows wanted to talk to someone from the fabulous land of make believe and I became friends again with people I had always known and liked. It was a valuable and enlightening experience." His feeling of apartness had disappeared.

"Once while I was home," he says, "I drove my sisters over to New Jersey in a studio limousine. They were very quiet, but somehow, on that brief trip, I sensed that they were proud of me. They didn't make it very obvious but I could feel that it was there. It was the same with my dad. Mother let me see something that he usually carried about in his billfold. It was a clipping, with pictures of me. I took it to my room that night when I went to bed.

"In the morning it was gone and I knew why. Dad had been embarrassed that I had discovered his secret. We just aren't a demonstrative family, I guess."

Now, he knew that it was really true—you can't go home again. Nothing is ever quite the way that it was. The boy who used to run and laugh on the Flatbush streets, playing catch with the other would-be Dodgers, the boy who used to laugh it up with the fellows over Cokes at the corner hangout—that boy was gone forever.

But the past was no longer a burden to him, for now, once more, he was an accepted part of it. That was the important thing. For here were ties and friendships that he never wanted to break—and memories that he never wanted to forget.

Memories of school that, for all the fun he had, are filled with regret. "I never was a very good student," he says. "Now I regret that—as most people do after they begin to grow up, I suppose."

But John *wants* to remember—because it is a reminder of the improvement he is determined to make in that direction. Had he not become an actor, John might have become a physio-therapist. He was interested in physio-therapy, particularly as it applies to children. But since his future took a different turn, he now says, "I'd like to take a course in writing. I don't think I have any great native ability in it, but it would help me in many ways." He smiles and adds, "I can use a lot of help."

John isn't a glib talker. Long silences fall between his sentences. His lips tighten and he shakes his head mutely, as though discarding an idea or seeking a better way to express what is in his mind.

Many of his own values have undergone a change since he came to Hollywood. He no longer cares to impress people by any outward and visible show of his own increasing importance—such as expensive cars. A jalopy would suit him just as well as a Cadillac or Lincoln Continental. The impeccably tailored suits he wears fit his well set-up frame as if he had been poured into them, yet he gives the distinct feeling that he is not trying to impress any one.

All this is in sharp contrast to his initial attitude when he came to Hollywood. Then his unfolding career gave him an opportunity to assert his "apartness" by outward manifestations such as exaggerated casual dress, and indulging in personal idiosyncracies. Now he looks upon his rapidly developing stature as an actor as a means of rapprochement with people in all walks of life.

This attitude is aptly illustrated by his reactions during the filming of an early picture. The director, a forthright man of great experience, who demanded instant obedience to his interpretation of a role, found Saxon difficult to work with and was not slow in disciplining him. The young actor, on the other hand wanted to think a bit of business through before committing himself with a definite statement of fact. Naturally they clashed and both were enormously relieved when the picture was finished.

Recently, however, they worked together again and the director was startled over the change which had taken place in Saxon's attitude. "The youngster was

completely different," he said. "His responses to direction were quick and exceptionally intelligent. He is undoubtedly a young man with a brilliant future."

Yet, even though he has adjusted so well to the present and the future, the past will always haunt John Saxon. And particularly, the bittersweet memories of first love—and second, and third, for there are three girls his heart remembers.

"There were only a few girls I was really interested in," he says. With a rueful smile, he admits, "Of the three I liked best, one suddenly married another guy, one became engaged, and another showed quite definitely she was no longer interested."

Changing the subject, he brightens, and says, "I'd like to show you a picture of my favorite girl."

He reaches into a coat pocket and brings forth a small likeness of a young teenager, whose wide-spaced eyes beneath a tranquil brow, high cheekbones and lips curved in beauty give instant promise of maturing loveliness. "That's Delores, my sister," John says, his voice soft with gentle affection. "I think she might be a fine actress some day; of course, she's only a child now. I hope no talent scout discovers her until she's at least eighteen. I don't want her to be hurt, ever, and you know how cruel this town can be to kids."

The kind of girl that John likes and may, sometime marry, need not be in the profession. Indeed, he thinks it might be better if she isn't. He frankly admits that he couldn't get along with a girl whose tastes are a carbon copy of his. Like many another actor, he feels that temperaments of a man and a woman engaged in the same activity are almost certain to come into eventual conflict. "She needn't be a ravishing beauty," he says, "but I'm pretty sure I'd want her to have a life of her own—writing, music, anything that would present a great challenge."

Saxon emphasizes that word—challenge. Women, he is convinced, are just as talented and intelligent as men and are entitled to the expression of their own individualities. He insists that such wives are a constant spur to their husbands. Disagreements, he says, are a necessary ingredient in successful marriages. "It'd be pretty dreary," he says, "if the wife meekly agreed with everything her husband said or believed, or did."

Now twenty-two and headed for the top, with three stellar roles coming up in U-I's "Summer Love," "This Happy Feeling" and "The Wonderful Years," there appears to be nothing that Johnny can't do before the cameras. He is looking now for a story that hasn't been done. This, it would appear, is a pretty soaring ambition, when some hundreds of other actors in Hollywood and New York are burning their eyes out reading scripts which miraculously might have that illusive quality. Saxon, however, is not one to be daunted by obstacles.

He has moved into that select coterie of young actors who are never bored with their own company. He reads omnivorously, preferring books of philosophical and psychological content, and avoids night clubs and pretentious parties as he would a plague and lives alone in a small Hollywood apartment. No recluse, he knows a pretty girl when he sees one. He goes out with them fairly often and has the good sense not to discuss Freud or Marcel Proust when moonlight silvers a long beach where the breakers roll in off the Pacific.

John Saxon is a young man who knows precisely where he is going. And perhaps that is because he will never forget where he came from. THE END

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

Publisher's Classified Department (Trademark)

For classified advertising rates, write to William R. Stewart, 9 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6 (Wom's, Apr.) 1958

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

SEW FOR BIG Money! Prepare for good paying job or home sewing assignments. Earn to $100 weekly. Latest factory secrets, methods. Placement Service. Free information. Write Hollywood Garment Trades School, 5880-PW4 Hollywood Blvd., Holywood 28, Calif.

$500 FOR YOUR Child's Picture paid by advertisers. Send one small photo (All ages). Returned, Print child's parents' name, address on back. Spotlite, 8346-P4 Beverly, Hollywood, California.

$100 TO $1000 For Your Child's Photo, all ages, if used for advertising. Send photo for approval. Returned promptly. Free Gifts. National Photo, Box 3035-P8, North Hollywood, Calif.

$500 FOR YOUR child's photo, if used for advertising. Send photo for approval. Returned promptly. Advertisers, 6000-YQ Sunset, Hollywood 28, California.

DRESSES 24c; SHOES 39c; Men's suits $4.95; trousers $1.20. Better used clothing. Free Catalog. Transworld 164-A Christopher, Brooklyn 12, New York.

MAKE MONEY AT home assembling our items No. tools. Experience Unnecessary. Lee Manufacturing, 8507-W 3rd, Los Angeles 48, California.

HOMEWORKERS; ASSEMBLE HANDLACED Precut moccasins and handbags. Good earnings. California Handicrafts, Los Angeles 46-B, California.

$200 MONTHLY POSSIBLE, Sewing Babywear! No house selling! Send stamped, addressed envelope. "Cuties," Warsaw 1, Indiana.

LASH-KOTE MAKES Lashes look longer. Waterproof, Smudgeproof. Send 50c for Economy Size. Vogue Cosmetic Products, Los Angeles, California.

HOMEWORKERS WANTED! GUARANTEED Pay! No Selling! Everything Furnished! National, Box 88A, Boston 22, Massachusetts.

$200 MONTHLY REPORTED, preparing envelopes. Revealing method, 25c! Economy, Box 2580-L, Greensboro, N.C.

SEW? SAVE 50% with Pre-cut Wearing Apparel. Discount Sewing Supplies. Catalog free. Readikuts, Loganville, Wis.

$75.00 WEEKLY POSSIBLE preparing mail, (details 10c). Novelty, Box 78247-A, Los Angeles 16, California.

WIVES—INCREASE YOUR family income sewing babywear for stores. Write Tiny-Tot, Gallipolis 19, Ohio.

SEW OUR READY cut aprons at home, spare time, Easy, profitable. Hanky Aprons, Caldwell 3, Ark.

EARN SPARETIME CASH Mailing Advertising Literature. Glenway, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

MAKE MONEY SEWING draperies. Beautify home too! Complete instructions, materials. Fabricraft, Box 86, Cleveland 21, Ohio.

WIDE SHOES—FREE Catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. WM, 733 South Street, Philadelphia 47, Pennsylvania.

MAKE MONEY CLIPPING Newspaper Items For Publishers! Newscraft, PW-983-E. Main, Columbus 5, Ohio.

EARN SEWING PRE-Cut ties. Write Jud San, Box 2107, Cleveland 8, Ohio, Dept. 15-Q.

MONEY, TYPING—SEWING! Details Free! Edwards, 3912-W, 12th, Des Moines 13, Iowa.

$GOOD PAY, MAKING Flowers. Free Sample. Floral Arts, Sharon 50, Penna.

FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS

HIGH PAYING JOBS, Opportunities, foreign, USA. All trades. Companies pay fare. For information write Dept. 61B National Employment Information, 1020 Broad, Newark, New Jersey.

AMERICAN OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Men, Women. Transportation Paid. Free Information. Transworld, Dept. IB, 200 West 34th St., New York 1.

STAMP COLLECTING

TERRIFIC STAMP BARGAIN! Israel—Iceland—Vatican Assortment—Plus Exotic Triangle Set—Also Fabulous British Colonial Accumulation—Plus Large Stamp Book—All Four Offers Free—Send 10c To Cover Postage. Empire Stamp Corporation, Dept. PC, Toronto, Canada.

BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

$1 TO $20 Checks Daily! Write simple sentences, paragraphs, poetry for pay! No experience necessary. I tell you What To Write—How To Write—Supply large list of Buying Editors. Begin Writing For Pay—Today! Will Herman, 1726 W. 25th St., Cleveland 13, Ohio.

$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE assembling pump lamps Spare Time. Simple, Easy. No canvassing. Write: Ougor, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

MAKE MONEY PREPARING envelopes! Literature explaining free. Cove, Box 2580-D Greensboro, North Carolina.

MAKE BIG MONEY invisibly mending damaged garments at home. Details Free. Fabricon, 6240 Broadway, Chicago 40.

EARN EXTRA CASH! Prepare Advertising Postcards. Langdons, Box 41107PW, Los Angeles 41, California.

$35 WEEKLY PREPARING envelopes. Instructions $1. Refundable. Adservice. Spring Valley 151, New York.

MAKE YOUR TELEPHONE Earn Money. Send $1.00. Goldie, 634 15th Street, Oakland 12, California.

TELEPHONE AND PERSONAL Interviewing. Marketing Research, Box 67, Glens Falls, New York.

MAKE YOUR TYPEWRITER Earn Money. Send $1.00. Hughes, 7004A Diversey, Chicago. 35

EXTRA MONEY PREPARING, Mailing Literature. Tom, 1305A N. Western, Chicago 22.

OLD COINS AND MONEY

$4,000.00 FOR 1913 Liberty Head Nickel. Uncirculated Dollars 1804—1839, 1893-S, 1895-P, 1903-O pay $100.00—$5,000.00. Certain Dates—Lincoln Cents before 1932—$100.00; Flying Eagle Cents—$500.00; Indian Cents—$140.00; Dimes before 1943—$2,000.00; Quarters before 1924—$1,000.00; Half Dollars before 1905—$1,000.00; 2c Pieces—$100.00; 3c Pieces—$130.00; Halfdimes—$500.00. Hundreds of others worth $10.00—$1,000.00. Canadian Coins—1921—5c Silver—$100.00. 1875 Quarters—$75.00. 1921—50c—$500.00. Wanted—20c Pieces, Gold Coins, Paper Money, etc. Our Large Illustrated Guarantee Buying—Selling Catalogue, Giving Complete Allcoin Information—send $1.00. Purchase Catalogue before sending coins. Worthycoin Corporation, K-475-C, Boston 8, Massachusetts.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 61-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X474, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL at home, spare time. No classes. Diploma awarded. Write for Free catalog. Wayne School, Catalog HCH-53, 2527 Sheffield, Chicago 14.

FREE! "TALENT TEST" Learn Acting at home: TV, Radio, Movies! Hollywood Royal Academy, 30-D, 5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. Southern States Academy, Station E-1, Atlanta, Georgia.

AGENTS & HELP WANTED

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS—TO $5.00 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood, For free samples, details, write Studio Girl, Dept. 1684C Glendale, California.

EARN EXTRA MONEY selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. WP-48, Chicago 32, Illinois.

60% PROFIT COSMETICS $25 day up. Hire others. Samples, details. Studio Girl-Hollywood, Glendale, Calif., Dept. 1684H.

LOANS BY MAIL

PAY YOUR BILLS Now. Borrow $100 to $600 Cash by mail. Easy, quick, private. Repay in small monthly installments over 20 months. Your payments may run ½ less than now; have money left over to spend. Loan Order Blank mailed Free in plain envelope. Advise amount needed. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. D-69, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

BORROW $50 TO $500. Employed men and women over 25, eligible. Confidential—no co-signers—no inquiries of employers or friends. Up to 2 years to repay—monthly payments. Supervised by State of Nebraska. Loan application sent free in plain envelope. Give occupation. American Loan Plan, City National Bank, Dept. WD-4 Omaha, Nebraska.

$500 FOR YOUR Child's Photo

Thousands spent yearly by advertisers for children's photos for magazine ads, calendars, etc. Hundreds selected monthly. Up to $500 paid. Ages 2 mos. to 20 yrs. Rush ONE small photo for approval. Print child's and mother's name, address on back. Returned 2 weeks with judges' report. NO OBLIGATION. (Est. 1946)

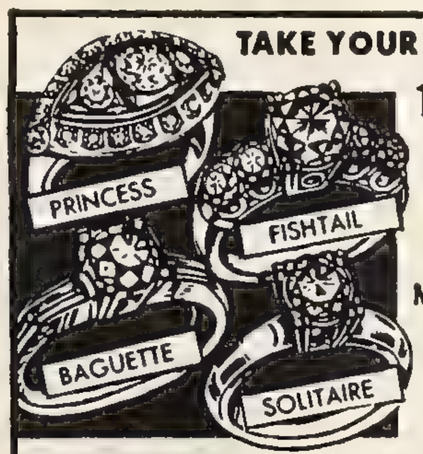
HOLLYWOOD SPOTLITE, Dept. A4
8344 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

CORNS

Removed by Mosco, also Calluses. Quick, easy, economical. Just rub on. Jars, 35¢, 60¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

MOSCO ★CORN★ REMOVER

TAKE YOUR CHOICE-GENUINE



1-CARAT ZIRCONS $2.97

SET IN 1/30th
14 K. YELLOW GOLD
Not Plated
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
2 carat size, $2 extra
3 carat size, $4 extra

They look like they cost a fortune; look like real diamonds. Newest, modern styles. Same rings in sterling, no extra cost. Orders mailed same day received. Matching wedding bands, $1.95 each. Send no money. Pay postman plus 10% Fed. Tax and postage. Include payment with order and save postage and C.O.D. fee. No C.O.D. to Canada.

Men's or ladies' Birth Stone rings, $2.97. Men's initial or Masonic rings, $3.95. Ladies' cultured pearl rings, $2.97.

S & K ZIRCON COMPANY
Dept. -TA- 3447 Cottage Ave., Baltimore 15, Md.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use **DERMOIL**

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

TRY IT YOURSELF no matter how long you have suffered. Write for FREE book on Psoriasis and DERMOIL. **Send 10c** for trial bottle to make our "One Spot Test".

Send for GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

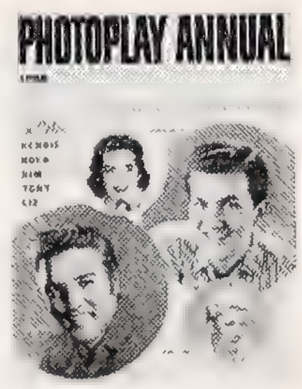
Don't be embarrassed with Psoriasis, the ugly, scaly skin disease. TRY DERMOIL. Amazing results reported by many grateful users for 24 years. With DERMOIL it is possible that ugly scaly patches on body or scalp may be gradually removed and the annoying itching relieved, while the skin becomes pliable and soft as the redness is reduced. Many doctors use the non-staining Dermoil formula. Must give definite benefit or money back. Sold by leading Drug stores.

Write today LAKE LABORATORIES, Dept. 4204
Box 3925, Strathmoor Station, Detroit 27, Mich.

Cheer up...

IT'S HERE

No more worries—the gorgeous new 1958 PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL is here! And it's the best yet! Here's a treasure-mine of information about the stars . . . a real Who's Who in Hollywood. This colorful and glamorous yearbook is **the** book-of-the-year, as far as Hollywood is concerned. Here you will find everything about everybody who is anybody in Hollywood. This sensational yearbook sells out as soon as it is put on sale. Don't lose out—get your copy today. Here is what you get in this great yearbook:



HOLLYWOOD MADE NEWS—20 exciting pages in pictures and text, covering the month-by-month weddings—separations—divorces—births—awards—scoops.

PERSONALITIES OF THE YEAR—Stunning pictures and stories of Natalie Wood • Tony Perkins • Debbie Reynolds • Elizabeth Taylor • Kim Novak • Rock Hudson • Jayne Mansfield • John Saxon • Sophia Loren • Anthony Franciosa • Yul Brynner • Jeff Chandler • Audie Murphy • Paul Newman.

SINGERS OF THE YEAR—Elvis Presley • Pat Boone • Sal Mineo • Tommy Sands • Frank Sinatra • Tab Hunter.

ALL-TIME FAVORITES—Kirk Douglas • William Holden • Deborah Kerr • Cary Grant • Burt Lancaster • Gregory Peck • Jeanne Crain • Robert Mitchum • Jennifer Jones • Alan Ladd • Esther Williams • John Wayne • June Allyson • Gene Kelly.

PHOTOPLAY PORTRAIT GALLERY—Beautiful full-page pictures, plus thumbnail sketches of Joan Collins • Richard Egan • Montgomery Clift • Terry Moore • Marilyn Monroe • Robert Wagner • Marlon Brando • Ava Gardner.

HAPPILY MARRIEDS—Heart-warming pictures and text about Pier Angeli and Vic Damone • Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont • Ann Blyth and Dr. James McNulty • Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell • Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis • Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer • Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean • Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron • Guy Madison and Sheila Connolly • Doris Day and Marty Melcher • Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger • Charlton Heston and Lydia Clarke.

STILL ONLY 50c WHILE THEY LAST

This exciting yearbook is always a sell-out. Get your copy at your favorite magazine counter now. Or, if more convenient, mail coupon, with 50¢, TODAY.

PHOTOPLAY **Dept. WG-458**
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1958. I enclose 50c.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....**State**.....

GO AFTER THE BOY

Continued from page 50

attraction to him is one-sided.

When my friendship with Tab Hunter began, it's true that he was the one to speak up. Our first date sprang from a casual remark of his: "It would be nice if you could come up and learn horseback riding."

But if he hadn't said this I probably would have told him, "Gee, it would be nice if you'd teach me to ride." I found Tab so interesting and so unusual that I felt instantly I would like to know him. Even though I didn't begin our friendship, I've since often phoned Tab. "Why don't you come over early—after breakfast—and we'll drive to the stables together?" Sometimes he asks me; sometimes I ask him. I don't sit waiting (and maybe praying) for him to get the same idea as mine. I tell him. I think a boy is more relaxed in a relationship like this and more fun to be with.

At the start, I've often had to be more decisive. There are so many nice boys I know now because I took the trouble to go after them—Barry Coe, as a charming example. Although we're not about to run off and get married, I am fond of Barry. But we might still be strangers if I hadn't taken the first step. Two steps, in fact. To begin with, my studio had invited me to bring a date to a party honoring Doris Day's picture "The Pajama Game," at the Cocoanut Grove. This automatically put on me the responsibility of finding an escort. So I asked my agent, Dick Clayton, if he knew someone nice who could take me. He came up with Barry Coe.

This was a blind date, but just in a limited sense. I felt I could rely on Dick's judgment to suggest a boy I'd have a good chance of getting along with. Then, although I'd never met Barry, all I'd heard about him had been complimentary and had come from people whose opinions I valued. Chiefly, I knew that Barry and my former husband, Russ Tamblyn, had been working together on "Peyton Place" at 20th Century-Fox, that they were close friends and that Russ thought the world of him. Actually, I'm quite reluctant to date someone I know nothing about. Well, Barry and I got along beautifully. After the party at the Grove, we went to a lovely Hawaiian restaurant, The Traders. We discovered that we had not only mutual friends, but many mutual interests, and as the evening progressed I definitely felt I'd like to see him again. What I did was really spontaneous reaction, without any planning.

We happened to suddenly talk about skiing. I got caught up in our enthusiasm and blurted out, "Gee, let's go skiing together some time."

"That would be great!" Barry agreed.

I didn't feel I was being pushy. Barry didn't, either. Without putting it in words, we knew we liked one another. And my suggestion that we go skiing together kind of eliminated the awkward hemming-and-hawing that so many promising friendships bog down under. Barry knew I would like to see him again. He didn't have to stutter around when we said good night, and mumble, "Gee, maybe we should go out again. Do you think . . . Do you think I could maybe have your phone number?" I'm sure this must be painful to a boy. I know the thought of forcing a boy to go through such agony is painful to me.

I think it's necessary for a girl to realize that boys aren't our enemies. A boy can be a girl's best friend.

Gee, I like men! And I don't mean in just the one way you might think at first. Most girls think of boys only as boyfriends. They don't think boys can be good friends. Heavens, if a girl thinks about a boy as just a friend, and not something to be afraid of or embarrassed with—then everything will be lots easier.

A lot of girls get all tense the moment they meet a new boy. "I hope he likes the way I look!" they cry nervously. "I hope he likes what I'm wearing! I don't know what I'm going to say."

If only they knew the best way is to be natural. And the most natural thing in the world is to go right ahead and be honest with a boy you like.

Of course, first you have to be completely honest with yourself, about the way you feel. Never go against your conscience or against your standards of good taste. For instance, I certainly wouldn't advise a girl to make the overtures if she feels anything stronger than friendship for a boy. If you're madly in love with him, it could make you aggressive to the point of being possessive, and the boy would back off fast.

Then, too, you have to choose your targets with some care. While one boy might think you were being forward, another would genuinely appreciate your outgoing attitude. Too, it isn't wise to be hasty about summing up a boy.

My friendship with Sean Garrison, a fellow actor at Warners, is a perfect case in point. One day in the studio Green Room, Dick Clayton introduced me to a nice-looking boy with amazing blue eyes and blond hair. I was to do a scene with him in a television picture. Later Dick said, "You're really going to like this guy."

Sean seemed pleasant enough then, but no bells went off, and I didn't pay much attention to Dick's prophecy. Several days later, when I did the TV film with Sean, there were long intervals between takes, and I had time to discover that he was a very interesting person. He seemed extremely complex for someone so young. Sean's only twenty-one, yet he's been all over the world. He's taken all sorts of jobs to see what they're like and to get the feeling of how various people live.

I found his background fascinating, but what really intrigued me was his wonderful talk, mostly about psychology. Before we realized it, three hours had gone by! I was so excited. It was wonderful to meet a boy with such a fine mind and deep interests.

When the day's shooting was over, I had so many things to talk about I didn't want this friendship to end, but it was obvious that for some reason Sean was reluctant to suggest that we get together again. There was nothing for me to do but be honest.

I was perfectly frank with him. "I think you're awfully interesting, Sean. We have a lot in common. It would be fun if we got together and had another talk. Why don't you give me your phone number, and let me call you? I'm practically never home."

Far from thinking me brazen, Sean was relieved.

"I wanted to ask you, Venetia," he smiled, "but I thought you went out only with Tab."

Since then Sean and I have become fine friends, as I knew we could. I helped him fix his new apartment, and we've had many other stimulating conversations. It's really a thrill to find out, as you talk with someone, that he feels the same about things as you do. Sean thinks a lot the way Dennis Hopper does. I know I've

talked from six p.m. to six a.m. with Dennis, and I've had wonderful conversations with Sean almost as long.

I certainly see no reason why a girl shouldn't act as if she's alive and has thoughts and enthusiasms of her own. If she doesn't let them show, she is just handicapping herself.

More than once, I confess, I've had to break the ice with men who told me later, "Gosh, you looked so cold!" I'm certain that when I seem cold I am merely reverting to bashfulness, an old weakness of mine. But when I meet someone I really like, I just don't care, and I become so interested in cultivating his friendship that my shyness disappears. At a party, if you find someone else who appears shy, it's nice to walk up and start a conversation. He'll be thankful that someone's interested in him. I know this because I've felt the same way, especially when I first began going to Hollywood parties.

Frequently you can miss out on a date you want because a boy assumes someone else must have invited you, and he's too shy to ask. When I got two tickets to the premiere of "Sayonara," I wanted to go with Will Hutchins. So I called him. Later I found out that he hadn't asked me first only because he took it for granted that I was going with someone else. We both might have missed out on a fun evening waiting for each other to make the first move.

Will and I got acquainted when I played opposite him in one of his Sugarfoot TV films at Warners. I liked his droll sense of humor, his warm personality and his modesty. The second night after work, we both were famished, so I suggested, "Come on, I'll buy you a hamburger!" It was nothing contrived. The words just came out.

In deference to Will's masculine pride, I compromised and agreed to go Dutch. After the burgers were long gone, we still were in the midst of animated conversation. When the evening was over, I said, "Gee, Will, this is fun. Let's do it again."

So we did. We went out every night during the six days' shooting of the picture. Usually we drove to Musso Frank's in Hollywood, studied our scripts, ate and had the grandest time talking.

A date doesn't have to be formal and fancy to be fun. In many cases a boy may think he'd have to put out a lot of money to entertain a girl, so for that reason he doesn't ask her for a date.

There are ways of letting a man know you're not an expensive date without humiliating him. In my circle of friends, there are many young actors who make very little money—less than boys with steady incomes as unskilled workmen. I have one friend who makes less than I do, and I often call him up and say, "Why don't you come over to my place and have dinner?" I never mention money. It would be terribly crude to say to a boy, "If you have enough money, let's go out." It's more a matter of thoughtfulness than subtlety. I never suggest an evening at home as a way of saving money, just as a way of having a nice time. And it invariably is. I love to cook dinner, then watch TV—and talk, of course.

I thoroughly enjoy taking long walks, too, or going to Griffith Park, or to the amusement pier at Ocean Park. In fact, I wear blue jeans on many of my dates, and we have fun walking down Sunset Boulevard in front of Mocambo's and La Rue's, rubbing elbows with all the people in evening clothes. Wil Wright's ice cream parlor is next to La Rue's, and we love to go in there and study the people coming out of La Rue's. The boy can relax and

gives before-and-after skin care

Penetrates instantly to soothe chapped hands—smooth rough, dry arms and legs. Protects skin against biting weather, harsh soaps. Never sticky, never comes off on clothes. So effective, you and your family use only half as much.

4 oz. 49¢ 8 oz. 89¢ Plus Tax

"WHEN I SAW MY HUSBAND CRY!"

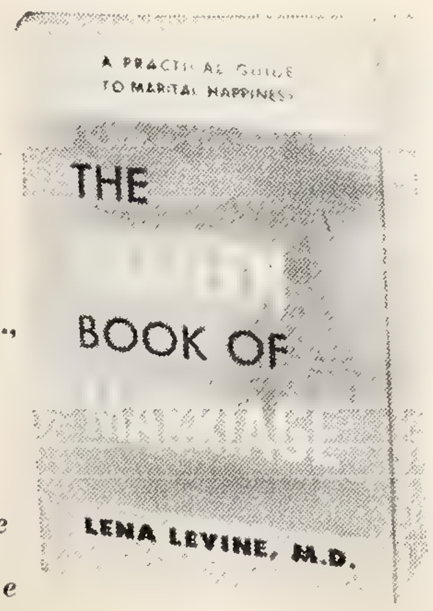
There arose in her a feeling of extreme helplessness. She was faced with something that she could not understand—and yet MUST if happiness was to last. His crying—it was real, and it wasn't real. To see a strong man cry—burdened by a distress that she felt she could not relieve.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

OR MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

FOR THE PRIVATE LIBRARY OF EVERY WIFE

The Modern Book of Marriage, *by Lena Levine, M.D., is a book you will read and reread—a book that you will refer to when you want to find tranquility and peace of mind—a book you will want to share with your husband.*



Bartholomew House, Dept. WG458
205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of THE MODERN BOOK OF MARRIAGE.

I enclose ☐ $1.00 paperbound.
☐ $2.50 hardbound.

NAME .....
(Please Print)

STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE.....

SHE JUST HAD A BABY AND IS PROUD OF HER BODY SKIN

MOTHERS FRIEND® helped relieve the drawing and drying of pregnancy

Wonderful—how MOTHERS FRIEND quickly relieves that dry, tight-skin feeling all during pregnancy! Wonderful, too—how it helps keep body skin smooth, firm yet elastic all through the waiting months. A daily body massage tones the skin, conditions it—so that after your baby comes, you can be proud of your body skin. What's more, MOTHERS FRIEND relieves those nagging back and leg pains of pregnancy. A real friend to expectant mothers . . . has been to millions!

Massage with it daily, as soon as your figure starts to change. Available at drug stores everywhere.

S.S.S. COMPANY
Atlanta, Georgia

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME!

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time training covers big choice of subjects. Friendly instructors; standard texts. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE catalog

WAYNE SCHOOL Catalog HH-57
2527 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois

SEW FOR BIG MONEY!

Earn up to $100 weekly as Sewing Machine Operator at Home or in Garment Industry. No experience necessary. Age no handicap. Train at home in spare time. Learn professional sewing, factory secrets and short cuts — earn while learning. Graduate Placement Service. For FREE valuable book, full information, write **HOLLYWOOD GARMENT TRADES SCHOOL, 5880-TS4 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.**

THESE HORRID AGE SPOTS*

FADE THEM OUT

*Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with new ESOTERICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, makes hands look white and young again. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Not a cover-up. Acts in the skin—not on it. Fragrant, greaseless, lubricates skin as it clears up blemishes.

SEND NO MONEY—7 DAY TRIAL TEST

Send name and address. Pay only $2.00 on arrival plus C.O.D. and tax. Results guaranteed. Or save. Send $2.20 (tax incl.) we pay postage. Same guarantee. **FREE OFFER** with your order—for limited time only! 5-day trial size NATURE'S SECRET—amazing new $5 per ounce treatment for dry skin. Contains new Mink oil!

MITCHUM COMPANY Dept. 10-C PARIS, TENN.

have fun, without worrying all the time about whether he can pay the check, or if he can, what he'll have to do without for the rest of the month to make up for it.

Being a teenager myself, I know what a frustrating problem it can be not to have a date when you want one. In high school, girls get together and say, "Gee, I wish he'd ask me to the dance." They never think that if *they* asked, the boys would be only too glad to go. Many girls wait all week to be invited and when the day of the dance comes, they have no dates. Any advice I offer is naturally based on my own experience and my own thinking, but here are a few general pointers that may be useful to teenage girls:

First of all, if you feel the impulse to go after a boy you like, be casual and offhanded about it. Otherwise, he might think you are calculating, and men don't like calculating women. Young men especially are simply frightened of women, more than they like to admit. You can't behave like Vampira, because if a boy thinks he's being trapped, he'll break away.

So be casual—but not blunt. I wouldn't suggest that you go directly up to a boy and say, "Let's go to a movie." That would scare the wits out of him, even though he wanted to go. Suggesting a date with just the two of you to start with may sound too aggressive, especially if the boy is bashful or very young.

A better idea would be to have a party and ask him to come, or to ask him on a double date. Or it would be easy to say, "A bunch of us are going to the dance. Why don't you come along? Later we'll have popcorn at my house." That way it's a friendly, natural thing. If you do this, and the boy likes you as much as you like him, you probably won't have to take the initiative next time.

After first inviting a boy to a group date, you might next suggest that just the two of you go out. If he doesn't seem interested, that's the time to bow out, because then you know he doesn't care to be with you as much as you may like to be with him. To continue going after a boy under those circumstances brings embarrassment or even heartbreak.

There's only one safeguard I know of and it's the one I use. I go after a boy I like—but first I have to be convinced that he likes me, too. So far, I've had no regrets.

THE END

. . . TO THINE OWN SELF

Continued from page 70

young man, who was obviously trying so hard. Perhaps they sensed the desperation behind his worried eyes.

By the end of the cruise, he was one of the best waiters aboard.

Today, that crisis aboard the U.S.S. President Cleveland is far behind Anthony Franciosa. So are the troubles that preceded it—and the troubles that followed it. Today, he is regarded as one of the most valuable and gifted actors to appear in many a year. At the beginning of 1957, his price per picture was $40,000. By the time he made "The Long, Hot Summer" for 20th Century-Fox, that price had doubled to $80,000. For the next—"Goya," the life of the great Spanish painter, to be filmed in Spain with Ava Gardner—it takes another big jump over the $100,000 mark.

But for Tony, the past is not behind him. He has not forgotten. He cannot forget. He has no regrets, although he has suffered much—and still suffers—from it. Because he knows that, for him, it could not have been different.

When Tony renounced his triumph aboard the Cleveland to return to his efforts to become an actor—and all the pain, misery and hardship that went with it—he had reached the final turning point in his life. When he left the comforts and love that abounded in the Franciosa flat on 116th Street, he had no conception of the hard row he would have to hoe. He learned that to be without comfort and security can be a dreadful state. But now that he had regained a measure of that comfort and security on his own, he knew that it was not enough.

Lurid recitals of Tony's misadventures tend to picture him as a ne'er-do-well and a drifter. This is not true. "Tony was always a good worker," his mother says. "And he was a good son. He would always bring home his pay envelopes unopened, and turn them over to me. And though I always gave him some money for himself, he never asked for it." And his bosses—including those on the Cleveland—thought highly of him.

No, it was not lack of the will to work that caused Tony's wanderings. Rather, it was a search—a search that began when he was eighteen, with a small advertisement in an obscure newssheet known only to New York theater people, called "Actors' Cues."

It was an advertisement of a dramatic coach, Joseph Geiger. "It was pure chance," says Tony. "I just picked his name out at random, called him up, and went to see him."

Just before that, Tony had made his first acquaintance with the stage—he'd never seen a play—when he was talked into taking a lead in a YWCA production of two plays, Noel Coward's "Brief Encounter," and a one-act play by Shaw—when he had gone there to learn the mambo.

"I didn't really have any desire to act," Tony explains. "I went to Mr. Geiger out of simple curiosity, nothing more."

Mr. Geiger looked at the big, gangly lad—he'd shot up to six feet without his weight catching up—listened to the account of his sole acting experience, and politely turned him down. "Try me for two weeks," Tony pleaded. "If I'm no good, I'll get out."

So began a relationship that Tony calls, "a tremendous influence on my life." And there is real reverence in his voice as he says, "He opened up a whole new world for me—the world of the theater. Not so much the world of the theater per se, but an artistic world which I had never been aware of, had never thought of, had never had any consciousness of at all. He was very influential on me insofar as he was very idealistic, not only about the theater, but all art. He had such enthusiasm, like a child with a toy, yet he was a very mature man, an old man actually. He loved art with a deep, deep passion, and I think he infused that love he had into me. I remember I was only supposed to have two one-hour sessions with him a week, but I would sit for hours after, just listening to him. He opened up the world of books to me, told me what to read. I'll never forget him."

Mr. Geiger did not live to see the spark he ignited fired into a great career. But from that time, for Tony, that flame would never go out. He had found himself.

He knew, then, that the happy, carefree days of his boyhood on 116th Street were at an end. Yet they are, and always will be, a cherished part of him, and he speaks of them with wistful nostalgia. "It's a wonderful place, that block," he says. "I've never been happier anywhere." He still goes back for Sunday dinners with his mother, and likes to look up his old pals. He is filled with memories of the happy times spent in the seven-room flat where he lived with his mother, Jean, his Aunt Elsie and Uncle Fred, and his grandparents. "Every Sunday the place was full of people—and the food! We started in about two o'clock, and got around to the coffee and desserts around six."

His mother, who worked so hard to support herself and her son after Tony's father had left them when he was only a year old, is very close to him. For her, he's providing a fine new home, close enough to the old neighborhood so that she won't miss it.

Of his father, he never speaks, except to say "I don't remember him." And his family and friends, who remember Tony as a whistling, high-spirited lad, feel that, with so many pals and relatives about, he did not particulary miss having a father. Though there must have been times, when he saw his mother's weariness, or when the other boys' fathers took them to ball games, that he knew the difference . . .

But until the day he walked into Joseph Geiger's office, he was a cheerful fellow with the typical Italian capacity for huge enjoyment of life. Dancing, sports, the company of pretty girls—these were all he needed to be supremely happy. "Girls!" his mother laughs. "There were *always* girls. I remember when Tony was still a youngster, I accidentally opened a note that was slipped under the door for him. 'Dear Tony.' it read, 'I love you very much.' It was from a seven-year-old! But he never went steady with any of them—he liked them all!"

The change that came into his life as a result of his acquaintance with Joseph Geiger was profound and complete. For him, this was the same kind of revelation of a meaning for his life as another young man might find in a calling to the priesthood, and he embraced it with the same whole-souled fervor. Gone was Tony from the Saturday night dances and the trips to Orchard Beach. He was holed up in his room, devouring stacks of books on every conceivable subject, and every play he could lay his hands on. He went to the theater alone—not only because he couldn't afford two tickets, but so that he could absorb all that he saw with complete attention.

The time came when he simply could not go on working at a dull job, when heart and soul he belonged to the theater. The break was not without heartache, for his mother disapproved, not wanting to see her son hurt by the hardships and disappointments of an actor's life. But for Tony, there was no choice. It was something he *had* to do.

Today, he looks back on his first year in the off-Broadway theater as "the most productive for myself, and the most exciting period of my being an actor. It was a very constructive and marvelous period, because it was my first contact with a real theater and other actors."

His schooling at the Dramatic Workshop under Irwin Piscator, where he won a scholarship, he remembers as another thrilling experience. Dr. Saul Colin of the Workshop remembers Tony vividly. "We had many students at that time," he says. "But I recall one night when we asked Jose Ferrer, who was then starring in 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' to come to speak to

it's Flame-Glo®

NEW LUSTRE-FLAME LIPSTICK

Popular Flame-Glo now contains a shining new ingredient to glisten your lips . . . make you adorably kissable. Stays on satin-smooth, dewy-fresh until YOU take it off.

NEW SHIMMERING COLORS

JOLLY PINK, *Gladdening Light Pink*
SUNNY PUMPKIN, *Radiant Coral Orange*
PROPOSAL PINK, *Bright Kissable Pink*

only 39¢ in golden swivel case also 15¢ and 29¢ sizes
Slightly higher in Canada

For that Captivating Complexion
It's Flame-Glo® Kissable Look
LIQUID MAKE-UP

5 tantalizing skin tones to choose from. Gives your skin day-long loveliness. Never turns color or streaks. Fortified with rich lanolin. In unbreakable squeeze bottle.
only 39¢

AT POPULAR PRICE COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

$500 FOR YOUR CHILD'S PHOTO

Big Demand for children's photos, ages 1 mo. to 18 yrs. **Cash** payments made if used for advertising. Hundreds selected every month. Send 1 small photo for approval. Print child's & mother's name, address on back. Returned 2 weeks. **No Obligation.**
HOLLYWOOD AD-PHOTOS
6087-HQ Sunset, Hollywood 28, California

DANCING SHOES—COSTUMES

Toe $5.95, Pads & Ribbons $1.00; Ballet $3.29, Tap Shoes With Toe Taps, To Size 3, $4.95. Larger $5.45; Acrobatic $1.39, Crepe Sole $1.95. Send Shoe Size and Foot Outline, Leotards $3.85. Mesh Opera Hose $4.00. Sheer or Mesh Tights $5.00. Hula Skirts $3.25. Send check or M.O. Add 35c For Postage.
BATON—DRUM CORPS SUPPLIES
SKATING SKIRTS—Complete Catalog 25c
QUINCON DANCE SUPPLIES
7 FOSTER ST., Dept. P, QUINCY 69, MASS.

Make This Mollie Parnis Original and be the Best Dressed Girl In Town

Let these famous American Designers help you be the best dressed girl in town—if you can sew:—
Ceil Chapman — Claire McCardell — Tina Leser—Jo Copeland—Philip Mangone — Monte Sano — Herbert Sondheim—Brigance—David Goodstein—Joset Walker—Joseph Halpert—Vera Maxwell —Toni Owen—Fira—Benenson—Harvey Berin —Frank Gallant—Mollie Parnis—Clare Potter.
Patterns of 36 original designs by these famous names are now available.
To see this entire collection **send 50c for our 100-page pattern booklet XI.**

World Wide, Dept. WG-4-58
63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.
Send me 100-page pattern booklet XI. I enclose fifty cents.
NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....
ZONE.... STATE .....

PLAY RIGHT AWAY!
ANY INSTRUMENT
—even if you don't know a single note now!

NOW it's EASY to learn ANY instrument. No boring exercises. Even if you don't know a single note now, we'll have you playing delightful pieces RIGHT AWAY—right from your FIRST lesson! And properly, BY NOTE. Simple as A-B-C. Make amazing progress. No special "talent" needed. Learn at home in spare time, without a teacher. Low cost! 900,000 students including TV Star Lawrence Welk. **FREE BOOK tells how easily you can learn.** Just send this ad, with your name and address filled in below, to: **U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio 204, Port Washington, N.Y.** (No obligation, no salesman will call.)

Name.....
Address.....

Enjoy a wonderful career in
PRACTICAL NURSING

HAVE A CAREER OR EXTRA INCOME

FREE SAMPLE LESSON PAGES show how easily you can qualify for choice of careers as Practical Nurse, Nurse's Aide, Nurse-Companion, Doctor's Office Nurse, Infant Nurse or as Hospital Attendant. Learn at home in your spare time in a few short months. High school education not required. Students accepted up to 65.

Mail Coupon NOW! ...FOR FREE NURSES FOLDER and SAMPLE LESSON PAGES

Post Graduate School of Nursing
9D48 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago 5, Illinois
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

Bladder 'Weakness'

If worried by "Bladder Weakness" (Getting Up Nights or Bed Wetting, too frequent, burning or itching urination) or Strong Smelling, Cloudy Urine, due to common Kidney and Bladder Irritations, try CYSTEX for quick help. 30 years use prove safety for young and old. Ask druggist for CYSTEX under guarantee of money-back if not satisfied. See how fast you improve.

Gray Hair

Brush It Away—Look Years Younger

It's easy with Brownatone. Thousands praise its natural appearing color. Instantly tints dull, faded or gray hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Safe for you and your permanent. Lasting—does not wash out. 75¢ plus tax—at all druggists—or send for free sample bottle. Mailed in plain wrapper. Mention natural color of your hair. Write—Brownatone, Dept. 23, Covington, Kentucky.

BUNIONS

Doctor's New Fast Relief Of Soft Latex Foam

A wonderful new relief for Bunions and Enlarged Joints is here. It's Dr. Scholl's FOAM-EASE Bunion Shield. Made of soft, cushioning Latex Foam. Fits over and around the toe. Stops painful shoe friction, lifts pressure. Flesh color, washable. Men's and women's sizes, Small, Medium, Large. $1.50 each. If not obtainable locally at your Drug, Shoe or Dept. Store, send price with pencil outline of foot to DR. SCHOLL'S Inc., Dept. B-6, Chicago 10, Ill.

GET RID of Dark or Discolored Skin, Freckles, Blotches, Skin Spots!

Famous Mercolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN Lightens, Clears Skin While You Sleep...

Just follow the amazing Mercolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN to a whiter, softer, lovelier skin. Smooth rich, luxurious Mercolized Wax Cream on your face or arms just before retiring each night for one week. You'll begin to see results almost at once . . . dark skin lightens, blotches, spots, freckles disappear as if by magic! This is not a cover up cosmetic; Mercolized Wax Cream works *under* the skin surface. Beautiful women have used this time-tested plan for over 40 years—you'll love its fast, sure, longer lasting results! Mercolized Wax Cream is sold on 100% guarantee or money back. Start using it now!

Banish dark skin and ugly spots almost overnight

MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM
At All Drug and Cosmetic Counters

the students. This boy, Tony Franciosa, sat there fascinated. There was such burning enthusiasm in him. I'll never forget that skinny, shining face."

Later, there was the wonderful experience of working at the famous Actors Studio, where one night Ben Gazzara and Tony were called upon to improvise a scene, playing a dope addict and his brother. There was a burst of applause when they finished, and someone said, "There's a play there!"

All that night, Tony and Ben and their friend, young playwright Michael Vincent Gazzo, walked in Central Park, talking, talking. When dawn broke, the trio, tired but still elated, went to a Greenwich Village coffee shop, where Gazzo wrote down all their ideas. Out of them came "A Hatful of Rain."

Meanwhile, another project was under way—the off-Broadway production of "End As a Man." It was so successful that it was moved to Broadway—and marked the turn of Tony Franciosa's fortunes toward fame.

Yet now, he thinks of his early days with "End As a Man" wistfully. "We weren't thinking of salaries then," he says. "There was no one who had to be paid for rehearsals. It was a labor of love, a labor of knowing, as we were doing it, that we were getting tremendous experience. When you get into the professional world of the theater there are other things to take into consideration, and this could never be done.

"I miss it now. I don't know if those days can ever come back. I suppose it's the feeling a mature business man has in looking back on his college days, to a large degree. Although basically it was a thing that I know I didn't lose sight of, and that is that the main concentration was on acting, whereas now other things are taken into consideration, such as *money* and *career*, which I suppose we do have to take cognizance of, but in those days there was very little thought of that."

He says this with a wry grin, and it is clear that there are certain aspects of his present fame that he does not enjoy. The idea of stardom as such, the glare of the spotlight, goes against the grain. He would much prefer to be left alone to concentrate on his work.

He has been described as very shy and hard to know, but basically he is not.

His smile is warm and friendly, his handclasp firm, his eyes open and direct. He speaks freely and fluently, with an easy command of language, and waxes eloquent on any subject—except Anthony Franciosa. He does not like to talk about himself. Out of courtesy, he will try to answer questions. But when he does so, it is with an effort—not because of shyness, but because he has been too often hurt and misunderstood.

Hesitantly, but with passionate conviction, he says, "I know that I have been depicted as a hot-headed, violent sort of fellow. I have never considered myself that, I don't to this day, and I don't think I ever will. I think I have one unfortunate incident which is not indicative of me at all, but a special circumstance in which I think the meekest man in the world might have reacted as I did."

From the pain that clouds his face, it is clear that he was hurt much more deeply by the unlucky fracas with the photographer, which resulted from his efforts to protect his fiancee, Shelley Winters, than any penalty the law could inflict. What has hurt him most is the unfair distortion he has suffered at the hands of those who have capitalized on his misfortunes for the sake of sensation.

But he holds his head high, without shame. Because in his heart he knows that he has always acted out of honest and sincere conviction. To be true to himself and to his art as an actor—this is all that counts, and it is worth any sacrifice.

To such a person, happiness does not come easily. He thought he had found it when he married Beatrice Bakalyar, a gentle, quiet girl who loved to write poems. But his intense, passionate devotion to acting baffled her. After two years, they realized their marriage was a youthful mistake, separated, and were later divorced.

"They'll never make a go of it," was the verdict when Tony married Shelley Winters. "They're both too tempestuous." What their critics didn't realize was that, let temperament fall where it may, these two people had found a strong bond that would never be broken—a mutual understanding, which was all the more secure because both had been badly buffeted by the callous treatment of others.

They live quietly, in a big apartment on Central Park West. "New York is our home," says Tony. "Shelley grew up in Brooklyn, you know."

Most of their friends are actors, or people connected with acting. "We have the most in common. And we don't feel it limits our outlook or understanding of other people. We both had plenty of contact with people in the outside world in past years," Tony adds.

Shelley likes to cook, and makes a mean dish of spaghetti, her favorite, and, as for Tony, "I still love Italian cooking."

They do a lot of reading. Tony prefers biographies, two favorite subjects of long standing being Thomas Edison and Abraham Lincoln, though lately he's turned to painters, especially Goya, whose life he will play in the film. Shelley's never been able to get him to crack a novel, "though sometimes she describes something from one so vividly that I think she might convert me!"

His face lights up when he talks about Shelley's little daughter, five-year-old Vittoria, who calls herself Tordy, "so we stick with that."

"She's beautiful. Absolutely stunning," Tony raves. "And so bright! She's going to be a real heart-breaker!"

Whenever Shelley or Tony have to be away on business, they carefully explain to Tordy that this is necessary, "so that we can buy you pretty things, and have a nice place to live, and food to eat."

"She must have thought this over for a couple of weeks," says Tony. "Then one day she came to us and said, 'I don't really need so many things,' and gave us a list of all the things she could do without so we'd have more time together."

As he tells it, his face beams with tenderness and pride. In that small corner of his world, bounded in the apartment on Central Park West, Tony Franciosa has warmth and love.

Outside, the world holds a challenge that he is happy and eager to meet. "I want to keep on making movies," he enthuses. "I consider them a very important medium, one of the best there is, a marvelous art to work with. It's a wonderful opportunity to explore.

"Most of all, I want to work in movies that have meaning and importance. What a great influence for good, for better understanding between people, movies can be. To be a part of this—I don't think there is anything more exciting."

And again, on his face, is the glow of the true believer, the man who has found his purpose in life. To hold to it, he has paid, and in painful memories of the past is still paying a high price. But no man could ask for more. THE END

RETURN TO LAUGHTER

Continued from page 59

they didn't want to upset her mother, who, they knew, would be worried about their marrying "on a quarter of a shoestring." But the low points they had—once they were so broke that they spent two nights on the benches of Grand Central Station—only brought them closer.

There were happy times, too. The summers they spent in shows at Tamiment Lodge in Pennsylvania's Pocono mountains, where they first met producer Max Liebman. And, when that meeting led to another, with Sid Caesar when both appeared in Liebman's Admiral Revue in 1949, and the fabulous success of Coca and Caesar followed, Bob Burton was ever at Imogene's side, as he was through the hard year that followed.

Now, suddenly, he was gone—and her mother, too, who had lived with them for the five previous years. Together, they had been a happy trio. Now, almost overnight, Coca's world was empty.

"I don't know what others do in times of great unhappiness," Coca says now. "Each does something different, I suppose. I plunged immediately into preparing an act for a Las Vegas nightclub engagement, an act which required a lot of concentration and hard work."

It required courage. For Coca, it meant terminating a contract with NBC that guaranteed her $100,000 a year for ten years—a million dollars! But Coca is, first and foremost, an artist. She felt that only in truly satisfying work could she find solace for her loss. Before a live audience she felt she could find a challenge and satisfaction she had missed on TV. And in that satisfaction, she knew, was the only solace for her loss.

Bob and her mother would have understood. "In the first place, both my mother and husband were from the theatre. My husband's parents had been theatre people. My father was a musician and theatre orchestra leader. None of them would have understood my doing anything else but going on with my work. I had been a performer since before I was ten.

"I learned to plan alone and to live alone. None of it was easy. I never worked harder than during those years."

At Las Vegas, her triumph was complete. Ironically, she was offered as much to appear there, for one month's work a year, as her NBC contract would have paid. Still, Coca was not content. She turned to the stage as a further challenge—and escape from loneliness.

Then, two years later, in August, 1957, when Coca was starring in a touring company of the stage play "Janus," her whole world changed once more. Wonderfully, although with startling suddenness. Before leaving New York for the summer tour she and Sid Caesar had talked over the telephone one day and he had spoken of their doing a show together again. She said that would make her very happy. The conversation ended on this tentative, almost casual note.

Coca was in Detroit, in a motel adjacent to the suburban community where they were preparing to perform "Janus" in a tent. There was rather frantic rehearsal because it was the first time they were doing the show "in the round" and it had to be re-directed accordingly. The stage manager told her one day that he had been getting calls, asking whether it was true that his star and Sid Caesar were

Now—so easy to be a blonde again!

Actually simpler than setting your hair!

If your hair was born to be blonde—and isn't—or if you're a brownette with blonde ambitions, Light and Bright by Richard Hudnut is for you. It's a home hair-lightener designed to bring out all the hidden gold in your hair . . . make you as blonde as you were born to be.

Light and Bright is so simple and easy to use; simpler, in fact, than setting your hair. No messy mixing. No complicated testing. No worrisome timing. And Light and Bright gives you genuine "color control"!

Light and Bright works so gently, so gradually, you don't have to worry about getting too blonde too fast. Each time you use Light and Bright your hair gets a little lighter, a little brighter. When you reach just the color that's right, you stop.

Light and Bright contains no ammonia. It's formulated with a special built-in conditioner. Wonderful, the way Light and Bright makes you a true, *natural-looking* blonde again . . . with lovely shining-soft hair! And once this gentle home brightener has brought to light your real blondeness that mousey look is gone for keeps. Your new golden look won't wash out, won't fade. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.

Get a bottle today—be a blonde beauty tomorrow. Only $1.50 plus tax for Light and Bright at cosmetic counters.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

FREE ENLARGEMENT *of your Favorite Photo*

THIS PHOTO RECEIVED $100

FROM FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

Just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful 5 x 7 silvertone portrait enlargement of any snapshot, photo or negative. Also be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing for prompt information on having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2. Enclose 10c for handling and mailing each enlargement. Originals returned. We will pay $100.00 for photo selected bi-monthly to be used in our advertising. Act NOW! U.S.A. only.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-473
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

DISCOURAGE
THUMB SUCKING NAIL BITING

THUM TRADE MARK

Just Paint on Fingertips
60c at your drug store

Want to Banish Wrinkles?

'Bye-Line Skin serum can help you do it—also crepy throat! Yes, it's really true. 'Bye-Line must make you look 2 to 10 years younger in 10 days, or YOUR MONEY BACK. Not a peel, mask or temporary cover-up, but a genuine youth restorer. This is no false promise. 'Bye-Line is absolutely safe, even for super-sensitive skin. Simple, speedy, pleasant, and non-greasy oil treatment. Not sold in stores. No C.O.D.'s. Send exactly $1.50 for trial size, air mail in plain wrapper to: Age-Less Cosmetics, Inc., Dept. Z, 54 Albion St., San Francisco, California.

Ugly broken, split nails... BEFORE

made lovely in minutes WITH **Marvel Nails** AFTER

—a new liquid preparation that hardens into long, glamorous finger nails. Now you can change broken, split, bitten nails into strong beautiful nails—stronger than your own nails. STOPS NAIL BITING.

Will not break or crack. Stays on until your own nails grow out. Can be filed, trimmed and beautifully polished. Each nail is made in one minute. *You can do any type work while wearing these nails.* No preparation like it.

MARVEL KIT, 59¢
DELUXE JIFFY KIT, $1.50

(If not available at your favorite store, send 65¢ (or $1.65) to:

MARVEL NAILS, Dept. MW-4
5249 W. Harrison St. Chicago 44, Ill.

MAKE BIG MONEY

- ☐ **Full or Part Time!**
- ☐ **High Commissions!**
- ☐ **No Experience!**
- ☐ **No Age Requirements!**
- ☐ **Free Sales Kit!**
- ☐ **No Investment!**
- ☐ **No Obligation!**

Rush your name and address today for amazing new sales kit. It's absolutely FREE. Gives you startling information. Tells you how to make big money fast and often by helping us take orders for magazine subscriptions. It's easy! No experience needed! Become our personal magazine representative in your community. Free kit works like magic to put dollars into your pocket! You don't invest a penny of your money now or anytime. We supply everything you need free. Act now.

Write to:

Subscription Agents Division
Macfadden Publications
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Corns Lift Right Out!

SUPER-FAST RELIEF

Never before anything like it!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads not only give fast *nerve-deep* relief...ease new or tight shoes—but also remove corns one of the quickest ways known to medical science. Try them!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Are Those Crusts and Scales PSORIASIS?

If they are, use Siroil. For 25 years psoriasis sufferers have learned that Siroil tends to remove those unsightly crusts and scales. If lesions recur, light applications of Siroil help control them. Siroil won't stain clothing or bed linens. Offered on 2-weeks-satisfaction - or - money - refunded basis.

Write for NEW FREE BOOKLET written by REGISTERED PHYSICIAN

NEW BOOKLET answers 30 most-asked questions about psoriasis.

SIROIL

AT ALL DRUG STORES

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. M-91 Santa Monica, Calif.
Please send me your new **FREE** booklet on PSORIASIS.
NAME_____
Please Print
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

teaming up again for TV. It was the first inkling she had that anything was happening.

She didn't know then that a New York writer of entertainment news had got wind of the fact that Sid was beginning to make some plans and had called him at home and sort of surprised an admission from him, although there was still nothing definite to announce. It was enough to send newsmen scouting for more information, from New York to Detroit.

"The stage manager tried to keep reporters away from me while I frantically tried to remember the telephone numbers of Sid or anyone else who could tell me what it was all about. Like most people's in our profession, the numbers are private and unlisted, so I couldn't get any help from the telephone company. Foolishly, I had left my address book at home.

"The day we were to open the show, the press had decided I was holding out on them and that I must have information, and they tried several ruses to get to me. By the next day they were firmly planted on the doorstep of the motel, and I knew I had to tell them something, but they wouldn't believe I didn't know what it was all about."

Fortunately for her peace of mind, Coca got the bright idea of calling her telephone answering service in New York. "I would like people to know how wonderful they were," she says with typical thoughtfulness for others. "It's the service called The Belles, the same girls and the same service that formed the basis of the play 'The Bells Are Ringing,' in which Judy Holliday has made such a hit.

"They were simply marvelous. I said, 'Look, I can't remember anyone's number.' They got to work and soon Hal Janis, our producer, was on the wire, and Sid got through, too."

"All the press is waiting outside my door right now," she said. "What shall I tell them?"

"Tell them what happened," Sid advised.

"They will never believe there isn't more to tell than that. That we talked and simply agreed we wanted to work together again."

That, however, is what she finally told the waiting newsmen. It was the plain truth.

After the initial shock was over, she felt a warm glow. People cared enough about her to be so interested! Coca is a modest woman, some say a very shy one, with no great ego about her own talents, but reporters had come from everywhere. One was a sports writer representing a Canadian newspaper, who had apparently been hurried to the scene by his editor. He had never seen "Show of Shows," had never seen Caesar and Coca. "Now, just what did you two people do?" he asked. She tried to explain that they had worked together on television and had enjoyed it, and apparently some other people had liked it too, but he seemed a little puzzled as he left with the story.

Coca will never forget that week. The excitement kept up, the interviews piled up, and she had so little to say. There was still nothing definite to report. The night the play opened she had found herself halfway up the ramp with no time to make the exit the script called for, due to the fact that rehearsals had been curtailed because the tent had blown down several times. Her exits and entrances at this point were therefore still purely conjectural. So here she was with one of the scene's props, a piece of lingerie, still hanging on her arm and no way of disposing of it.

"Here," she said on the spur of the moment to a man seated on the aisle in the audience. "Please hold this."

"Why?" he asked, startled at having a lady's half-slip dumped into his lap publicly.

"Because I don't have time to do anything with it!" she fired back.

"He was a very nice man and he sent the slip back to me later," she laughs. "There was really nothing else I could do with it at that moment. By the next performance, all these problems were ironed out."

After the week in Detroit, there was a week off before the show played Philadelphia. Coca at last saw Sid in New York. Both said again that they wanted to work together and would make no guest appearances or do anything else until they could. It was a sort of pact between them.

The proposed show "Sid Caesar Invites You," a half-hour on Sunday nights on ABC-TV, was sold so quickly that it was hardly any time at all until they began a series of "talks," which for them take the place of much rehearsing. In the meantime, they broke the ice by appearing together at The Banshees, an important annual function in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria, doing one of their fabulous sketches from the old show. The response was sensational. It renewed Coca's confidence.

"We just sort of slipped into rehearsals for 'Sid Caesar Invites You,' she says. "Otherwise I could have been a little nervous. Mostly we talked. We accepted something, or we didn't accept it. We worked all this out in conversation. The actual rehearsal of any show is always the shortest period for us. The talking is the longest.

Exclusive!

Will Army Service Help or Ruin PRESLEY'S CAREER?

•

HOW FAITH HAS HELPED THE LENNON SISTERS

Plus: **GISELE MacKENZIE**

DICK CLARK • JIMMIE RODGERS

GARRY MOORE • STEVE ALLEN

all in the April TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstands

"Sid is a perfectionist about his work. I don't know what I am, except that I am not easily satisfied with what I do and very seldom feel I have done everything I could with a part. Sometimes I will think, Hey, that was kind of good! Two minutes later I am not so sure. The feeling of being satisfied doesn't last. I want always to be better."

Her hand pulls a little nervously at her bangs as she talks about these intangibles of her profession, the expressive mouth curves downward a little, the black-brown eyes widen with intensity. "You do the best you can," she says. "You hope people will like it."

Her home surroundings now are close to the East River in midtown New York, in a big apartment building. She shares the place with her dogs, one of them a dearly loved poodle, Apricot, which she has had a long time, and with a red Persian cat who is far more handsome and elegant than her name of Gainzer would suggest.

In the entrance hall is a stunning ceramic bas relief of a young girl holding a bouquet, a gift from Sid. Max Liebman, so long their producer, gave her the oil painting of a boy and a lovely small landscape that hangs in the living room. Benay Venuta did a lonely street with the solitary figure of a man walking through it that hangs in the hall.

Bedroom and bath are off to one side, living room, dining area and kitchen to the other, and a long outdoor terrace runs the length of the apartment with doors opening from both living room and bedroom. She wanted a terrace because she likes to have things growing, and the wisteria and the peach tree bloom beautifully in the spring, twelve stories above the gaunt New York street. There is a fine view to the west of a many-windowed skyscraper. At dusk its lighted windows form a tall shaft of brilliance against the darkening city.

A grand piano fills one corner of the living room, a cocoa-colored sofa fills another. Rugs are light beige, the walls are a warmer beige. Some furnishings and glassware that belonged to her grandmother, some treasured possessions from her mother, some of the things from the homes she and her husband shared—all are part of the new setting. All have bittersweet memories; she doesn't evade them.

"There are two ways of thinking about it," she says. "Either you let yourself go when sorrows come, and get it out of your system that way. Or you force yourself to work and you work your way out of depression. I have no means of knowing which is the most therapeutic because I tried only one way.

"I worked. Worked hard. It helped me.

"The reunion of Sid and myself would have meant more to my mother than to anyone else. She was mad about him, knew him to be a sensitive, greatly talented man. Kind, protective of people. Always protective of me. It's the only way I can describe his attitude towards me."

Her philosophy of life as it has evolved up to this point? The things that a lot of living, in and out of the theater, have taught her?

"Yes, I think they could be summed up something like this: Never let anything get you down. Whenever you must go through something that is very difficult, remember that it is also temporary. That there is still work to do."

The day they started what for them is the "formal" rehearsal of their new show, "Sid Caesar Invites You," Sid sent Coca a big bunch of the black-red roses she loves. The card read: "Together we will do it." It was the call to work, to go back a little to old times, and to go forward to the new. THE END

Whether you're 16 or 60 dryness adds unwanted years to your skin!

New Lady Esther Dry Skin Cream, with the natural moisture of lanolin, banishes dryness for pennies a day!

The daily use of new Lady Esther Dry Skin Cream will make that taut, dry feeling disappear in sixty seconds. With penetrating, non-sticky lanolin, moisture-starved skin becomes soft, smooth—looks younger. For only pennies a day, you can forget dry skin worries forever.

39¢ 65¢ 89¢ plus tax
(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

NEW Lady Esther® DRY SKIN CREAM

High School Course at Home
Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.
American School, Dept. H453, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

$ SONGS into DOLLARS!
NEW songwriters, poets share $33 millions yearly. Songs Composed, PUBLISHED, Promoted. Appraisal, info FREE from...
NORDYKE Music Publishers
6000 Sunset, HOLLYWOOD 287, Calif.

AUTHORS: TALENT GOING TO WASTE?
If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your BOOK—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and sell it! Good royalties.
Write for FREE copy of How To Publish Your Book
COMET PRESS BOOKS, Dept. WG-4
200 Varick St., N. Y. 14

Every woman
in America should know the benefits derived from a Marvel Whirling Spray
Free BOOKLET
Marvel whirling spray Syringe for Women 3.50 At Drug Counters Everywhere
MARVEL CO., 1384 East St., New Haven, Conn.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery
Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS
Write 120 words per minute—Age no obstacle—LOWEST COST
Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. No symbols; no machines. Uses ABC's. Easiest to learn. Fast preparation for a better position, sound future.
Used in leading offices and Civil Service. 120 words per minute. 50% FASTER than Civil Service. Over 350,000 taught at home or through classroom instruction. Typing available. 35th Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii.
Write for FREE Booklet to SCHOOL OF
Speedwriting
Dept. 304-8, 55 W. 42nd St., N.Y. 36 ®

by Joanne Kinzie
Blacksburg, Va.
"Thanks to SPEEDWRITING, I learned shorthand in a few short weeks and secured a well-paid secretarial position."

Replacement or Refund of Money — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If Not As Advertised Therein

FAMOUS YEARBOOK
READY NOW

Yes, it's here—the picture-packed Annual that TV and radio set owners await with keen anticipation each year. TV RADIO ANNUAL covers *all* the events . . . *all* the history-making moments . . . *all* the great shows and programs of the year.

If you enjoy watching TV or listening to your radio, you'll simply love TV RADIO ANNUAL. This great yearbook tells you all about your favorite stars—their wives, their children, their hobbies. When you know the inside stories of your favorite stars, you enjoy their performances on TV or radio even more!! Here are just some of the features contained in this exciting yearbook:

NEWS OF THE YEAR—Marriages . . . divorces . . . babies . . . gossip . . . chit-chat about all your favorite entertainers. You'll gasp at some of the inside stories here.

THE YEAR'S NEW SHOWS—Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca • The Big Record (Patti Page) • The Gisele MacKenzie Show • The Frank Sinatra Show • Your Hit Parade (Jill Corey, Virginia Gibson, Alan Copeland, Tommy Leonetti) • The Pat Boone Show • Perry Mason (Raymond Burr, Barbara Hale) • Lassie (Jon Provost) • Shirley Temple's Story Book • The Eve Arden Show • The Walter Winchell File • The Lux Music Hall (Rosemary Clooney) • The Thin Man (Phyllis Kirk, Peter Lawford) • Sally (Joan Caulfield, Marion Lorne) • The George Gobel Show • The Eddie Fisher Show • Wagon Train (Robert Horton, Ward Bond) • Have Gun, Will Travel (Richard Boone) • The Californians (Adam Kennedy, Sean McClory, Nan Leslie) • The Maverick (James Garner) • Restless Gun (John Payne) • Trackdown (Robert Culp) • The Saga of Andy Burnett (Jerome Courtland) • Colt .45 (Wayde Preston) • Sugarfoot (Will Hutchins) • Zorro (Guy Williams, Britt Lomand).

PERSONALITIES OF THE YEAR—Quiz Kid (Mike Wallace) • Teen-Age Idol (Tommy Sands) • Champagne for Everyone (Welk and Co.) • Pretty Polly (Polly Bergen) • Coffee Break (Jimmy Dean) • Fun (Jack Paar) • and Charm (Arlene Francis) • Street Scene (Louis Nye, Don Knotts, Tom Poston) • "Matinee" Idol (John Conte).

PLUS—Pictures and biographies from the most beloved daytime dramas on radio and TV.

ONLY 50¢—WHILE THEY LAST

This wonderful Annual, with hundreds of pictures—some in full color—will sell out as soon as it hits the newsstands. Rush and get your copy today. Or, if more convenient, mail coupon, with 50¢, *now*.

TV RADIO MIRROR **WG-458**
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me TV-RADIO ANNUAL 1958. I enclose 50¢.

Name.....
Please Print

Address.....

City..... **State**.....

OUR WEDDING

Continued from page 61

Barbara Gould, Mary and Richard Sale, and Prudence and Andy Maree, joking and laughing. What a ball! The gin rummy game somebody started, when Bob tried to play to show everybody *he* wasn't nervous—and got soundly trounced because he couldn't keep his eyes off Nat and on the cards. The little kisses he gave her, when they sat side by side, his arm around her shoulder. Gulping coffee and orange juice the next morning at 5:00 a.m., and rushing to get off the train by six, with orange juice moustaches. All the silly, slap-happy jokes about "Mr. and Mrs. Orange Juice Moustache Wagner."

The champagne they opened when they got to the Valley Ho in Scottsdale. Such fun to celebrate so early in the morning, though she had to leave Bob and the others and take a nap because her eyes just wouldn't stay open.

Getting dressed for the wedding! Her lovely, lovely wedding gown, a white chiffon street-length sheath, with a draped front and fitted bodice with imported lace band, embroidered in pearls and rhinestones, and a filmly coif of the same lace with a bolero jacket. She was so excited she could hardly get it on properly, but Connie Nichols, her hairdresser and such a good friend, helped her with the gown and her hair. Her mother beaming at both her daughters, as she fussed over Lana Lisa—who looked like a doll. Barbara, being calm through it all.

She almost cried when she opened the little package that came from Bob—a small, heart-shaped diamond pendant, with a note: "I'm lonely. What are you doing at one o'clock?" How sweet! Then she smiled, wrote on the back of the note, "Nothing. How about getting married?"—and sent it back with her gift for him, a small, heart-shaped diamond tie tack. Neither of them had known what the other's gift would be. "You see!" Nat cried joyously, "we think alike already!"

The solemn moment, when she stood at the door of the church, hearing the strains of the wedding march, her father, straight and proud beside her, patting the hand she tucked in his arm. Watching Lana Lisa and Barbara, her maid of honor, walk slowly and gracefully down the aisle. The awesome quiet of the church, almost empty with just the small group of their close friends and relatives up front, so much more meaningful than if it had been crowded with whispering people. The beautiful white flowers, and the soft glow of candles. . . .

R. J., standing stiffly at the altar, so serious—and nervous—that he didn't even crack a smile when his dad, the best man, trying to ease the tension, whispered, "How about the hundred bucks you owe me?"—a reminder of the long-standing bet R. J. had made with his Dad that he wouldn't marry until he was thirty!

The quick throb of joy, as they stood together before the Rev. Frank Knaus, listening to the beautiful, age-old words of the double-ring ceremony. Their "I do's"—Nat's, soft and trembling, Bob's, firm and clear. Their kiss. . . .

Turning to leave the altar afterward, and seeing that little Lana was the one who was crying—not Barbara, as Nat had expected. And both their mothers dabbing at their eyes. Then, the wonderful, warm feeling when everyone rushed to wish them happiness, and they came out of the church to find about two thousand fans outside, throwing rice and calling out their best wishes, too.

The reception, with the beautiful cake and champagne toasts, the dainty sandwiches and hors d'ouvres—nothing fancy or elaborate—but simple and nice, with just the wedding party present, the way they wanted it. They went outside to pose for waiting photographers—friend Bill Avery, who took the pictures for their album and for Photoplay, was the only one permitted inside—and signed as many autographs as they could for the crowd that had followed them there. It was 3:45 when Nat went upstairs to change, and threw her bouquet to the crowd from the second floor balcony—to be caught by lucky Barbara Gould.

Posing in the garden for a family picture with Bob's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wagner, Sr., her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Gurdin, and sister Lana—and their own favorite color portrait, caught unaware as they looked into each other's eyes.

Then the mad, mad moments when, after driving to Phoenix, they all walked happily into the station, where they were to leave on their honeymoon on the 5:30 train to Chicago. But when R. J. went to check, he found that the train had left at 5:00—the agent in Los Angeles had made a mistake on the tickets! "Does it stop anywhere nearby?" Bob asked quickly. "Yes—a little town called Glendale, about twenty miles away," was the answer. When he and Nick Adams rushed out, picked up Nat, and carried her out to the car, she thought they were kidding!

Off they all dashed—only to see the train just pulling out of the Glendale station when they got there. Fortunately, there was a road running alongside the tracks, so they rushed on and flagged the conductor. He pulled the emergency cord and stopped the train at an intersection, everybody tossed baggage onto the last car in a wild scramble, and they jumped aboard.

But just as they were waving goodbye, Nat remembered and yelled back that Bob had left his hat in the car—the one that is her favorite. Off went the faithful Nick, driving the car along the tracks, while Bob's dad held up the hat so that he could swoop down and grab it!

"Whew!" Nat gasped. "This must be the most hectic start of a honeymoon on record!"

"Never mind, Little Bug," soothed Bob, using his favorite pet name and kissing her, "wait till we get out on that boat in Florida. It'll be great!"

But alas—when they got to the charming, secluded resort at Stewart, Florida where they'd planned to spend a dreamy month swimming and sailing and basking in the sun, the temperature had dipped 'way down. Without a heavy coat in her trousseau, Nat was beginning to shiver. Then the rains came, washing out their last hopes in a most unromantic downpour. Just their luck that this was the first time it had happened in ages!

"So we'll just go to New York," they decided. It would take more than temperamental weather to dim their happiness and high spirits.

What did it matter? As long as they were together—Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wagner—at last.

Nat let out a squeal of joy when Bob ushered her into their swank honeymoon suite at the Waldorf Towers, decked with flowers, which he had wired for to surprise her. Then, as soon as they were settled, he whisked her out to the smart shops for another surprise. Now the protective husband, he had to shelter his bride from New York's blustery winds by buying her a new fur coat! Thrilled, Nat chose a pretty, practical sheared beaver.

"They'll be calling this a busman's honeymoon," giggled Nat, as, with one accord, they decided that what they wanted to see most was—plays, plays, plays! But they knew that a deep, mutual love of acting and the theater was one of their strongest bonds. "Being in the same work is an advantage rather than a disadvantage," Bob had said. "We'll never run out of things to talk about!" And in New York they discovered how much that meant to them. Already, they'd shared Nat's experiences in making "Marjorie Morningstar" for Warner Brothers—her biggest role to date—and her next for United Artists, "Kings Go Forth." They'd talk about them for hours, and about Bob's coming role at 20th Century-Fox in "The Big War." Now, holding hands in the darkened Broadway theaters, feeling the same magic, the same ambition to create it themselves in their own acting drawing them close, they knew how precious this sharing was.

They saw every play there was—on-Broadway and off-Broadway, matinees and evenings. And everybody had a good laugh when famous playwright William Inge, author of the hit, "Dark at the Top of the Stairs," when told that two house tickets had been sent to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wagner, asked, "And how did the Mayor enjoy the play?"

Whether or not she was mistaken for the wife of the Mayor of New York, Nat loved being called "Mrs. Wagner." "Telegram for Mrs. Wagner . . . Phone call for Mrs. Wagner. . . ." Every time she heard it she bubbled over with delight.

Bob, picking up the name used by her closest girl friends, started calling her Charlie. "Charlie?" asked a puzzled bus boy who overheard him when they were having dinner. "Well, you're the prettiest Charlie I ever saw!"

There were visits to the swank restaurants and fun spots, too—to the Copacabana to see Nat "King" Cole, to the Colony, Eden Roc, Chez Vito. There were a few parties—but only small, intimate ones with close friends. They went shopping at Saks. But they didn't buy much—after all, they'll have to stash most of the wedding presents at Nat's mother's home until they can find a home of their own and move out of Bob's small apartment.

Soon, they'd take the train to St. Louis, and then—if their plans didn't go awry—drive at a leisurely pace in a car Bob arranged to pick up there, a new Corvette, stopping at motels, enjoying the kind of trip and the kind of privacy that other honeymooning couples enjoy.

Soon, they would settle down to everyday living, a young bride and her husband, going to work in the mornings, doing the marketing, making meals and keeping house. But again and again, in the long evenings, they would curl up on the sofa and slowly look through the pictures in their wedding album. And they would laugh, and sigh, and kiss, and live again the most unforgettable memories of love.

THE END

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Color and black and white photographs of Perry Como by *Griffith & Reiter;* Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner wedding album, *Bill Avery of Black Star;* Jill Corey and Virginia Gibson by Gene Cook; color of Joanne Woodward, Leslie Nielsen, Dennis Hopper, Tom Tryon, George Nader, Deborah Kerr, Martha Hyer and Anthony Franciosa, and black and whites of Venetia Stevenson and Tab Hunter, all *Roger Marshutz.*

Sex and your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman

Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotion or sexual excitement.

Doctors say that this "sex perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by *special* glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this *kind* of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

Science has discovered that a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this offensive "sex perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

Use ARRID daily and you'll be amazed how quickly this new ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops this "sex perspiration" odor. Stops it as no "roll-on," spray-on, or stick deodorant could ever do.

You rub ARRID *in* —rub perspiration *out* . . . rub ARRID in—rub odor out. When the cream vanishes, you know you are safe, even when you are nervous or stimulated by emotion or sexual excitement. Doctors have proved that this new ARRID with Perstop* is actually 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested.

Remember—nothing protects you like a cream . . . and no cream protects you like ARRID with Perstop*. So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID with Perstop* to be sure. Only 43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

MAKE MONEY! SELL MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS! SEND FOR FREE KIT! NO OBLIGATION! WRITE: MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, 205 E. 42 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

ADVANCE ROYALTY $100.00 SONGWRITERS TO THE WRITER OF BEST SONG SELECTED EACH MONTH

Send songs, poems. Records, copies furnished. Let us help you be a success.

☆ HOLLYWOOD TUNESMITHS 1601 No. Gower St., Dept. D Hollywood 28, California

TWIN BLENDERS SALT AND PEPPER SET

50¢ for both

Miniature of blenders that sell up to $30.00. Made of black and transparent plastic. Dress up your table. GUARANTEED TO PLEASE or your money back! The complete set only 50c to add new names to our customer list. Makes a wonderful gift. Send check or coin to

GIFTWAYS CO., 121 E. 24 St., Dept. 399, New York, N. Y.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT Paper 49¢

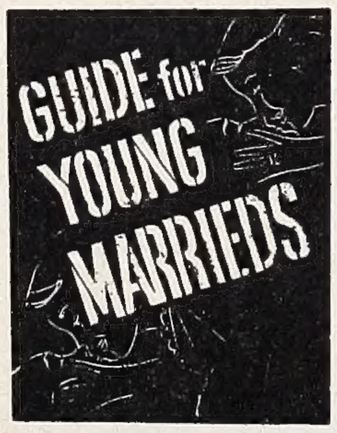
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of a group picture. Original is returned with your enlargement.

FREE! On orders of 2 or more we will send you one 25c Miniature Portrait, size 4" x 5", FREE. Mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful double-weight portrait quality paper. C. O. D.'s accepted on orders of 2 or more. Take advantage of this amazing offer. Send your photos today.

Professional Art Studios, 544 S. Main, Dept. 38-D, Princeton, Illinois

Complete guide for . . .

TEENS • BRIDES • YOUNG MARRIEDS



Intimate advice from doctors and marriage experts. Pregnancy, sex, motherhood, religion, money, in-law problems covered. Special teen section on petting and dating. Tells husbands what to know about wives, and gives brides key to a happy marriage. Only 50 cents! Complete, authoritative illustrated guide!

Conel Books, 295 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., Dept. YM

I enclose.....cents for.....copies of Young Marrieds.

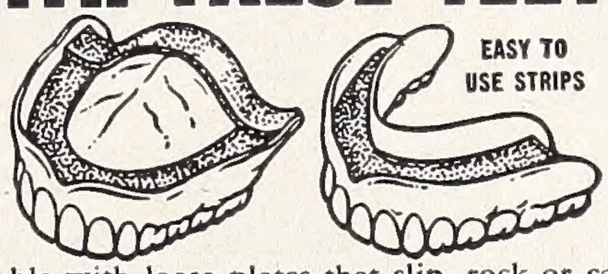
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Send no stamps. Send cash or money orders only.

EAT ANYTHING WITH FALSE TEETH

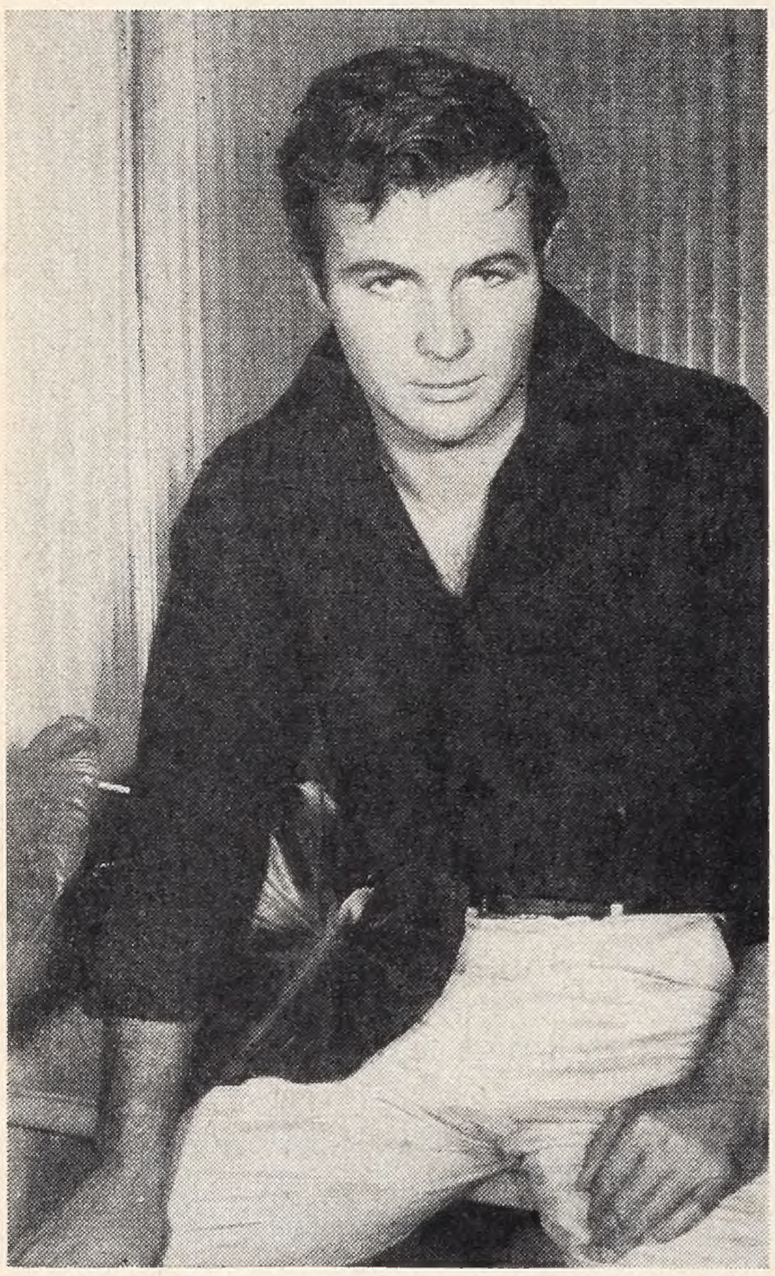


Trouble with loose plates that slip, rock or cause sore gums? Try Brimms Plasti-Liner. One application makes plates fit *snugly without powder, paste* or *cushions.* Brimms Plasti-Liner adheres permanently to your plate; ends the bother of temporary applications. With plates held firmly by Plasti-Liner, **YOU CAN EAT ANYTHING!** Simply lay soft strip of Plasti-Liner on troublesome upper or lower. Bite and it molds perfectly. *Easy to use,* tasteless, odorless, harmless to you and your plates. Removable as directed. Money-back guarantee. At your drug counter. $1.50 reliner for one plate; $2.50, two plates.

Special Offer! Free 35¢ package of Tri-Dent Brushless Denture Cleaner. Send only 10¢ for postage and handling. Offer expires Apr. 30, 1958. Plasti-Liner, Inc., Dept. V8, 1075 Main St., Buffalo 9, N. Y. P

BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

THEY'RE IN THE NEWS



Barry Coe's striking role in "Peyton Place," opposite Terry Moore, put this twenty-three-year-old Californian into the limelight. "As a kid," he admits, "I was pretty scatterbrained." But now he's single-minded, doing "Mardi Gras" for 20th. On the side: skiing and hi-fi

Greeted cordially everywhere, "Seven Hills of Rome" has pulled Mario Lanza out of a years-long slump. The husky tenor's in high spirits again, forgetting his bouts with bad health, excess weight and temperament rumors. A follow-up to his Italy-made hit is on the fire

Earl Holliman fans are so proud of their boy's new surge of movie, TV and record success. Following his impressive role on NBC-TV's Kraft Theater, he recorded the tune, "Nobody Knows How I Feel," for Prep. You'll soon see him in Paramount's "Hot Spell"

Friend Barry (above) claims the credit for the Lili Gentle-Dick Zanuck marriage. He introduced the pert actress to The Boss Darryl's son. Eighteen, Alabama-born, Lili was Tommy Sands' hometown sweetheart in "Sing Boy Sing"

Paul Newman scored an impressive hit in "The Long, Hot Summer." Why not? Love scenes were with Joanne Woodward

Discovery! Discovery! FEMININE FABRIC

sheerest luxury . . . . perfected protection
make New Modess your discovery this month

Modess . . . . because

DISCOVERED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

First and only permanent with pin curl ease, rod curl strength

Wonderful new soft waves that last and last!
A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix
It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for...yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair...then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

new twice-a-year

Pin-it

© P & G

Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle